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by **ERWIN LESSNER**

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EVERY adult in Kings Row knew that a human face can become a "mask"—hiding secret love, hate, ambition. But fourteen-year-old PARRIS MITCHELL took people at face value! He liked affectionate Renee. He loved his girl-crazy pal, Drake McHugh. He trusted Jamie Wakefield, who secretly wrote poems, and whom people called "too pretty for a boy."

Cassie Tower, the town's prettiest girl, he thought "strange." She was always kept at home by her father, a physician who lived mysteriously well without patients. But PARRIS feared cold-faced Dr. Gordon, whose patients' hearts were so often found "too weak for chloroform." Once Parris heard (and never forgot) the frightful screams from a farmhouse, when Dr. Gordon's buggy was there!

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Through his sensitive reaction to people, PARRIS developed the intuition of a born doctor. He discovered that each person faced the town of Kings Row through a protective mask—hiding a sickness of mind or soul, a gnawing fear, a paralyzing inferiority complex, or a cherished vice. And

later, as DR. Parris Mitchell, (equipped as a psychiatrist by study in Vienna) he helped them take off their masks!

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Here are both bad characters and good; the revered doctor, practicing his concealed sadism; the district attorney, pursuing his schoolboy hatreds to the bitter end, in one case to the gallows; the town grave-digger with his speculative way of looking at a man's neck; the sensible, earthy priest; the kind villagers; and the whole handful of broad-visioned pioneers who had founded Kings Row.

This is a truly great American novel—packed with an American town's charm, zest, ambition, passions, loves, hates, hypocrisies, tragedies, comedies and, sometimes, nameless horrors! The *N. Y. Times* called *Kings Row* "a grand story, full of the sap of life. Eventful, swift." The *N. Y. Herald Tribune* said, "Rich in sentiment, emotional, powerfully felt—a moving, passionate book."

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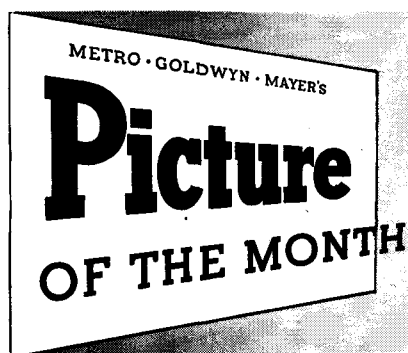
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MICKEY ROONEY · JUDY GARLAND "BABES ON BROADWAY"

SUPPORTING PLAYERS:

Fay Bainter, Virginia Weidler, Ray McDonald, Richard Quine, Donald Meek.

SCREENPLAY BY: Fred Finklehoffe and Elaine Ryan. Original story by Fred Finklehoffe.

DIRECTOR:.....Busby Berkeley

PRODUCER:.....Arthur Freed

PRESENTED BY: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



CAPSULE REVIEW:

It seems that the studio has shot the works on this one. Mickey Rooney virtually does a male Ruth Draper, revealing all known and some previously hidden talents. His mimicry has expanded from mere hints at known characteristics of our heroes into downright imitations. And very good they are, too. Particularly his Latin-American take-off on Carmen Miranda. Judy also comes into her own, not only as a singer of songs, but as a really fine sympathetic actress. The kid's gotten very pretty, too. Those who remember the best of the musical theatre will have to admit that Rooney and Garland come pretty close to outranking any combination that's ever been aligned. That is, for sheer entertainment. *Added attraction:* Virginia Weidler, a coming female Mickey Rooney. Mark down "Babes on Broadway" as a real Grade A musical even better than their well-received "Babes in Arms".

RECOMMENDED: For father, mother, daughter, son and sweetheart.

FOR YOUR PIANO, PHONOGRAPH AND RADIO: The songs by E. Y. Harburg, Burton Lane, Ralph Freed, Roger Edens, Harold Rome. *Particularly:* "Chin Up, Cheerio, Carry On"; "How About You".

EYE-FILLING SEQUENCE: The Minstrel Show with Mickey's banjo and Judy singing "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones".

CAPSULE COUPLET:

You view it in an awed way
The speed of "Babes on Broadway".

NOTES ON RIVAL CANDIDATES FOR THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH:

"H. M. Pulham, Esq.," recommended by the author John Marquand. Hedy Lamarr proves herself not only a good looker but a good actress.

"The Vanishing Virginian". A surprise package of real artistic and entertainment merit.

FAREWELL REMARK: Every day in every way the movies get better and better.

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS England
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
HENRY L. JACKSON Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS Humor

DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
CLARENCE H. ROY Syntax
W. B. COURTNEY Germany
FRANK GERVASI The Orient
MARTHA GELLHORN Articles
JIM MARSHALL Articles
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
IFOR THOMAS Photographs

ANY WEEK

MR. LAWRENCE (Chip) Wood Robert, Jr., engineer and architect of Atlanta, Georgia, protests that we erred in our reference in this magazine's article "Holy Harold" (published in Collier's for October 11th) to his political and government-contract activities. We said that the Honorable Harold Ickes, as head of PWA, refused to pay a fee of \$36,000 to Mr. Robert in connection with the building, with PWA funds, of a hospital at Milledgeville, Georgia. That was correct, but the fee was paid by the state of Georgia, not to Mr. Robert personally but to his firm. Further, we said that Mr. Ickes demanded that Mr. Robert return to PWA the \$7,200 received in connection with a grant of \$21,600 for the erection of dormitories at the University of Georgia. Mr. Ickes did make the demand. However, neither Mr. Robert nor his firm ever received the \$7,200. This magazine did not say, nor has it any reason to say, that Mr. Robert personally enriched himself illegally in connection with either of these PWA operations. Our references to Mr. Robert were intended merely to show Mr. Ickes' enthusiastic vigilance in overseeing the expenditure of government monies.

A CERTAIN amount of cynicism refuses to be silenced. From Mr. Edmund Straille Bergson of Los Angeles, California, we learn that "Japan is not wholly a menace. After all, she did shut up John L. Lewis and that's more than we could do." Furthermore, we have a letter from a draftee private who was being exhorted to membership in a bonus and pension drive for veterans of our new Army. He demurred, saying that such a drive would come to nothing because the country would be flat broke when this was over. Besides, he added, after the veterans of the first World War had got theirs there'd be nothing left for today's heroes. Said the missionary: "Veterans of the first World War? Hell, when this is over nobody's going to pay any attention to them bums."



WE REGRET to report that Mrs. J. Renton Whittaker of Salem, Oregon, has become slightly skeptical of at least one war-correspondent-lecturer. Mrs. Whittaker attended a lecture by one of these bethrilled journalists in Denver, Colorado. "He arrived breath-

less, a few minutes late. He wore a tastefully soiled and slightly tattered British uniform. His boots were not exactly dusty but nevertheless unshined. He strode down the aisle amid applause, leaped to the platform and apologized, still breathless, for being late. He had, he said, just got off the ship and plane. I might add that he gave a good breathless talk. What worries me, however, is that I have just heard him for the second time. He arrived breathless, a few minutes late. He wore a tastefully soiled and slightly tattered British uniform. His boots were not... But you probably get my point."



OUR emotions are getting the better of us. We must remember our new policy. From Mr. Vere Leasure of Chihuahua, Mexico, we receive a sporting note. (We don't seem to be able to dodge the war, however). Mr. Leasure says that the Chihuahua office of Bundles for Britain received a package which, when opened, produced six white hard-boiled shirts. "Five," writes he, "were brand-new. In the sixth, somewhat soiled, was discovered a cleverly concealed pocket. Left in the pocket by the donor, who had probably gone out of business for patriotic reasons, were the ace of diamonds, and the ace of spades."

WE ARE devoting this column to clearing up old business before launching into that new policy of ours—whatever it was. Some time ago we printed an appeal from Sergeant J. Baldwin-Seales, R.A.F. somewhere in England. Sergeant Baldwin-Seales wanted girls to write to him. He now appeals to us to do something about stopping it. He's most grateful but his American mail has broken down the local postal facilities. We suggest that the young ladies now write to our own lads. And if they want a suggestion from us, they'll write to Mr. Marine and Mr. Construction Mechanic. The address is merely Wake Island. Maybe those marines and those construction guys won't get your letters. And maybe they will. Write anyway. If it's heroes you're yearning to cheer, girls, they're your men. In Washington they're adopting Remember Pearl Harbor as this war's shibboleth. We urge Remember Wake.

(Continued on page 44)

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
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JANUARY 24, 1945

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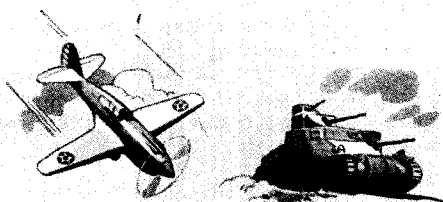
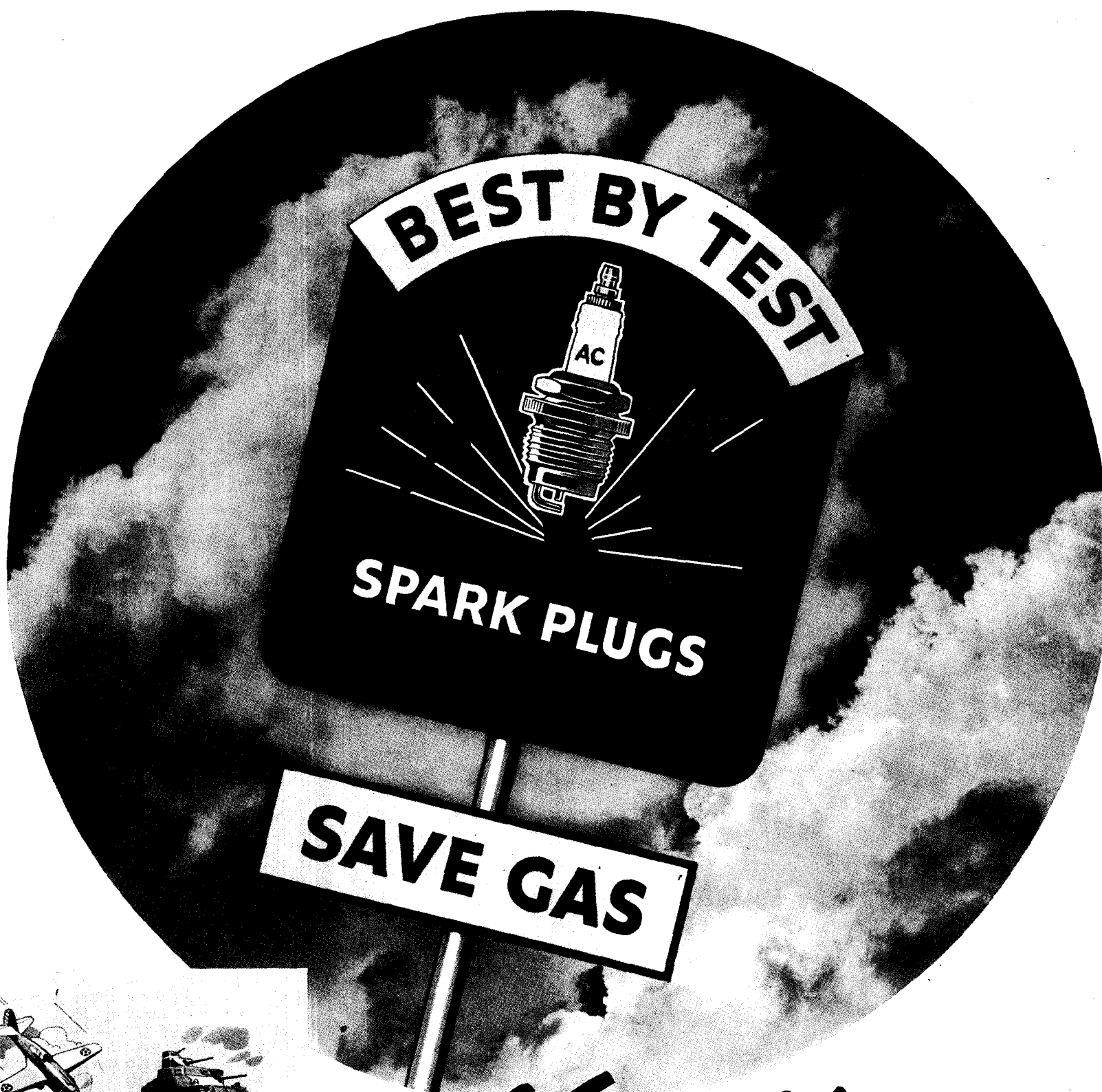
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The Best in Music. Page 5

COVER

LAWSON WOOL

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If it wasn't recently, maybe you'd better suspect the presence of the "Double O" (Offensive breath; Offensive-looking teeth.) That's a combination that can scare any man away.

You may not know when you have offensive breath, but your mirror informs you of offensive-looking teeth. Better do something about both of them.

Why not take the delightful double precaution against "Double O"?

For your breath, Listerine Antiseptic, of course. It built its fame on correcting bad breath for millions through its ability to quickly halt food fermentation in the mouth, a frequent cause of halitosis.

And for dull, off-color, dingy-looking teeth, the new Listerine Tooth Paste—

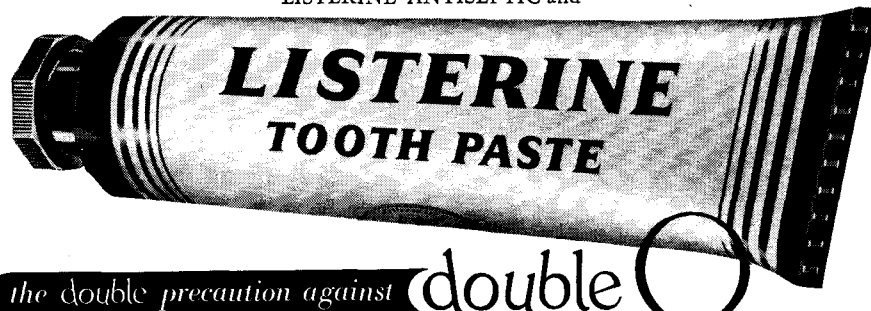
changed in formula, changed in action, and especially created to make the enamel cleaner, and so more flashing, more brilliant.

For 8 years skilled scientists worked to get a special combination of outstanding, safe ingredients to accomplish this wonderful luster-giving effect. Now thousands of women are simply wild about this new dentifrice. Many say they can actually see the transformation it works in a surprisingly short time.

So if you want to make friends, if you want men to like you, if you want to be welcome in your job, take this day and night precaution against the "Double O"—the new Listerine Tooth Paste and the old and tried Listerine Antiseptic.

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Offensive-looking teeth



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Approximately three million Americans, forty-three per cent of whom are women, wear wigs or toupees.—By Elizabeth Lieb, San Jose, California.

Both man and animal sometimes develop such an excessive hypersensitivity to a foreign protein that a repeated injection, although very small, may prove fatal. For example, when a guinea pig is given 1-100,000th of a gram of horse serum, a second dose, only one tenth as large and injected two weeks later, will kill the animal within a few minutes.—By Bennett Sallman, Charleston, West Virginia.

Through radio-controlled equipment, model airplanes, weighing as little as five pounds, have been put through such maneuvers as take-offs, spot landings, flights to an objective and return, figure eights, power dives, spins, loops and smoke writing.—By Lee Davies, Camp Barkeley, Texas.

When a war correspondent broadcasts from Manila to New York City, the number of times his voice is amplified is virtually incalculable, particularly while spanning the 7,164 miles of the Pacific to San Francisco. Even on its 3,000-mile journey by land wire from the West to the East coast, the amplification is about as much as the figure one followed by ninety zeros.

The only domesticated dogs that are still frequently mated with wolves are the Malemutes, which are named after and were once owned exclusively by the Malemiut Eskimos of Alaska.

That automobile tires should be changed frequently from wheel to wheel in order to equalize wear is revealed by a recent study which shows that, considering the wear on the four tires as 100 per cent, that on the left front is 14 per cent, on the right front 19 per cent, left rear 29 per cent and right rear 38 per cent.—By G. H. Gutmann, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

America's largest private telegraph system is leased from Western Union by the United States Steel Corporation. This network is 15,214 miles in length, reaches sixty-one offices and plants in forty-six cities and handles about 60,000 telegrams a week.—By Nathan Wolff, Ray Brook, New York.

Ten of America's 93 national cemeteries are located outside of the United States, six being in France, one in England, one in Belgium, one in Mexico City and one in Sitka, Alaska.—By Earl W. McCabe, Kansas City, Missouri.

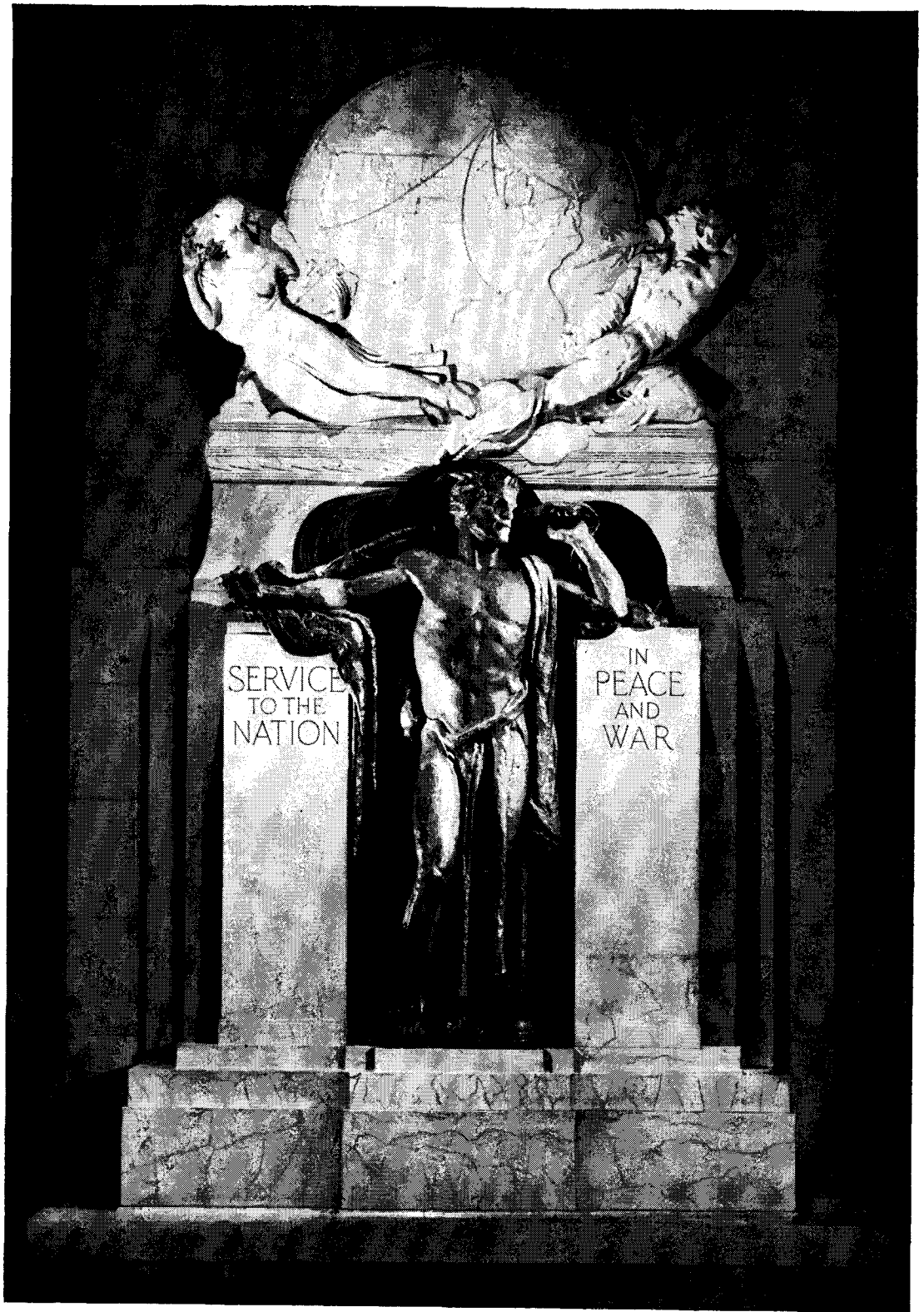
Supersonic "sound" waves, or those which vibrate more than 20,000 times a second and are, therefore, inaudible to the human ear, can do such odd tricks as vaporize heavy oil, set fire to chips of wood, cook eggs without heating them and crumble glass into fine powder.

Of the 2,000 covered bridges still standing and in use in thirty-three states, more than six hundred are in Ohio, three hundred and fifty in Pennsylvania, three hundred in Oregon, two hundred in Indiana and one hundred in West Virginia.

One of the greatest cross-country runners was Mensen Ernst, a Norwegian who was at the peak of his fame in the 1830's. Once he ran from Constantinople to Calcutta and back, a distance of 5,625 miles, in fifty-nine days.—By Robert Bartlett, Jr., Walden, New York.

During the past twenty-three years, an average of 2,000 books and articles a week have been published on who and what situations were responsible for the first World War. The most voluminous work was one of forty volumes produced by the German government.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.



“Service to the nation in peace and war”

Following the last World War a bronze and marble group was placed in the lobby of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company building in New York. On it are inscribed these words, “Service to the nation in peace and war.”

They are more than words. They are the very spirit of the entire Bell System organization. In these stirring days, we pledge ourselves again to the service of the nation . . . so that “Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

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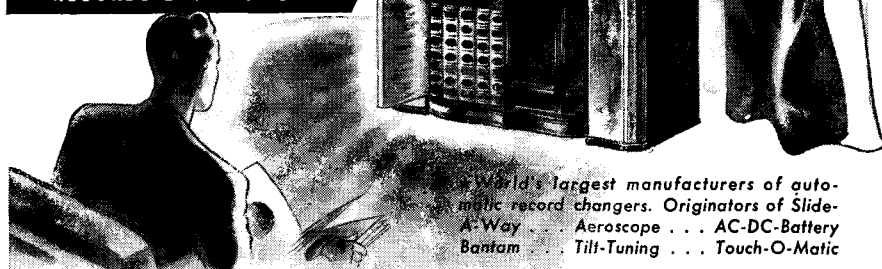
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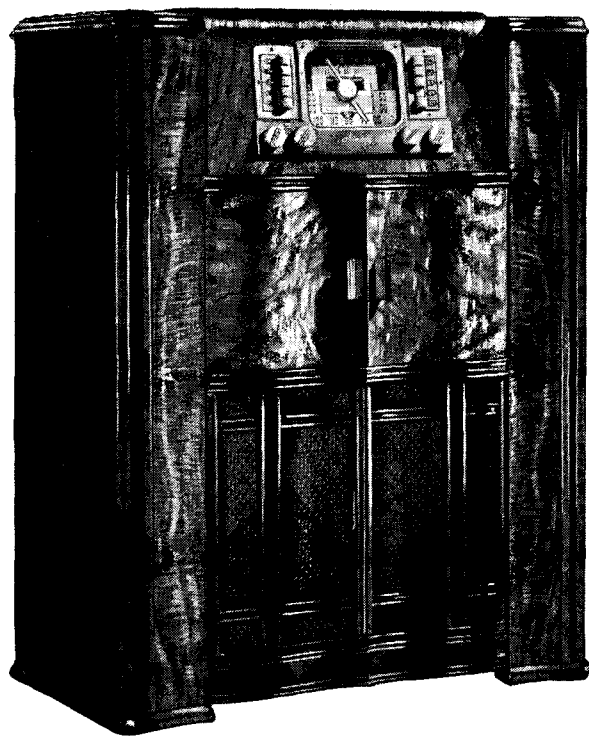
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WING TALK



U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS

The late Col. Horace Hickam: a far-seeing visionary

THERE are many Army Air Forces officers who will drop bombs and shoot down planes in memory of Horace Hickam, for whom Hickam Field, Hawaii, was named.

Col. Hickam, a West Pointer and an airman from way back, was a pioneer advocate of air power when the best airplanes the Army had were British-designed DH4-B's with American Liberty 400-horsepower engines. Your reporter used to listen as he predicted the destruction that would descend upon the world when air forces became organized and were unleashed on combatants and noncombatants alike. That was long before we had heard of Hitler and his satellites.

Horace Hickam not only prophesied the events that have occurred, including Hawaii, but like his fiery colleague, Gen. Billy Mitchell, he had definite plans for the defense of the United States by the use of air power—plans that are being carried out today. He would battle with the old soldiers of that era, who classified the airplane merely as an auxiliary to ground troops.

Col. Hickam met death at Galveston, Texas, seven years ago. He was commanding officer of the Third Attack Group located there, and, ever the leader of his men, he was keeping his hand in at landings on a rainy night. The heavy rains had washed away the dirt and shell filling at the approach end of the runway, leaving a little curbstone unnoticed by anyone. Being an excellent precision flier, Col. Hickam put his wheels down at the very edge of this runway. They struck the curbing and the plane turned over. He was found without a scratch, but his neck was broken.

This tragic accident produced one result that has saved many airmen from a similar fate—the installation of a rigid turnover beam on all military aircraft.

Should you poll the Army Air Forces today you would receive a unanimous verdict that Col. Hickam was the most beloved of all officers who ever flew, both by his superiors and subordinates.

So, if there is time for sentiment when the Army fighters and bombers seek vengeance for the attack on Hickam

Field, you might hear something like this, if you could: "That one was for you, Horace Hickam."

LOST in the flood of war news was the honor conferred upon Melvin N. Gough, chief test pilot for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics at Langley Field, Va., and one of the most experienced engineer-pilots in the world. It was the Octave Chanute Award for 1941 from the Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences. Named after the early American pioneer in glider flying, the award is presented annually by the Institute for notable contributions made by a pilot to the aeronautical sciences.

Mel Gough easily could qualify for the degree of Doctor of Airplane Troubles. He takes questionable planes aloft and confirms or disproves the ground diagnosis. His work is heartily applauded by airline operators, aircraft manufacturers, the Army and Navy and insurance companies who hold the bag for all new experimental types. As consultant for the insurance people on very special occasions, Mel's decisions are final. You might recall that until he gave the word, the B-19 was not released for its first flight by the underwriters.

REMEMBERING stories from abroad of how overzealous pilots, gunners and anti-aircraft crews on both sides opened fire on their own aircraft, Commercial Pilot Dick Fell, known to every airport operator along the South Atlantic seaboard was sure he was going to be the first mistaken-identity casualty of the war.

He was flying down through Virginia, en route to Roanoke, in his Stinson Reliant monoplane. Dick flies for an oil company that distinguishes its fleet of planes with a sunburst of orange and white stripes on the upper and under sides of the wings.

In accordance with his flight plan procedure in these emergency days, Dick was required to call and report in by radio at the various airway stations along his route. Four thousand feet over Gordonville, Virginia, he conformed to these new requirements and

(Continued on page 41)

A DETOUR MEANS "MEN AT WORK"



Like a car swaying and bumping along a makeshift byway, the commerce of the world is now on a detour. The road ahead to security and comfortable standards of living is temporarily blocked. We've got to take time out to straighten and repair the road. That's what we're doing now through our National Emergency Program—"men at work" defending Democracy.

Westinghouse is working to the hilt on Defense . . . turning out vast quantities of armament equipment to speed the day when we can all return to our peacetime pursuits.

Meanwhile, we are continuing to make Westinghouse Home Appliances—fewer than usual, of course—but every one measuring up to the high standard of Westinghouse quality.

Fortunately, there are no priorities on research, no brakes on creative engineering. Our people who pioneered so many improvements in electric home appliances, such as the first automatic iron, "True-Temp" refrigeration and the rectangular roaster-oven, are developing newer and still finer labor-saving devices for the women of tomorrow.

So, if we must hold back these developments for the present, if we can't provide you with all the carefree electric appliances you want right at the moment—we believe you will understand the reason. It's the detour for the "Men at Work". . .

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

For THRIFTY ELECTRICAL LIVING

- Use *all* your appliances, but learn to do it with economy.
- Keep your appliances in first-class order.
- Replace worn-out, wasteful appliances with *best quality* new ones.

YOUR WESTINGHOUSE
DEALER WILL HELP YOU.

Ask him for your free copy of our new 32-page booklet, "The Care and Use of Electric Appliances in the Home." It's full of helpful suggestions to make your appliances do more and last longer.

And be sure to see him for all repairs, or new appliances. You can count on him to give you valuable pointers on thrifty electrical living.



Westinghouse

ELECTRIC
HOME
APPLIANCES



Timothy Dexter, of Newburyport, Mass., who gave himself the title of "Lord" and, furthermore, insisted upon being addressed as "The Great Man of the East."

The fabulous Luck of Timothy Dexter

TIMOTHY DEXTER, the celebrated eccentric of Newburyport, Massachusetts, was born about twenty-five years before the Revolutionary War.

Many legends have grown up about him, some of which are undoubtedly true, some of which you may want to take with a grain or two of salt.

After the war, it is said, Timothy came into a small inheritance. A townsman jokingly asked him why he didn't invest it in Continental paper money.

At that time the Continental dollar was practically worthless. It was then, in fact, that the phrase "Not worth a Continental" originated. But Timothy took his friend's advice seriously and turned his hard cash into bales of Continental dollars.

Shortly thereafter, Congress, to the surprise of everybody, decided to redeem all Continental paper money at face value, and Timothy made a small fortune.

In those days, people in New England used to take warming pans to bed with them. These pans were like covered skillets, except that their handles were almost as long as a broom. You filled them with coals from the fireplace and warmed the bed sheets with them before you climbed in.

Timothy bought a boatload of the pans. But instead of trying to sell them in New England, he took them to semi-tropical Havana. Just as he arrived in Havana, two big molasses makers were engaged in cut-throat competition. The long handled pans were ideal for skimming molasses in their big vats. Timothy sold his boatload of warming pans at a handsome profit.

Another example of Dexter luck came a few months later. Timothy overheard a shipbuilder complain that he couldn't get enough "stay-stuff." He thought the shipbuilder was talking about whalebone which was then used (though slightly) for corset stays. So he immediately went out and bought all the

whalebone he could lay his hands on, only to find out that the "stay-stuff" the shipbuilder referred to was ship rigging.

However, luck was still with Timothy. Just then a ship arrived from France with a few women's corsets in the latest Parisian style. These corsets were practically *whalebone harnesses*, using yards of bone in every corset. Timothy added considerably to his fortune.

Timothy's crowning achievement came a few years later. It had to do with a little business project in Newcastle, England.

Newcastle at that time was the greatest coal center in the world. Coal was so cheap there that it prompted the famous proverb about "carrying coals to Newcastle."

Well, Timothy carried them there. He loaded a boat with coal in America and sent it to Newcastle. When it landed, Newcastle was tied up with a coal strike. He sold his shipload of coal at a fabulous profit.

If you and I could count on being as lucky as Timothy, insurance wouldn't be so necessary for us.

All of us have our lucky strokes. But we cannot afford to depend upon luck. Whenever we go out in our car we take a chance of being involved in an accident. Or we trip on the sidewalk and land in the hospital. Or our house burns down. Or we get robbed. Or even a cyclone picks on us.

Being just mortals, the only way we can cope with these things is through insurance. For us, insurance is about the best thing ever invented.

There is a definite method of providing for the misfortunes which may occur. A Travelers agent or your broker will gladly explain various forms of insurance protection.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

A Bar of Soap

By George Bradshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



A strange treasure hunt in which the searchers' reward is a prize not mentioned in the bill of particulars

WELL, there's no preamble to this one. I was in Hollywood, sitting all alone in my one-room apartment, reading the paper after breakfast, when the telephone rang.

It was the clerk at the desk in the lobby. "There's a young lady here," he said, "who wants to give you a bar of soap."

"A what?" I said.

"A bar of soap."

"But why?" I said.

He faltered. "It's an advertising scheme," he said.

I couldn't think of an answer so I said, "All right."

I sat in a chair pretending to read the newspaper, waiting for a knock on the door. In about two minutes it came and I answered.

Well, there was a young lady and there in her hand was a big bar of soap. She smiled and held it out to me.

She was kind of a surprise, this girl, not at all what I had expected. She had on no red-white-and-blue uniform, her face wasn't that young, hard type of most throw-away girls. She looked, instead, like an embarrassed young lady who would give anything to get out of this. Her hair was its own natural brown, her clothes were good, and quiet.

"We would like you to have this large bar of soap," she said, and gave it to me and then gave me a coupon. "And if

perchance you would like another . . ."

"What?" I said.

"And if perchance . . ."

"Perchance?" I said. "What kind of talk is that?"

She smiled. "It's a speech our section manager made us memorize."

"And who, perchance, is your section manager?"

"He's an ogre with a black mustache."

I looked at the girl more carefully. She was quite pretty.

"Poor child," I said. "Does he beat you?"

"Sometimes." Then she looked at me very seriously. "You're Chris Smith, aren't you?"

I did a take. "Well, yes," I said.

"Can I talk to you for five minutes?"

I got suspicious. "About the soap?"

I said.

"No, no," she said. "Something entirely different." And she started to come into the apartment.

"Now listen," I said.

"Don't be impolite," she said. "I'm quite harmless and I've been trying to get in touch with you for a long time. I think you can help me."

I wasn't so sure of that. I was practically flat broke.

SHE sat down on my sofa and I sat across from her in a chair. She started right in: "You knew Jack Schaeffer, didn't you?"

I couldn't make the girl out. "Of course," I said. "I knew him well."

"You wrote together, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said. "We did five or six pictures."

"That was just before he died?"

I nodded. "We were right in the middle of one when the accident . . ."

when he and his wife were killed." It had been a long time since I had thought of Jack. He had been a good friend of mine.

"Do you know what happened to his furniture?" the girl said.

"Just a minute," I said. "What's your name?"

"Cass Franklin," she said. "Do you know what happened to the furniture?"

"No."

"Could you find out?"

"Maybe. But why?"

She took a cigarette out of her bag. I went over and lighted it for her.

"You won't believe what I'm going to tell you," she said.

When I was near her I couldn't help noticing what fine, satin-brown hair she had.

"Probably not," I said.

When I went back to my chair she settled herself, put her right foot up under her. "Jack Schaeffer collected American antiques," she said, "or at least his wife did."

I nodded. I very well remembered the little clapboard chateau they had had out in Brentwood, stuffed full of the spinning-wheel type of furniture, very uncomfortable.

"On their last trip east they bought a desk, a pink mahogany desk. Maybe you remember it?"

I tried to.

"It was very tall," she said, "full of drawers and panels. A very soft waxed light pink."

I remembered. "Yes," I said. "They had it in their library."

"That desk belonged to my grandfather," Cass said. "It was sold at auction after his death to pay his taxes."

"And you want it back?" I said.

We looked everywhere. In dark corners, under sheets, in the repair shop. Every kind of desk in the world—but no pink mahogany

She shook her head. "No. It's a nice enough desk, but I don't want it."

"So."

"So. Everything of his wasn't auctioned, of course. His personal things, trunks, and so forth came to me. But at the time I was busy, I had a job in New York—grandfather lived in Connecticut—and I had all his stuff put in storage. Out in Old Lyme. It stayed there until about eight months ago, when I went out and went through everything."

"Now," I said, "we come to the action."

CASS smiled. "Exactly. In one of the trunks there was an old green metal box with a lock on it. You know, the kind you keep fishing tackle in."

"I know."

"In it there was a lot of old jewelry. Things that had belonged to my grandmother and aunts. Garnet pins and cameos and seed-pearl chains, nothing worth anything, just junk really, although some of it was quite pretty."

"Yes."

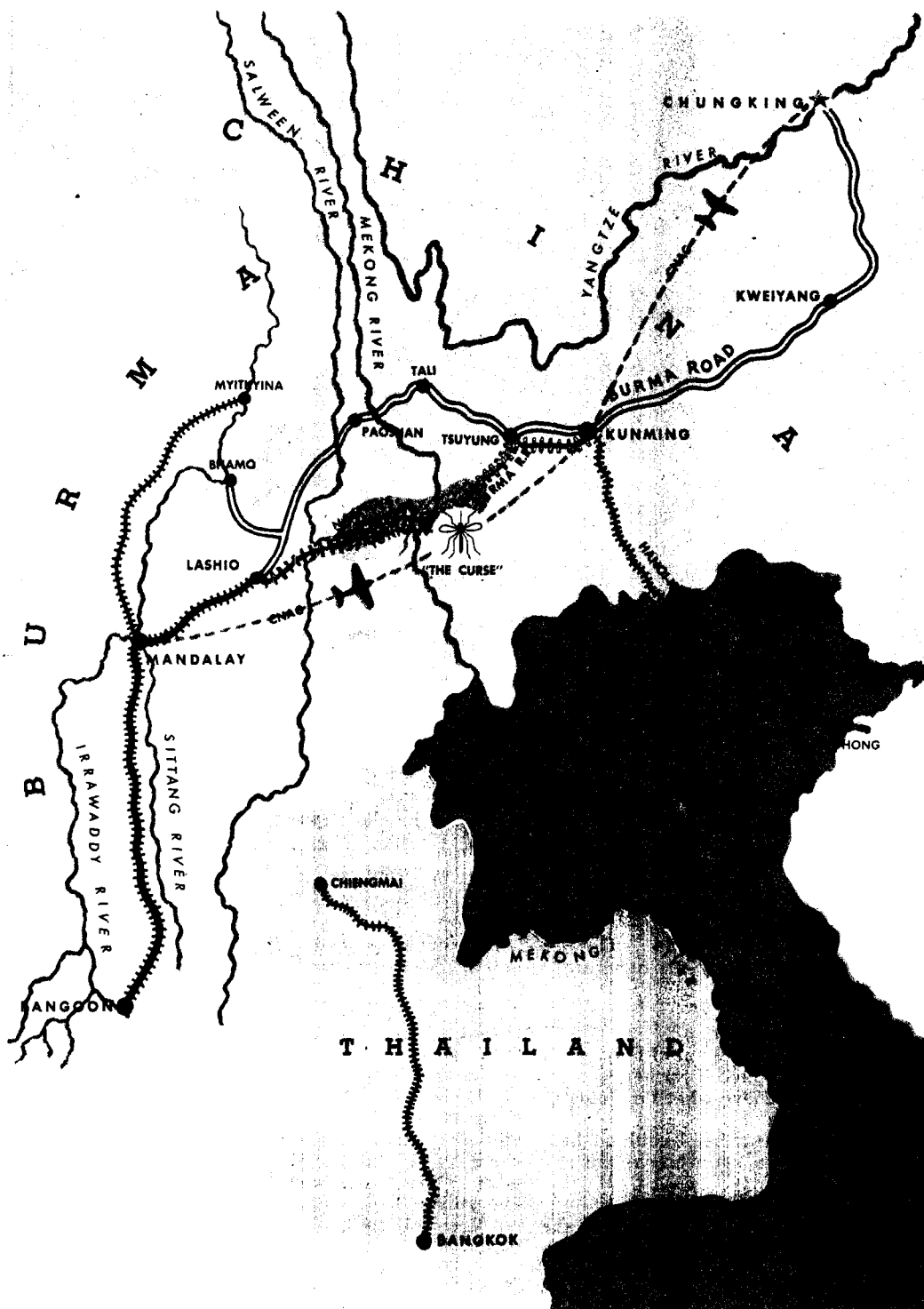
"But on top of all this there was a letter with my name on it. It had been written two or three years before grandfather died, and whether he meant to give it to me and forgot or whether I was supposed to find it as I did, I don't know. Anyway there it was."

(Continued on page 37)

CHINESE LIFE LINE

By Royal Arch Gunnison

Our ally China needs a railroad. She's going to get it, come hell, high water or mosquitoes. The last are the worst. But U.S. medical men are out to whip them. Here's the dramatic story of the Yunnan-Burma Railroad—built in defiance of a fifteen-hundred-year-old curse



Uncle Sam's \$15,000,000 investment in victory is our Lend-Lease aid to build the new Yunnan-Burma Railroad (red on map). The road will shorten China's vital supply route, the Burma Road, by two hundred miles. It is a joint Chinese, British and United States endeavor. On U.S. experts falls much of the work of controlling the malaria mosquito—"The Curse"

I ARRIVED at the bamboo mat hut only a few minutes after they had caught him. And the Chinese don't treat their enemies with what we are accustomed to think of as traditional Oriental patience. He was in pretty bad shape.

"A Japanese spy. A saboteur!" they told me. The rest I couldn't get. It was in lusty, rapid-fire Chinese.

Things looked dark for this scrawny, badly beaten Oriental. He held his close-cropped head in his hands. They had caught him trying to puncture holes in oil drums. And a razor-sharp knife had been found under his dirty coolie's shirt. It was a blade such as had been



Incredible difficulties of terrain confront the builders of the new Yunnan Burma Railroad. The country above is typical. Most of the work will be done by coolies of the province, below—250,000 to 500,000 of them along the 530 mile route. They get \$5 (U.S.) a month, plus food and protection from malaria



used to slash tires of trucks hauling in equipment to start construction of China's new southern railroad; the Yunnan-Burma Railroad that's to cut 200 miles and several days off the slow schedules of the most westerly and overcrowded Burma Road.

"But how do you know he's a Japanese spy?" I asked. "He might only be one of these Chinese who hate foreigners and who don't want the railroad to pass through this country."

He looked Chinese to me. I'd have said he was an ordinary underfed coolie from upcountry.

"But it's simple!" my Chinese friend replied excitedly. (They don't often catch Japanese red-handed, and it was a time to be excited.) "Look here." He grabbed one of the prisoner's feet and held it between his knees the way a blacksmith holds a horse's hoof.

"Look at his foot. Most Japanese—especially the working classes—have calluses between the big toe and the next one. This is from wearing Japanese sandals. See for yourself!" And he pried the toes apart with a wishbone-like jerk that brought a cry of pain from the prisoner.

Sure enough. There was a callus between the toes. That was enough for the Chinese. The man's feet had given him away.

"Not fingerprints, as in America, but calluses on the feet catch criminals here," a rotund policeman—a real Charlie Chan—beamed at me.

Whether or not this man was Japanese actually made little difference. He had been caught in the act. He spoke a coolie brand of Chinese without a trace of accent. He had been imported on contract with a few thousand other coolies from the north to help build a section of this 530-mile railroad, the

road that will give China two life lines to the outside and more like the amount of war supplies that are needed to drive the Japanese out of their country.

This was my introduction to the new Yunnan-Burma Railroad—the American railroad being built for the Chinese under provisions of Lend and Lease. This was but one irritating incident among many of greater importance delaying the construction of the rail line that some day will connect the sweltering, Indian Ocean wartime boom town of Rangoon with this cool, high-plateau caravan city of Kunming, a city visited by Marco Polo centuries ago.

Entering Kunming—headquarters of the new Yunnan-Burma Railroad—by plane, or over the last few miles of the Burma Road by car or truck, is spectacular. Everything about Kunming is either spectacular or depressing. If you come by road you descend along a hard, rocky surface over which you can't do more than 18 miles an hour without going straight through the roof at every other jolt. It's like posting on horseback.

The road winds beneath a great gray rock cliff down to the green valley floor. The valley—at about 6,000 feet above sea level—holds a long, rectangular, blue lake. And beside it, in the midst of what seem to be miles of flooded rice paddies, is the walled city of Kunming.

Here is the much-bombed but little-damaged Chinese terminus of the Burma Road that within a year or slightly more will be the mid-point on a rail line that the Chinese plan to extend clear on into the interior—to Chungking on the muddy Yangtze.

Circling in by air, you are supposed (Continued on page 48)

What a Soldier Thinks About

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

○ H, GOD, I hope he doesn't have to scramble today. He looked so sick when he and Tommy drove by last night. He said it was only a cold in the head, but I know a case of flu when I see it. He shouldn't have been riding around on that motorcycle with Tommy. They're beastly and deadly things. So many fliers have been k-k—no, I won't think the word. But I do pray that Jerry won't come today. If he comes, I hope—

"Lieutenant Collings!"

"Right-o, Marsha. What's the good word?"

"You say, 'Lieutenant Gilvray, I relieve you.'"

"The hell I will. You're just little Marsha Gilvray to me. Scat!"

"Pamela, please!"

"Yes, darling?"

"Here's the French weather report. Here's the Channel ache-sheet as of one-six-four-five hours. Sergeant Jennifer Bowes has reported in from the S.P. The wire is okay but a little noisy. I've tested the automat to the field. Working nicely. It's calibrated with the plotting chart. I will now read you the orders of the day—"

"I can read. Go away, Marsha."

"But you're my relief and Major Paget says I'm supposed to—"

"Damn Major Paget, darling. Run along."

Gasping, Lieutenant Gilvray retrieved a wad of precious chewing gum from beneath the switchboard and departed.

—It's stopped raining in France! Ceiling at three thousand over the Channel. What does prayer get a gal? Jerry would come today, all right. He'd sneak over about five in the afternoon, drop some bombs and run home in the darkness. Oh, God, at least make it so that Jerry sends only bombers. A scramble with bombers isn't too bad. But Sonny Boy just simply isn't in any condition to fight a lot of bandits.

Oops, there I go again, calling him Sonny Boy. That's a devil of a nickname for a flight commander. But I simply cannot stomach his first name. Pembroke. What can you do with a name like that? Pembroke Willingdon Rand. The Rand part is all right. Pamela Rand... h'mn... not too bad. Maybe I should start calling him Willie. No, he *isn't* a Willie. A Willie would get a cold in the head and snuffle and not have any dignity left. But is Sonny Boy dignified enough? After all, the guy is twenty-four years old, even if he doesn't act it. Oh, he just shouldn't try to fight today. Flu makes you lopy and slows your reactions. And—ah... ah... there goes the buzzer—

"Operations calling... Operations calling—"

"Yes. This is Poppy."

"Bandits approaching Primrose. Small force. Record it."

"Primrose I've got it. Thank you."

—Primrose was Dover. Or was it? Yep—Dover. Silly idea, using the names of flowers in a war. Too bad I can't blame Lady Mary Paget for that. Some brass hat in the fighter command thought up that one. And we're Poppy. "In Flanders Fields the poppies—"

"Hi-yah, Poppy!"

"W—who's speaking?"

"Why, Toots, don't you know your own little Sonny Boy?"

"Oh... you... how could I recognize that croak for a voice? Are—are you off duty?"

"Nope. But I will be in another hour. How would you like to go to London?"

"I'd love it. But I'm not off until twenty-three zero, zero—and that's eleven to you, and too late, Sonny Boy."

"Ah, throw a faint. Tell old Paget you're—"

"Lieutenant Collings!"

"Oh, I'm sorry... I've got to cut you off—"

"Lieutenant Collings!"

"Yes'm? Speaking."

"Were you using an official wire for a social call? Sergeant Bowes reports that she has been unable to reach you."

"I'll call her straight off. Sorry."

—Sergeant Bowes. H'mph. Will I fix that nibby-nosed frump! The way she's been carrying on with those Polish fliers at the next field. A harmless little telephone call... ah, Sonny Boy, you rang me up!

Standing to at immediate readiness, but you actually thought of *me*—

"Hey, Bowes?"

"Yes, Lieutenant?"

"What's the idea of reporting me to the monitor?"

"I'm sorry, but France says there's a small show heading in our direction... wait... we're just picking 'em up in the detectors now—"

"H-how many, Bowes? Can you spot them?"

"One moment, Lieutenant... the spotters have just buzzed us... how many, Jenkins?... Stand by, Poppy, stand by, Poppy..."

"For Pete's sake, I'm standing by—"

"I've got it now, Lieutenant! Six Junks and twelve or fifteen Schmitties... altitude seven five hundred... the Schmitties at twelve thousand..."

"Line of bearing?"

"Heading for Dunraven... it's our show—"

—Oh, God, he'll have to fight. I've got to notify the field... now... not an instant to lose... six Junkers and twelve or fifteen Messerschmitts... Sonny Boy's squadron can handle them... now, I've pressed the buzzer button... now I must tell them how many... but can Sonny Boy handle them? The way he's feeling? I'm going to lie. I'm going to signal three times that number! They'll have to call the Poles to help. I don't care. Sonny Boy is on the very verge of pneumonia. How can they expect him to fight with double pneumonia? Besides, the Poles don't care. The more often they fight the better they like it. Here goes... *twenty-four Junker 88's and forty Messerschmitts*... there, I've done it! Now, I'm going the whole hog. I've got to save Sonny Boy. I'll tell 'em the Schmitties are at twenty thousand... *heavy fighter force at twenty thousand*—

"Corporal Johns!"

"Yes, lieutenant?"

"Check the Polish squadron... see if they've taken off... hurry!"

—Oh, God, send those crazy Polacks up there to help Sonny Boy. They've got Lightnings, the newest hot stuff from America... please, send those Polacks... but right now—

"Lieutenant Collings!"

"Y-yes—"

"A NEW order of the day from Major Paget. To the detector and spotter command, Wellington sector: Well done! I have recommended Sergeant Jennifer Bowes of the Poppy unit for promotion to sublieutenant. Sergeant Bowes and her spotter group penetrated an enemy ruse and gave warning of a large concentration of German fighters hiding in clouds at twenty-two thousand feet. Spitfires and Lightnings of the interceptor command were thus able to ambush this concentration and destroy eleven enemy fighters with the loss of only two planes. My heartiest congratulations. Signed. Lady Mary Paget, Major."

—There is a God and prayers do count! Even if Jennifer Bowes, the little blighter, does get the credit. But Sonny Boy... what happened to him? Two planes lost... oh, Sonny Boy... is that the buzzer? Have I the strength to plug it in?

"Hi-yah, Poppy!"

"Y-you... are you... all right?"

"No. Worse luck. I blacked and went into a spin and had to jump. Afraid I've got a broken leg—"

"Oh, that's wonderful! Only a broken leg—"

"Hey, Poppy... Poppy... what the deuce... what's wrong with this line... hey, operator—"

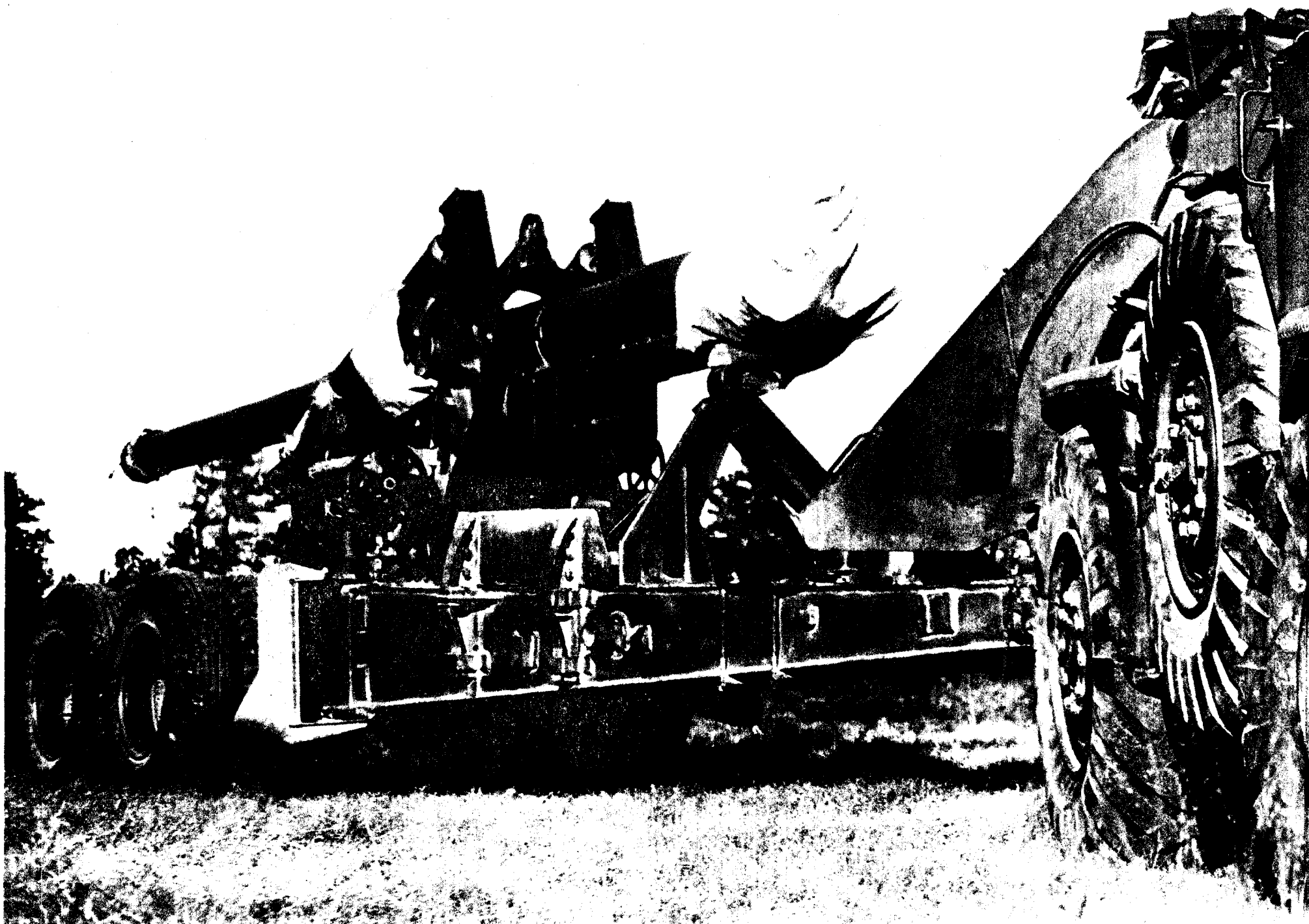
"Sorry, sir. This is Corporal Johnson speaking. Lieutenant Collings seems to have fainted."

"Hey, Poppy, what's wrong... " "Sorry, sir, this is Corporal Johnson speaking. Lieutenant Collings seems to have fainted"



A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

OUR FIGHTING MEN



ALASKA

FORT RAYMOND, Seward. It didn't take the boys at this post long to act upon our report of November 22d that the gents at Seattle's Fort Lawton would, according to a Seattle newspaper, probably spend the winter in tents. A bunch of the boys at Raymond collected and sent to the newspaper some dough "to make life a little more endurable for the boys at Fort Lawton" and the letter that went with it was a masterpiece of noncommiseration. "Of the thousands of men stationed here," it read in part, "many are from Seattle and they realize the danger of braving the rigorous Western Washington winter in tents, where the temperature gets as low as 35 and 40 degrees and the bite of the breeze comes up from the frigid waters of Puget Sound. It was these men who started a lumber-raising campaign

with the slogan, Every Nickel a Board Foot, and the response was immediate. The size of our contribution is somewhat limited because we are collecting for another fund as well—a fund to help the government buy tent-patching cement for our hundreds of tents. It is felt that you would understand our selfishness in the matter, because the temperature here for the past month has been from zero to ten degrees and the icy winds come down from the glaciers at velocities of from 40 to 50 miles an hour. Not having the lumber available to winterize the tents, every soldier keeps his stove stoked to full capacity, thereby creating sparks which riddle the tents with holes. These sparks cause a fire almost daily; our tent hospital and a mess hall built of salvaged lumber and canvas have already been leveled. . . ." The sum enclosed with the letter was \$18.40.

WASHINGTON

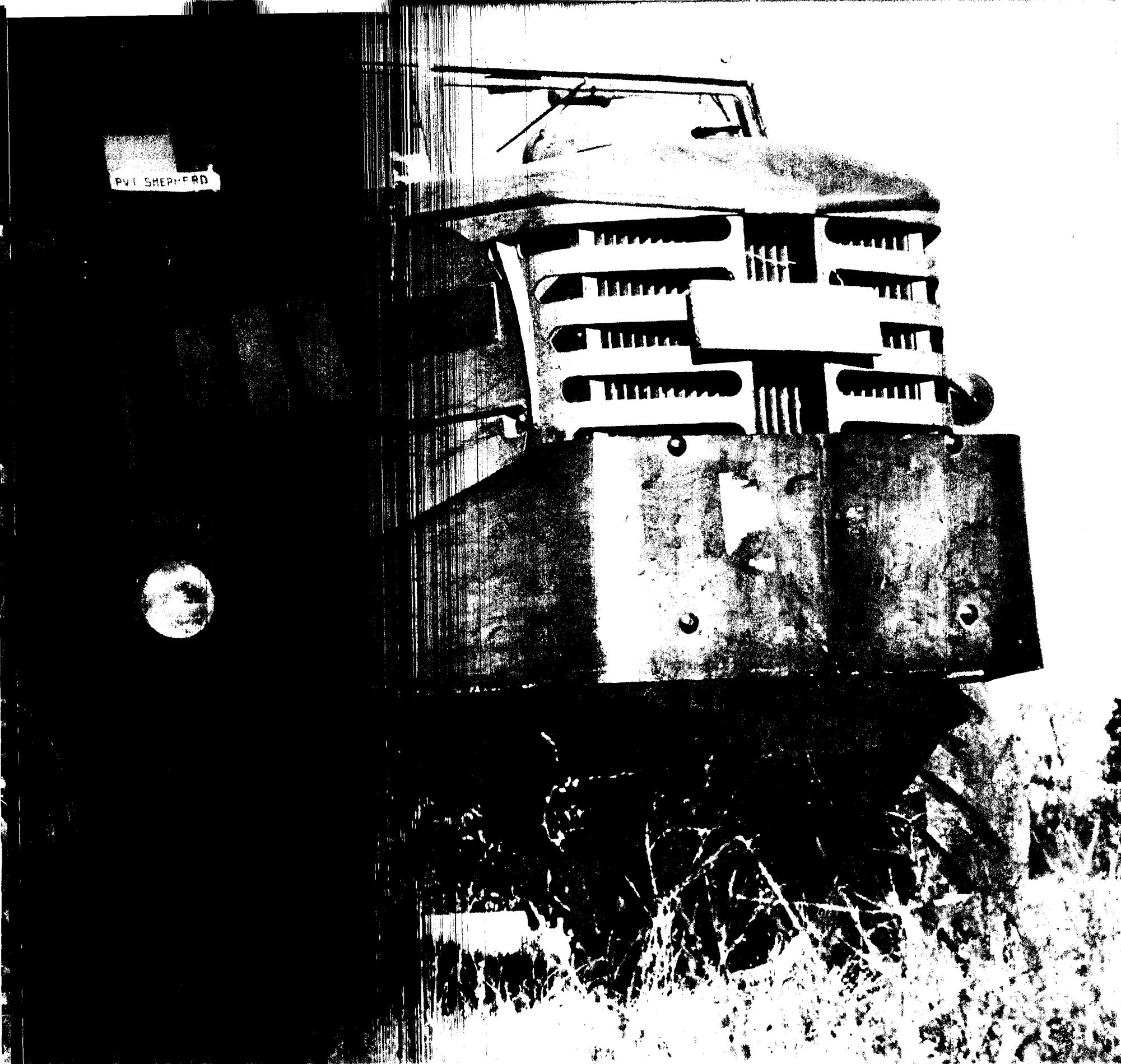


FORT LEWIS, Tacoma. Arrival of the first Chrysler-built medium (28-ton) tanks at the 752d Tank Battalion made everybody happy except news photographers, who were unimpressed by the invitation to take pictures of tanks plowing through fields and swaying across pontoon bridges. "Why'n'-cha crash one through an old house?" suggested a lensman. "What!" cried the officer in charge, recoiling in horror. "And scratch up these brand-new jobs?" But after the tanks had been banged around for a couple of weeks, the Army put away the dustcloths and announced they'd destroy a two-story house and a couple of adjacent buildings for the benefit of the shutter-snappers. This was pretty much a fizzle—the tanks merely sheared off the kitchen and flat-

tened an outhouse—although one tank became blinded by debris, accidentally barged through a chimney and made a hurried exit through the bathroom.

Army's reason for keeping wreckage to a minimum is that wood houses acquired by the government are earmarked for salvage, and since tanks don't know how to enter a house politely a lot of red tape has to be cut for permission to make kindling out of good boards. Besides, says the Army, smacking down houses isn't really a tank's job. In actual warfare a rumble-wagon merely nuzzles up to a house and a tank man tosses a bomb into it. The enemy can much too easily make a trap out of a building. Just as your tank waltzes over the living-room floor—wham!—the bottom drops out and the tank lands in the basement all tangled up with the furnace and Willie's bicycle.

PVT SHEPHERD



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

THAT migration of the nation's top-flight skiers to Fort Lewis, reported here November 8th, was officially explained shortly thereafter by the War Department's announcement of the formation of the 87th Infantry Mountain Regiment, an elite outfit destined for eventual duty out of West Yellowstone, Montana. At the same time the Department came up with some tips for men operating in snow and extreme cold. Among them (soldiers stationed in Florida and the tropics might as well skip the next few paragraphs) were:

The average soldier needs shoes about two sizes larger than those worn in warm weather. Extra socks fill up the space and besides, tight shoes cause frozen feet. In extreme cold, shoes can be temporarily waterproofed by dipping them in water to form an insulating ice coat over the leather.

Going to sleep while cold and tired

isn't dangerous but actually beneficial, if a man isn't already exhausted. The cold will reawaken him before he freezes. Eskimos have survived three-day blizzards, sleeping more than half the time.

When ice is too thin for crossing it may be reinforced by putting grass, hay or brush on it and pouring on enough water to form a frozen mat. Incidentally, a pocketful of dried grass is a help in keeping hands warm, and, stuffed into shoes, outside the socks, acts as insulation.

Beards are dangerous: frost from the breath accumulates on whiskers and freezes the skin. Paradoxically, becoming overheated is one of the principal causes of freezing to death.

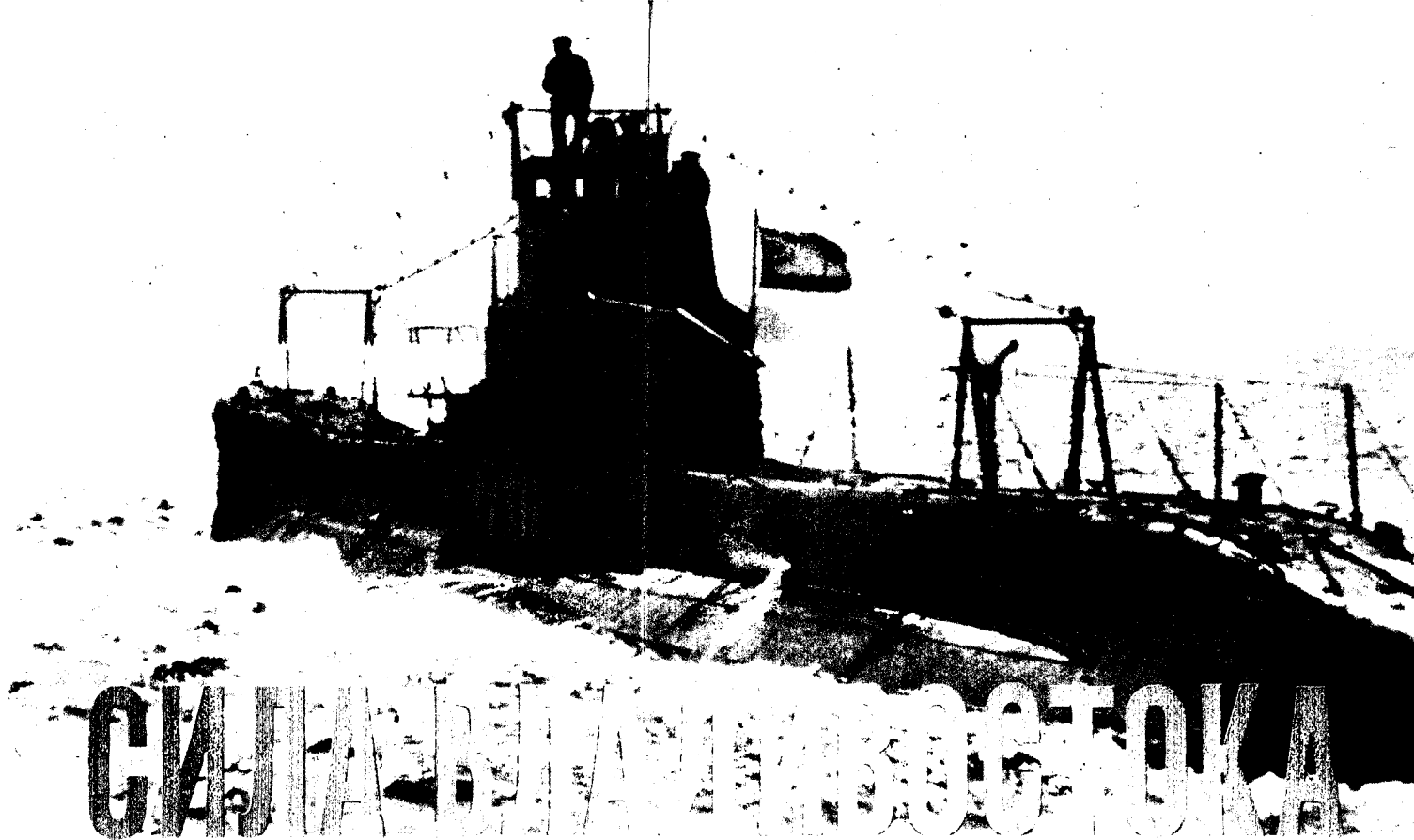
Lastly, a soldier should never sleep with his head completely covered, because the lungs exhale carbon dioxide. Frostbite or no, the mouth and nose should be left in the open.

WYOMING

FORT FRANCIS E. WARREN. A colored selectee from the 4th Training Regiment, toted off to the hospital after he'd been overtaken by a chattering chill on the rifle range, was asked by a buddy if he had qualified in rifle record firing. "Son," said the allergic to Wyoming weather, "Ah jus' don't know. Ah been runnin' outta mah tent, pullin' the trigger and runnin' back by the ole fiel' stove."

COMPANY M's Pvt. James M. Kring can be added to the list of men reported in this department who have answered mail call and have been handed large, official-looking envelopes containing notices to report for induction. Pvt. Kring's reply to this order was pretty much on the different side; he sent his
(Continued on page 42)

BIG GUN HAULER. The mechanical colossus shown above is one of two experimental prime movers being tested by Battery D, of the 36th F.A. Regiment at Fort Bragg, N. C. Bearing two spare wheels which revolve freely on axles and provide additional "floatation" in mud or water, this four-wheeled giant will pull and carry 17 tons at a maximum practical speed of 30 m.p.h. If adopted, its function will be to haul the Army's biggest rifle—the 155-mm. gun—which weighs 29,500 pounds. This gun (see opposite page) can be "grunted" into position by its 12-man crew in eight minutes. With it, five men can fire two 95-pound shells every 60 seconds. The Army now has 25 of them



Russia's most potent naval weapons in the East are the 100 or more submarines based in Vladivostok, ready to defend that stronghold or to attack vital Japanese lines of supply

Leninskaya, is fully paved, but its ancient cobblestones have by now formed small mountain ranges which the visitor finds rather laborious to traverse. The street cars vainly try to look metropolitan with their miserable coaches from which during rush hours men dangle in ragged clusters. The civilians in the streets—mostly Russians, with an occasional admixture of Buriats, Mongols and other natives of the neighboring steppes—are poorly clad. Only soldiers and sailors are well uniformed, well shod and flawlessly equipped.

Vladivostok is an industrial town, but its industry serves destructive rather than constructive ends. It is fortress, naval base and air base. The Soviet statisticians give Vladivostok a population of half a million. However, more than 250,000 persons are not living in the miserable houses, but in the invisible quarters of the army, navy and air force—partly underground, fully protected and enormously strong. Vladivostok is no military hinterland. It is the well-prepared front of the coming total war.

When the German assault plan was already an open secret, people in East Asia showed surprisingly little interest in Western events. The newspapers headlined local matters; the Moscow Agricultural Exposition completely overshadowed the battle of Crete. On a back page was always the same half-column feature, The Imperialist War. The title was carefully chosen to describe a matter alien to the Russian and of no concern to him.

On the wall of a little house on the Leninskaya was painted a geographic atrocity—a map of Europe, Africa and the Middle East—a distant Far West, out there—with the army positions painted in. It was, of course, entitled The Imperialist War, and its editor, in May, 1941, was gradually beginning to take notice of the French collapse. I passed that map countless times and never saw a Russian looking at it—except when as many as three stood there at one time. Surprised, I approached these students of The Imperialist War. They were drunks who used the wall not as a source of information but as support. . . .

And yet the streets were dominated by the military element; M.P. patrols (Continued on page 45)

VLADIVOSTOK

Which means, THE STRENGTH OF VLADIVOSTOK

By Major Erwin Lessner

Vladivostok is the world's most secret and mysterious fortress. Is it also the strongest? It's often been called "the gun at Japan's back." But is that, perhaps, the wish of those who think a co-operative Vladivostok will help us carry the war to Japan? The facts about the Russian war machine have been hidden from correspondents and even from Allied military observers. Vladivostok is full of questions. Here, for the first time, are the answers—a report of supreme importance by an expert observer. Major Lessner was an officer of the Austrian army in World War I. Recently he fought with the Finns in the first Russo-Finnish war

VLADIVOSTOK is a nightmare—to the Japanese. In May and June, 1941, I traveled through Russia and Siberia, from Moscow via Krasnoyarsk, Irkutsk, Chita and Khabarovsk to Vladivostok. There I spent three weeks, leaving shortly before the German attack on Russia. By accident, I obtained a firsthand view of Russian preparations in Vladivostok; a diplomat who was a friend of mine and who had access to otherwise strictly closed areas took me on long walks and drives through the surrounding countryside. On these low, pointed hills, wooded islets and deep, narrow coves the fate of mankind may be decided.

Vladivostok and the Russian attitude in the present Pacific conflict are of inestimable importance to the Allied cause. Vladivostok is a loaded pistol aimed at Japan's back.

For the time being, Russia, aware of her strength, is waiting. Essentially, she is waiting for a change in the weather—although the possibility of other considerations cannot be entirely dismissed.

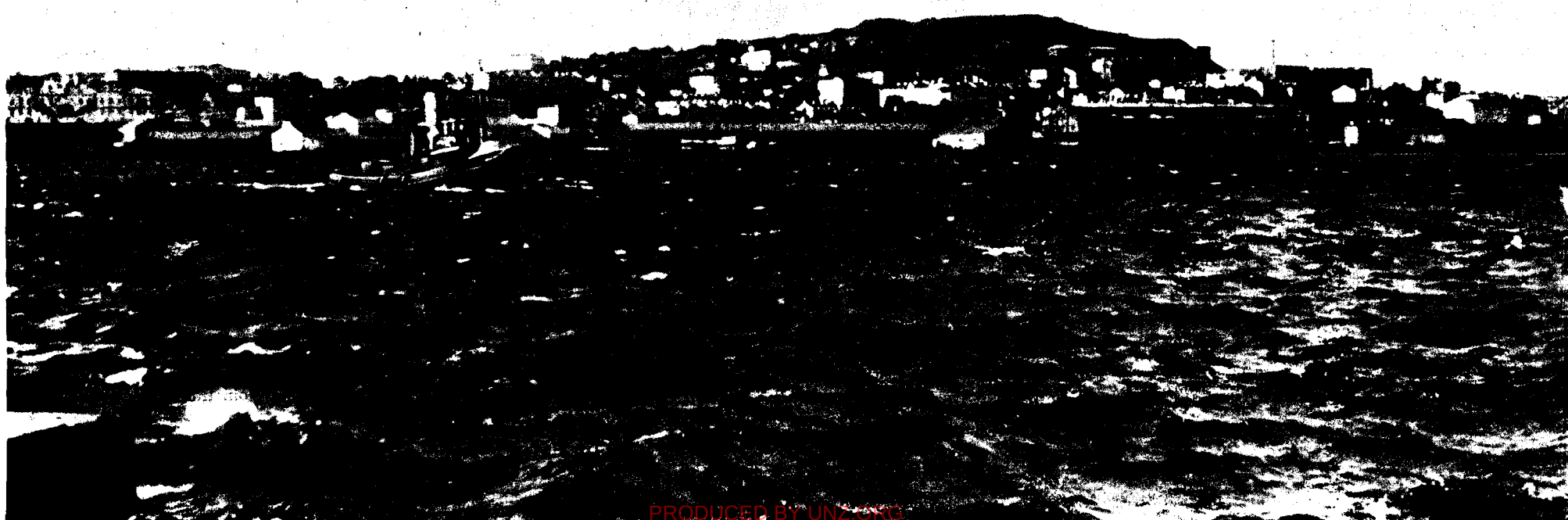
The greatest strength of Vladivostok lies in its position as an advanced offensive air base. With aerial activity impeded, the Soviets strongest weapon would be dulled. And although in the maritime region, temperatures rarely drop below 20°, furious ice storms rage there from December through February, making airplane take-offs difficult and for fully loaded heavy bombers all but impossible.

Like the Japanese, the Russians probably would wish to start their Eastern war with a destructive surprise blow. This blow can be struck only from Vladivostok.

The town makes a poor picture. From afar it looks as though its houses had slid off the hillsides and were hugging the shore, in constant danger of falling off and sinking like torpedoed ships. Some of its buildings are miserable wooden huts, dubiously held upright by willow webbing; others are of stone and, though mostly one-story structures, seem about to collapse of their own weight. Only one street, the

Concealed in the hills back of Vladivostok are the forts, guns, underground hangars and supply depots that give it its real significance

SOVFOTO



Nickels From Left to Right

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Hollywood had given Roger a good deal of money and a great deal of fame. Everything, you might say, but satisfaction of his heart's desire

IT WAS dawn by the time the poker game ended. The lights in the cabin of Sam's yacht all of a sudden were the same sick color as the stale highballs in which the ice had melted.

Fanning out three queens on the table, Sam raked in the handful of chips and stood up, yawning noisily.

"Well, I've had enough," he said.

Homer sighed and laid down a pair of aces and three other cards. The captain and I had dropped out after the draw.

"You're banking, Roger," Sam said. "Count my chips and write me out a check."

"Yeah," I said. While I was counting the chips stacked in front of his place, he went to the sideboard and got a couple of clean glasses. Moving his head sideways and tiptoeing a little, he peered into the silver ice bowl, but the ice was all melted there, too. So he just poured out some Scotch and squirted soda water into it. He brought the glasses over, one in each hand, and set one down in front of me. He left the bottle uncorked, but he only mixed the two himself. Homer and the captain were personal employees.

His back had been turned all that time, but before he lifted his own glass to his mouth he said, "You counted that white stack wrong, Roger. There are twenty-three in it, not twenty-two."

I stared at him but I counted the white ones again, and he was right. He nodded and had his drink.

Daphne Phedris' empty glass was still sitting on the sideboard. She had gone to her stateroom at midnight. The captain kept looking at the glass as if still a little dazzled that Daphne Phedris really had held it in her hand while leaning here at this very sideboard.

"Well, that was a good session, Mr. Mastek," the captain said. He was a big, sunburned, middle-aged man, but tired-looking. He was a new captain. Sam hardly ever had one, two summers in a row. But they were always a little dazzled at first.

"Sure," Sam said without looking at him. "Time we finish this cruise you'll know how we play poker in Beverly Hills."

I wrote out the check and tore it out of my book and handed it to Sam. He'd been putting on his reading spectacles; he took it and read it as carefully as he'd read a paragraph of one of my scripts, and put it away in his wallet.

"I want you to come out on deck with me, Roger," he said. "I want to talk to you. While you boys been sitting here playing poker, I been thinking, and I got this problem of ours worked out in my mind."

"Aw, Sam, it's late," I said.

Sam put his spectacles back on, and

hauled his watch out, and looked at it, automatically. You can always make Sam do something automatically, or say something automatically, if you know what buttons to push. I took a nickel out of my left-hand pants pocket and put it into my right-hand pocket. Sam watched it, but didn't say anything.

He tells it as a good gag around Hollywood, about what he says is this nervous habit of mine of keeping my pants pockets full of nickels and passing them back and forth. It's even been used in publicity—what little publicity anyone gets as a writer—but it's really a better gag than anyone knows about. I'd go crazy working for Sam if I didn't have this little standing bet with myself—a nickel into the right-hand pocket every time I punch the right button and make him automatically do or say the commonplace, obvious thing I knew he would. It's like having a mechanical toy,

and it makes a game out of what would otherwise be a murder situation.

He put his watch back into his pocket and, folding up his spectacles again, said, "Well, I guess you boys know how it is the way my mind is always working, especially when I got a creative problem, like now. Maybe the captain doesn't know about it yet, unless he's read about it, but night and day it works, unceasingly sort of."

"YES, I've read about it, Mr. Mastek," the captain said respectfully. Sam looked modest, then pensive.

"Sometimes I've said that I almost wished it wasn't like that," he said wistfully. "Sometimes I wonder if the penalty I got to pay is worth it having a creative mind. Only the other night I was wondering to Mamma if maybe the truly happy people aren't the ones that—"

"Well, let's go, Sam," I said.

"Huh? . . . Yeah, okay, Roger. While it's still fresh in my mind. I guess I shouldn't get to talking philosophy, and deep things like that. But you know how it is the way I seem to have to give something of *myself* to each and every one of these creative problems. Mamma often tells me I shouldn't *give* like that, but I don't know, it seems—"

I turned and started out toward the deck, and Sam came hurrying after me. But over his shoulder he snarled:

"Well, come on, Homer—come on! You going to sleep, maybe?"

"No," Homer said, and picked up his stenographer notebook and a couple of pencils. Mamma won't let Sam have anything but a male secretary on these yachting trips.

This cove where we were anchored was a beautiful and calm place, with the dawn fog just lifting from the cold sea



"Leave him alone, Sam," Daphne said. She faced me, and I turned to have it out with her, too

like a curtain between us and the off-shore islands, away out. Above the gravel beach of the cove where the seaweed lay wet at this low tide, there was a little house with roses climbing all up the front of it, nearly burying it, and blue wood smoke was just beginning to rise from a crazy, leaning chimney.

It would have made a swell background for some kind of sweet little story line, but here was Sam trudging back and forth in front of it, thinking like Napoleon. From the deck chair where I had slumped I watched him sourly. I was still pretty burned about his long-distance call telling me to meet Daphne and take the first plane north with her to join the yacht at a sawmill town in Puget Sound for a story conference. That sounded loopy enough for Sam, all right, but I suspected instantly that it was Daphne's idea this time, and, getting out of the plane at the Seattle airport with the news photographers gathered around, I knew I had been right. When she insisted that I stand in the pictures with her it was a dead giveaway. It was obvious even to the newspaper guys, especially when she became charmingly confused while denying that we were engaged.

We weren't, but I knew we would be by the time we said goodbye Friday. Sam's family and some other people were to arrive then and they were all going for a month's yachting while I went back alone to Hollywood to finish the script.

"OUR problem is," Sam said, "we got to show right at the beginning that Daphne Phedris is a good girl in this picture, in spite of she's a very beautiful half-caste spy in Singapore."

"Now," Sam said, "we can't just have her say: 'I'm a good girl,' or anything like that. That's banal, and besides, there's not enough action in it. Not only that, we used it a couple months ago in Rio Reunion."

"We got to give these things real creative thought," Sam said, tiptoeing and peering to make sure Homer was making notes.

"Yeah, okay," I said. Two more days until Friday.

"Well, I been thinking," Sam said, "and I got not one way but two ways to solve this problem. The first way is, she's got her mother's picture in a big, old-fashioned locket that she wears always next to her heart, see, and when this guy offers to take her up the Burma Road, she opens up the locket and gazes at the picture and says in a broken voice, 'What shall I do, Mamma?' We can show in a close-up that wonderful, wonderful heart-rending expression of Daphne's, and, 'What shall I do?' she says. This big, old-fashioned locket always next to her heart, see, and—"

"What, in one of those gowns that Yvray designs for Daphne?" I said. "Why not an alarm clock?"

"Well, that's a detail, that's a detail, Roger. We can always solve that problem in a conference when the time comes. No! I got it now!" Sam said. "We'll make it a little locket."

"Mmm," I said. "Go on, Sam."

The sun was just reaching the clearing above the cove, and as it touched the very top of the rose-thatched little house a girl came out of the back door and started toward the barn carrying a couple of milk pails. It was too far to see what she looked like, but she had a lovely way of walking.

"And now get this, just to make sure," Sam said, "that this subtle psychological point gets over with a bang, about her being a good girl—in this same scene in the cabaret in Singapore, even if it is a low tropical dive, all glittering lights, and sin, and good hot music, she not only looks at her mother's picture, she not only rejects each and every one of

his advances in a refined, dignified way, she also scorns his money."

Just as the girl disappeared into the barn, two children came out of the little house and stood for a minute—two small figures in faded old clothes, looking up at the hills. Then the little boy turned suddenly and said something to his sister and the next minute they were running and laughing across the clearing as if they were welcoming the return of the sun for a new day.

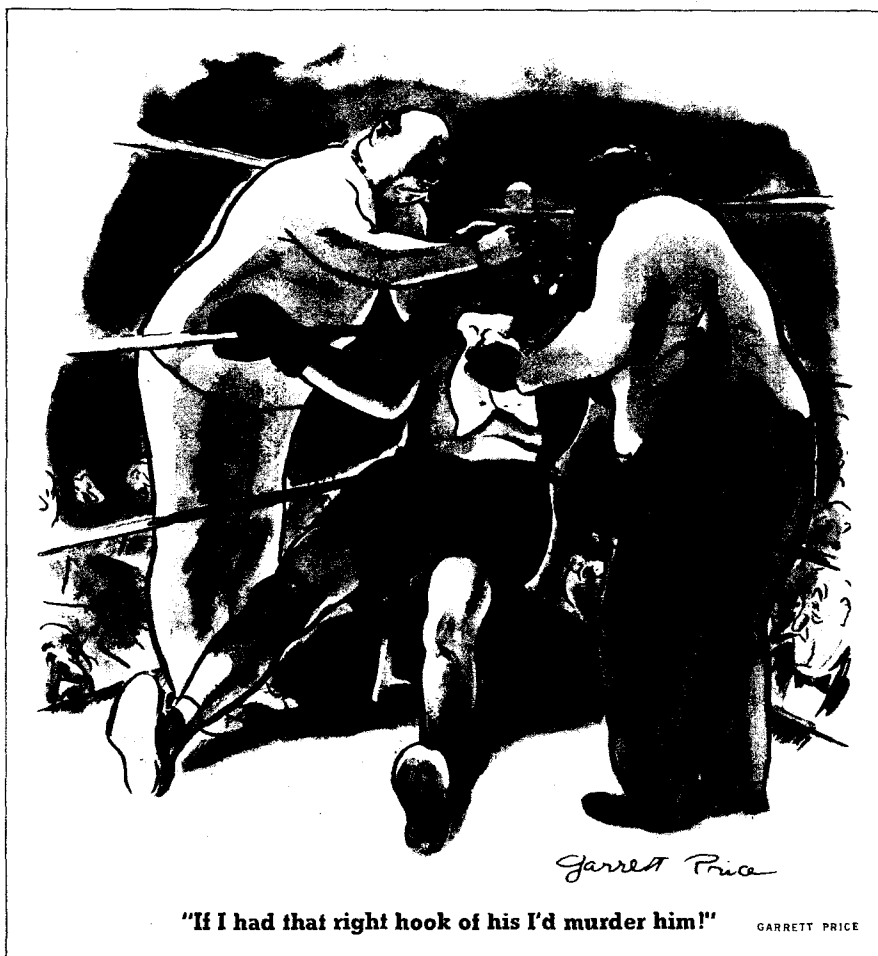
"Eh?" I said. "She what?"

"Scorns his money," Sam said proudly. "She could maybe jump up and stamp her foot and throw the money in his face. This guy that's said, yeah, he'll take her up the Burma Road with his motor-truck convoy. But very big money. Remember, she's no tramp. She's a very, very beautiful spy."

"Oh," I said. That part of the script was already written, and, of course,

to lean against the rail. After one uninterested glance at the little waterside farm and the two children playing in the new sunshine, she slouched a little lower on one elbow, watching the smoke threading upward from her cigarette. Once she touched a small yawn with her finger tips.

"Of course," Sam was saying, "there's a lot of other problems we got to solve in the next couple days. Such as, for instance, how does she show that she is falling in love with the guy but doesn't know it yet herself? That is, when they're camped out on the Burma Road—say, what's this Burma Road like, anyway? Make a note: we got to phone and get the research department busy on that. I got to visualize it to myself. Even the kinds of gas they sell in the filling stations. It's details like that, that maybe nobody else would think of, that make a Sam Mastek pro-



"If I had that right hook of his I'd murder him!"

GARRETT PRICE

there was nothing like that in it. Nor was the spy a particularly good girl, one way or another; at least, I left the question open, so the customers could decide to suit their own tastes. By the time Sam got back to Hollywood, the script would be finished and I would be back in New York and if he remembered any of this stuff, Tony Quimber, who was slated to direct this picture, could argue with him. . . .

"Oh, yeah, Sam," I said.

DAPHNE strolled out of the forward companionway and came down the deck toward us. Her dark hair was rumpled from sleep and she had on a soft gray-blue dressing gown which curled about her pajama'd legs as she walked. I was a little startled. She didn't look imperious, and smoothly beautiful as I'd always seen her. She looked cute.

"If you boys have to talk, why do you have to talk right over my porthole?" she said. "Give me a cigarette, Roger."

"What worries I got!" Sam said. "Hello, Daphne."

I held a light for her and she blew out a lungful of smoke and said, "Thank you," and patted my cheek. Her eyes, still sleepy, were incredibly blue in her tanned face.

She smiled slowly and turned away

duction, Homer. And then, Roger, how we going to show that this guy's feelings change, after he finds out that she's no tramp, from being on the make, see, like he was, to pure love? And reverence, sort of. So's it makes it hard for her to show she's falling in love with him. Such a complicated problem! How we going to solve it?"

"I don't know, Sam. But you will," I said.

Daphne took a drag on her cigarette, with one slanting eyebrow cocked a little higher than usual. But she didn't look up.

Sam began walking up and down again.

"You know, Sam," I said casually, "a book I was reading the other day by an Austrian guy, I forget his name, but he had a chapter on Genius and Insanity in it. He says that they're not only very closely allied, but that probably genius is a form of insanity. I was . . ."

Sam stopped.

"I don't know about that," he said indignantly. "I'm not at—" Breaking off short and looking at me, even Sam had the grace to turn a dull red.

Absent-mindedly, I took a nickel out of my left-hand pocket and put it in my right-hand pocket. Daphne was leaning back, now, with both elbows on

the rail, watching me meditatively, with a faint shadow of uncertainty, perhaps even a sort of vague fear, upon her lovely face. And that wasn't such a bad idea, either, I thought grimly, at least to start out with.

For a minute Sam kept on looking at me with a bewildered, almost pleading expression, as if I had accidentally caused us both to shatter the tacit, subconscious conspiracy which gave all our lives importance. His eyes practically said, "But I think you're a genius, too; or else I wouldn't hire you. . . ." But immediately he recovered himself and with a queer dignity, he looked away, and said, "Look—it's sunrise already and you and I been up all night! I got to go to bed."

He started away, and I said, "Okay. See you later, Sam."

Homer snapped the rubber band around his notebook and went away, too; and Daphne dropped her cigarette over the side into the water and said, "Sam really does like you, Roger. Don't you like anybody?"

"Sure," I said. "I like everybody."

She lowered her eyes, and began tracing a deck seam with the toe of one of her slippers. But she didn't say anything else because the cook came out of the dining saloon. He was yawning and his face and hair were still wet around the edges from scrubbing in cold water.

"Just going ashore for some eggs," he said.

"I'll go with you," I said. "Like to come along, kid?"

Daphne glanced again at the beach. "There's nothing there," she said.

"Only a farm. But I like farms. I was raised on one."

"Were you?" she said. "Well, I'm going back to bed."

THE dinghy was in the water under the end of the long boom that stuck out from the side, and the cook pulled it in with the rope that ran on a pulley. We climbed down the side ladder, and the cook picked up the oars. Halfway across the still water, I looked back. Daphne was still leaning on the rail, watching us, and she lifted one hand a little, not quite a wave. When I looked again, from the beach, she had gone.

Walking up through the high grass of the front yard, I knew I had to make up my mind today. Daphne really was a lovely thing, I honestly think the most beautiful woman in pictures; and we got along well together, we had good times together. I didn't have any illusions about her, though. Every time Daphne reads a book, she becomes emotionally romantic about writers. Her second husband was a writer.

But if she did marry me, I'd make it stick. I had made up my mind about that, anyway. She would have to realize that this was for keeps. . . .

I looked up. I had been walking slowly, thinking, kicking at weed roots, and the cook had gone on ahead. He had reached the bare, trodden ground at the back door and the children were edging toward him, coming hesitantly, like timid but curious little birds toward a strange sight.

"Your folks got any fresh eggs?" the cook said.

The little boy murmured something bashfully and pointed toward the barn and the three of them went on across the back yard. The next time I looked up, they were at the corner of the barn and the girl had come out and the cook was talking to her. She had sunburned hair, and the sun and many earnest washings had bleached her gingham dress. Once, answering the cook, she smiled—a quick, shy flash of white teeth against wind-golden skin.

She turned and said something to the children and they came back across the

(Continued on page 55)



By Samuel Carter III

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

He taught her how to fly. From the air the world looked suddenly different to her—even love was entirely different

WHY," said Joan, "did you have to wait until the day before Caleb gets here, to ask me to marry you?"

"Would it have made any difference if I'd asked you sooner?"

"I guess I would have liked to hear you say it," Joan said quietly.

"But you wouldn't have married me?"

"I told you—I'm engaged to Caleb," Joan said.

"Then that's that," I said.

"Don't keep saying 'that's that,'" said Joan in sudden fury. "You keep saying 'that's that' as if life were all sewed up in two words. And there's a lot more than just that. I still don't know quite what you are—an American on a British island. And you won't leave Nassau. And you won't do any work."

She was angry in a way I hadn't seen her angry before—as if I'd dealt her some injustice. And her cracks had made me angry, too.

"In the first place, I can't leave Nassau," I said. "You know that. My money's here in English pounds and I can't take it out. Everything I own is here; and as for not doing any work, I do plenty."

"You mean fly?"

"I mean teaching people to fly. If you think it's easy, you're crazy."

"Still you get fun out of it."

"Good grief," I yelled. "Do you have to hate the thing you're doing to make it worth while? You've been listening too much to Caleb."

"You leave Caleb out of it," said Joan. "You don't even know him."

"Oh, yes, I do," I said. "You forget, I worked in Wall Street until Father died. I know Caleb. I bet he's already getting fat—at twenty-six—and I bet he looks like a waiter at the British Colonial and—"

When I took my hand away from my face it still smarted, and I could see Joan walking up the shadowy avenue of royal palms—her small sandaled feet going tick-tock on the pavement. It had been a silly quarrel. But it went deep, and implied the end of something that had meant a lot to me—something that had started just two weeks ago, the morning that we sent eleven men to England to the Royal Air Force.

(Continued on page 32)

A wave caught Joan and tossed her at my feet. "I got myself into trouble," she said. "I ought to go back"



TURKEY FEVER

BY COREY FORD AND
ALASTAIR MACALPIN



DAN HOLLAND

JEFF shifts the dead cigar butt to the other side of his jaw, and moves like a shadow along the little sand road, through the turkey oaks and the long-leaved pines. "Down here in Ca'lina we got a saying," he whispers over his shoulder, "that effen a man has him a boy baby, and shoots a turkey gobbler . . ." he heaves a sigh of admiration, ". . . then he's a man."

You nod in silence. You do not say much when you are setting out after a wild turkey at dawn, even though the ridge where you will make your stand is still a mile away and it will be another hour till daylight. (If you want to shoot a turkey, the old-timers tell you, you got to get up before you go to bed.) The woods are deathly still; the dry oak leaves rattle underfoot, and a twig snaps beneath your boot with a crack like a rifle. Above the swamp on your left, the gaunt cypress trees are spectral in the half-light. Jeff nods his head toward them.

"Yonder's where they're roosting," he murmurs. "We scattered a flock of them on the ridge last evenin'. Come daylight, they'll be calling each other back together again." He pats the slim wooden box in his hand. "That's when we aim to do a little callin', too."

You managed to steal a quick glance at Jeff's homemade turkey lure, back there in the headlights of the car. A lean, rectangular slab of willow, with a mortise an inch deep hewn out of the center, and a loose cedar lid in which a piece of slate is embedded. When this slate is drawn back and forth lightly across the rim of the mortise, an expert can mimic either the vibrant yelp—*keow! keow!*—of the hen, or else, by twisting it slightly, the short sharp *croc! croc!* of the young gobbler. Other Southern turkey callers prefer to use the hollow wing bone from the second joint of a hen turkey; by fitting the lips around one end and drawing in the breath sharply they say the call notes of the lovelorn can be reproduced exactly. Still others merely blow through a leaf held tightly between the palms.

Shoot 'Em on the Ground

But on one thing all dyed-in-the-wool sportsmen agree: the wild turkey should be still-hunted like this, along the ridges, at dawn, with a call and a rifle. A shotgun is frowned on by the purists; they abhor shooting a bird on the wing—probably the turkey is the only American game bird which sportsmen consider more ethical to shoot on the ground.

Abruptly Jeff pauses and holds up his hand. "They belong to be somewhere a hundred yards or so ahead of us now." He indicates the base of a tall pine, just a little broader than the width of your own body. "Set yo'self here. It's better out in the open than in a blind, this way you can swing your rifle effen he comes up on one side of you or else on the other. Jest set and wait."

You prop yourself against the butt of the pine, with your boot heels dug into the pine spills in front of you, and your rifle across your knees in readiness. Always have your rifle handy; the least awkward movement, the reach of a hand or the quick lift of the barrel as you bring it to your shoulder may be enough to ruin your day's hunt. For the wild turkey's eyesight is phenomenal; it is said to have the sharpest eyes of any creature that roams the woods. Jeff gives you a final critical inspection. "Act like a pine knot," he warns, "only stiller."

He and his call melt into a myrtle thicket behind you. The sky is lightening slowly. In the hush you can hear your own heart beating. Your nerves

(Continued on page 43)



ALDER GULCH

By Ernest Haycox
Illustrated by Warren Baumgartner

The Story Thus Far:

FORCED, in self-defense, to kill the captain of a vessel that had shanghaied him, Jeff Pierce makes his escape from Portland, Oregon, and goes to Virginia City, where gold has recently been struck. A girl—Diana Castle—accompanies him; she is running away from her father, who has been trying to force her to marry a man she does not love.

Arrived at the new mining settlement, Pierce stakes out a claim in Alder Gulch, and Diana starts a small bakery. A little girl—Lily Beth Temperton, daughter of Will Temperton, a gambler who has deserted his wife—is presently living with her, in a cabin some prospectors give her.

Secretly directed by Henry Plummer, the sheriff, a band of bandits is terrorizing the Alder Gulch area. Among Plummer's followers are George Ives, "Rube" Ketchum, Bob Zachary, Steve Marshland, Jack Gallagher (a deputy sheriff), Ollie Rounds (a weak man who happens to be a strong admirer of Pierce), "Long John" Franck, George Hildebrand and several others. Shocked and angered by the murder of a neighbor, Archie Caples, Pierce learns that his friend had been killed by Rube Ketchum. He looks for the fellow, finds him, shoots him to death.

Meanwhile, Ben Scoggins, a trader, has fallen in love with Diana Castle. Scoggins likes Pierce—on a number of occasions, indeed, he helps Pierce out of a perilous situa-

tion. Nevertheless, suspecting that Diana may be in love with Pierce, his jealousy is aroused; and the friendship of the two men becomes slightly strained. . . .

Nick Tibault, a boy whom everyone likes, is murdered. Heretofore, reluctant to act, the leading citizens—Jim Williams, X. Biedler, Pierce, Wilbur Sanders, a lawyer, and others—make an investigation, and announce that Ives, Long John Franck and George Hildebrand will be charged with the murder and brought to trial in Nevada City.

Among Pierce's bitterest enemies (and he has many) is "Bully" Sitgreaves. Sitgreaves—the brother of the captain Pierce had killed—has followed Pierce to Virginia City; he has sworn that he will kill him.

Will Temperton's wife arrives in Virginia City. In the course of a talk with Diana, she makes it clear that she hates her husband. Nervous, frightened, she says that she is eager to see Lily Beth, whom she adores. "I'll bring her," Diana says quietly; then, putting on her coat, she prepares to go to her cabin.

IX

AFTER Diana had gone, Mrs. Temperton remained still. She let her hands drop beside her coat and then she brought them together again, fingers tightly interlaced. Men tramped along the walk, each nearing footstep bringing a swift, haunted expression to her eyes, each departing footstep taking the expression away. Long before Temperton opened the door she knew he was approaching, recognizing the tempo of his pacing from the past years of life with him; there was never a doubt about those steady, even steps, and as they came closer and momentarily stopped at the door Mrs. Temperton sighed and lifted her shoulders and erased all ves-

tige of expression from her face, and then he had opened the door and had stepped through.

She knew he would show no surprise. It was a matter of professional pride with him to hold hurt or misfortune or triumph or ordinary human emotion behind a fixed calm. His lips made a slight change, growing narrower, and he seemed to settle within himself. He closed the door, pushing a hand back against it without taking his eyes from her. And then, because there was one gentle-born streak in him, he removed his hat before her. In all the years of their marriage, she remembered, he had never failed to do that when with her. That courtesy had remained even after love had gone.

"I knew," he said at last, "you would of course find me in time. You were always a steadfast woman."

"It was Lily Beth," she said.

"Even beyond Lily Beth. Had you determined to hunt me down for any other reason you would have done so, and continued until you found me. It is your character, Judith. You have a very fixed will."

"For which you have always hated me," she said.

"Perhaps," he answered, "a weak man envies those who possess the strength he does not have. Now you are happy. You have found Lily Beth."

"Happy?" she said. "Every meaning of that word was squeezed out of me long ago. But I am content."

"You should be," he said, so inflexibly

polite. "You have won. Lily Beth is your daughter. There is no power on earth which could ever draw her to me."

"Yes," she said, "there is. But you do not have it."

"Ah," he said, "we have talked about that many times before, haven't we? Affection and laughter and softness. I know. But men must be what they are and if grace is not in them they can expect no grace from others."

"**T**ELL me," she said, "was it simply to hurt me that you took her away? Or do you love her so much you could not share her with me? I have long wondered."

"If a man is not permitted to love his wife," he said, "then he must put his love somewhere."

"That," she said, and showed her first warmth, "is a lie you told yourself long ago. You loved pretty rooms and pretty furniture and a pretty wife, all to shed warmth on you, but you never cared to shed warmth back."

He made a weary gesture with his arm. "We resume the same old argument. I took you from your people, for which they have hated you and me since. I led you through shabby ways and I would not change, and I ceased to be the gallant adventurer you thought me to be and became a cardsharp, nothing more."

"All of that."

"Yes, all of that. Your judgment is quite correct. You find me a year later dealing in a saloon two runs lower than

a year before. There is no regeneration, as you once thought there might be. We are two different people, and God was unkind when he permitted me to touch you."

"Long ago," she said, "you found irony was the easiest way to hurt me."

"Irony," he said, "is a knife used only by scoundrels. I am a scoundrel. How different it might have been if I had used the proper words, the words you seemed to want, but which I never had."

"You didn't need words," she said. "Had you only put your hand out to me I would have seen and felt all that you could not say. That is, if these things had been truly in you. They never were."

He used a gesture that was completely like him; he raised his hands and shoulders, expressing everything and nothing. She said: "I'm leaving on tomorrow's stage with Lily Beth. Will you try to stop me?"

"No," he said, and permitted his first bitterness to show in his tightening words. "The hand is played. I have lost."

She said in her distant, bell-clear voice, "You always lost easily and shrugged the loss away. You never tried very hard to win back."

"I never argue with chance."

"Love is not chance," she said.

"You see," he said, "I'm only what I am."

She started to answer him and ceased. An expression of real fright crossed her face and she started to turn away, and checked herself, and slowly brought her hands up before her. The door came open and Diana said, "Go in, Lily Beth." Lily Beth came into the bakeshop, her face red and her eyes sparkling above the heavy bundling of her coat and muffler.

She saw her mother and her mouth opened and she cried, "Mother," in a thin, rapid voice and ran forward with her hands outstretched. Mrs. Temperton fell to her knees and took her daughter to her. There was no kiss. Mrs. Temperton put her face against Lily Beth's coat, her face white in the lamplight. Lily Beth's hands crept around Mrs. Temperton's neck and she said in a precise, clear tone, "I have waited a very long time for you to come."

DIANA walked on until she was in the rear room, away from this scene. Temperton looked down at his wife, his face stiffened into sharpest lines. He saw the warmth that filled and changed his wife's face, he saw Lily Beth's hands tightly caught around her mother's neck; whereupon he turned to the door. "I wish you luck," he said.

Mrs. Temperton stood up. "You see the answer for yourself, Will."

"I saw it long before this," he said.

"Lily Beth," said Mrs. Temperton, "we are leaving tomorrow."

Lily Beth looked at her father. "Are we all going together?"

"No," said Temperton, "I am staying here."

A shadow crossed Lily Beth's face, and, caught in the undertow of the terrible and unsaid things passing between these two people, she made the kind of an answer which cut through a thousand words of explanation. She turned and reached for her mother's hand.

"Goodby," said Temperton.

"Won't you be at the stage in the morning?" said Lily Beth.

Temperton who had his enormous pride of making his decisions clear and final, stepped out of character before his daughter. "Yes, I think so," he answered, and went into the street.

Diana entered the front room. "Lily Beth, take your mother to our cabin. She'll pack your things."

"You'll be at the stage, too, won't you?"

"Yes," said Diana.

Mrs. Temperton moved to the door and there paused. "We should hurry, Lily Beth, or we'll miss supper at the hotel." But, as she went through the door she looked back at Diana a long moment, and said: "I know."

Diana remained alone in the room, openly crying.

PIERCE walked down the Gulch to Nevada City a little beyond noon and found five hundred or more men standing in a street churned to deep greasy mud. Don Byam sat as judge on a wagon drawn up in front of Lott Brothers' store; and as the lawyers for defense or prosecution rose to speak they mounted to the wagon to command the crowd. A space had been roped off in front of the wagons for prisoners' dock, jury box and witness stand. Bob Hereford and Adriel Davis, sheriffs of Ne-

Gulch had heard Tibault speak of Anna.

Then Sanders, warming to his task, summoned anger to his side and called the roll of the dead—Hilton murdered in cold blood during the stage holdup, Barney Morris shot down on the Bannack-Horse Prairie Road, Archie Caples assassinated in his cabin. There were many other men now sleeping in the Gulch cemeteries who had come to the same kind of an end and he named them with a monotone relentlessness which left a visible effect with the crowd. Pierce saw men shift under the strain, he saw them grow restless. Perhaps, went on Sanders, it was not Ives who had held the gun on all these. He was not debating that proposition. But Ives was a brainy, conscienceless killer. Ives was a leader of organized banditry in this gulch. Ives was a star example of a system of brutal rapine and pillage which, unless stopped now and forever,

fended Stinson and Lyons previously and by his subsequent associations had lost the confidence of the Gulch's thoughtful ones. He seemed to be laboring under deep emotion, or under the spell of whisky, so that his words were labored and thick-spoken and deeply sentimental. It was too bad that Tibault was dead. Tibault was a fine lad. Nobody loved Tibault more than he. But Tibault was dead and nothing could bring him back to life. And who could be sure George Ives had done it? All the evidence was flimsy. The testimony of Long John Franck could scarcely be believed. Franck was supposed to be a friend of Ives. What kind of man would squeal on a friend? George Ives was reckless, but he was not a bad one. He had done many good things and if he lived he would do many more good things. George Ives deserved a chance to prove it. "Gentlemen," said the defense lawyer, "don't let passion sway you. Be fair. Be just, be gentle. Remember the injunction of the Good Book, which is to judge not that ye be not judged."

He came down from the wagon, sweating and unsteady. Here and there in the crowd a single voice called, "Never mind that cryin'!"

"Give Ives another chance!"

Judge Byam said only a few words to the jury: "You will retire to Lott Brothers' store, arrive at your verdict and return."

SUPPERTIME had come and daylight was gone from the Gulch, with a moon rising above the Ditterroots, wan-white in the dustless winter air. Men broke away from the crowd to cook supper, and campfires sprang up along the creek. Ives sat on a keg inside the roped circle, as calm as any man in the group. His supporters came near him and he laughed and carried on his low, cheerful conversation. Byam remained on the wagon and Sanders walked slowly back and forth, his head dropped in thought. Williams and X. Biedler watched the crowd with a vigilant attention.

"Where's Franck and Hildebrand?" asked Pierce.

"In that cabin," said Williams, "under guard. They'll be tried separately. Probably they'll be let off. Not much real stuff against them."

The jury, out less than a half-hour, came from the Lotts' store, re-entered the circle. With their appearance men ran from their cook fires, and a murmur, running like a low, long swell of water, moved through all this waiting mass; and the pressure of the crowd pushed Pierce into the rope which marked off the center area. George Ives lifted his head to stare at the jury with a thin, drawn brightness.

Don Byam said, "Reached it, gentlemen?"

The jury foreman knew his answer meant something and he took his time making it. Every set of eyes in the Gulch was on him, and the silence grew heavier and heavier until it seemed to flow like a soft-thick substance. This was the moment. Ives knew it, and all his kind. Looking over the heads of the nearest men, Pierce discovered Jack Gallagher. Gallagher's head was pushed forward a little, and on his face was a solemn, rapt expression. Sanders had come to a stand in the middle of the roped-off place and here he waited without showing anything of his feelings. Yet Pierce understood what was in the slight, indomitable man's mind. If the jury set George Ives free, then Sanders and all these others with him would go down in a flood of vengeance. It was George Ives' life against Sanders' life. It was the toughs against the little, resolute group. Everything locked into the

(Continued on page 26)

BUTCH

By Larry Reynolds



"Must we frisk him, Chief? His pockets are always sticky with candy"

vada City and Junction respectively, acted together as bailiffs.

Going through the crowd Pierce met many men he knew and exchanged words with them; and other men he did not know called his name, they remembering him for his part in the stage holdup as well as for his carrying Barney Morris' gold to Bannack, and for his fight with Gallagher. News like this traveled swiftly in the Gulch and marked a man overnight. It warmed him, it thawed the increasingly lonesome spot in him. At the roped circle he found X. Biedler and Jim Williams standing together. Williams leaned over to whisper to him:

"We've got twenty men standing by this rope. If there's a rush to set Ives free they'll turn and make a stand against the crowd. That's your job, too."

The trial was about over, with Sanders, a slight and polished man in these robustly rough surroundings, now on the wagon making his final argument. He had a strong voice and he controlled it effectively as he spoke of the murdered Tibault, of the young man's likable ways, of his honesty and his simplicity, of the way he saved his money and stayed away from the honky-tonks in order to go back to the girl he planned to marry—to Anna. It was a telling point, for many men in the

would carry the Gulch to ruin. Human beasts prowled by day and by night and times grew worse and there was no safety for any honest man with a grain of gold in his poke, and there would never be any safety until all honest men rose and smashed this villainy to the ground. It was time for law to come.

"THERE is," he said to the jury and to the crowd, "no shred of defense for George Ives. We have torn down the deliberate lies of his witnesses. We have seen them contradict one another. We have had Long John Franck's stated testimony that Ives, knowing Tibault had two hundred dollars in his pocket, went out and met Tibault in the brush, Tibault being unarmed, and called to Tibault to turn around and then put a bullet in Tibault's head. He was not instantly killed. As further torture Ives roped him and dragged him through the brush, God only knowing what beastly savagery prompted Ives to do this, and left him at last a victim. There are no words in our language to describe the full infamy, the degraded and unspeakably vile character of a man who piles that kind of torture upon that kind of crime. You should find him guilty, and he should be hanged."

He was through, to be replaced by the defense lawyer. This man had de-



Mildred Natwick is responsible for much of the success of Noel Coward's new play, *Blithe Spirit*

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY F. W. GORO

The Girl Grows Younger

By Henry F. Pringle

After years and years of playing old-crone roles in play after play, Miss Mildred Natwick finally gets a chance to act her age—a pleasant surprise for all

AMONG the ironclad rules of the acting trade is the specification that no girl younger than seventy-five will consent to play a mother or grandmother role.

"Sir!" is what the average actress says, eyes flashing, to a producer who suggests that she might be cast as even an older sister. The clear implication is that an insult has been offered to her beauty, talent and youth. Like other aspects of the Broadway credo, though, this prejudice rests on very little, and a degree of immortality is due a young lady named Mildred Natwick because she has proved it.

Two seasons ago Miss Natwick made an abrupt change from playing aged crones. She loped around a musical-comedy stage with Jimmy Durante. This led to other remarkable things. A movie scout lured her to Hollywood. Her name is now in lights above the Morosco Theater in New York along with Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood and Leonora Corbett. Her starring part is the best she has ever had—that of a

daffy, chest-thumping, extraordinarily funny spiritualist in Noel Coward's hit, *Blithe Spirit*.

Prior to her frivolities with Jimmy Durante, Miss Natwick had been playing what Broadway calls "wheel-chair" parts. She had been a mother numerous times, a grandmother, an ancient nurse, a vaporish spinster stenographer and a widow. The critics had acclaimed her talents so the producers offered her additional opportunities to totter and wheeze. One of them, Dwight Wiman, recognized other qualities under the wrinkles and gray hair, though, and hired her for the Durante show, *Stars in Your Eyes*, in 1939. Miss Natwick thereupon reverted to her true self and became young and charming on the stage as well as off it.

Having completely cast aside her lace caps, crutches and wrinkles, Miss Natwick wondered during the rehearsals of *Stars in Your Eyes* whether she might not be permitted to sing, too. She had taken her singing pretty seriously in the days when she had been trying to crash the casting offices. A principal in a musical show, she felt, should be allowed to sound off vocally and she asked for a chance to try. So they told her to go ahead in a duet with Durante, whose own notes are less than operatic. Millie was exceedingly nervous at the rehearsal and waited anxiously as Jimmy sang the first verse. Her voice cracked agonizingly as she picked up the next.

"I'll take it!" cut in Durante nastily, and drowned her out. It got a laugh from the people watching the rehearsal and it was put in the show.

In the summer of 1932, then in her early twenties, Miss Natwick was a member of a troupe called the University Players up on Cape Cod. It was one of those summer outfits, but it differed from most in the quality of its talent. Margaret Sullivan and Henry Fonda, who were to marry each other, be divorced and grow famous in pictures, belonged to it. Another future celebrity with the University Players was James Stewart, who is also a Hollywood star.

Among the plays offered that summer was *Carrie Nation*, a dramatic autobiography of the hatchet-wielding prohibitionist. Miss Natwick came to New York in it but *Carrie Nation* was a flop on Broadway. It achieved the distinction of failing twice.

She was taken on the following summer for a show called *Brittle Heaven*, but again she was cast as a woman of forty or more. After that she was typed.

Being an excellent workman, she decided to learn all she could about old ladies. She would give them the jitters in restaurants and hotels by peering at them intently, by studying the way they walked and talked. But sometimes she grew both bored and resentful. After all, was she not as pretty as these other girls who were getting glamorous parts?

At one time, in fact, she had been in vaudeville.

This was when she had first embarked on a stage career. Coming to New York from her home in Baltimore, Millie had arrived precisely nowhere after several months of looking for work. She decided that it would be useful to train her voice, but she had no piano. A friend tipped her off, at this point, to the fact that all musical publishers of Tin Pan Alley had little cubicles where professionals could try out new songs. Why not drop in, ask for the latest compositions and then practice for an hour or two? This worked fine. Nobody questioned her until, one day, a young woman with astonishing curls entered the cubicle.

"Can you sing ballads?" she demanded. "I might use you in an act."

"Certainly," said Miss Natwick, doubtful whether she could identify a ballad if she heard it.

"I'll get my director and my mother to hear you," the vaudeville lady went on. "They're in the bar across the street."

Nitwack, Natwack, Napsack

Mother and director came over and Miss Natwick sang for them. She was told that she would do and would start rehearsals at once in a "flash act." This meant nothing to her. Hoping vaguely that it wasn't a strip act, Miss Natwick reported for work and learned that her job was to sing a love song to the juvenile into a telephone; he was listening across the stage. Unfortunately, mother and director got into a fight during the rehearsals and the act was called off.

The director, however, felt that a girl with possibilities had been discovered. He told Millie of a "double act" being organized by an agent friend of his and hurried her to his office. "Double act" didn't mean any more to her than "flash act."

It was harmless enough, though. Miss Natwick was to clown around and feed lines to a comedian.

"This is Miss Napsack," explained the director to the agent. "She hasn't any experience but she's funny and she's got the darnedest face!"

This was a degree disturbing but since no explanation was offered of why her face was so strange, Miss Natwick held her tongue. Being called Napsack didn't bother her in the least as she had long since grown hardened to being Nitwack, Nicnack and innumerable other distortions. When she was in school a teacher insisted on calling her Natwack during recitations, and she finally asked permission to see him after class.

"My name isn't Natwack, please, it's Nitwack—" begged Mildred, getting excited. Thereupon she fled from the room.

Mildred Natwick—wait a minute, Natwick—was less than sensational in vaudeville. She rehearsed for six or seven weeks and then opened in a movie house on New York's East Side. For three performances she received \$9, which was the first money she had ever earned on the stage. Triumphant, she summoned her mother from Baltimore to see her but when that lady arrived her daughter was playing to a Negro audience. Millie peered through a peephole to see where her mother was and discovered her—one small white face—in a sea of black. After the performance Mrs. Natwick persuaded her daughter that vaudeville was not advancing her career too rapidly, so she returned to Baltimore.

The vaudeville director's remark about having "the darnedest face" can, I think, be explained. What he meant, whether he realized it or not, was that

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Masquerade in *MIAMI*

By Octavus Roy Cohen
ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

WAYNE HAMILTON, an unscrupulous New York lawyer, and his wealthy client, Lewis Hartley, evolve a plan which, if successfully followed, will enable Hartley—a crooked promoter, on the verge of indictment—to make his getaway. All they need is a “double” for Hartley—someone who will go to the promoter’s estate at Miami Beach and live there, after undergoing a facial operation that will make him a replica of Hartley. If such a man can be found, he will be watched by the authorities, while Hartley (his face also altered) will go to the Pacific Coast; after which the double will be murdered—and Hartley will be safe!

Setting to work, they find a possible victim: Alan Douglas, a young mining engineer. The problem, though, of how to enlist his co-operation, is a difficult one. Wayne Hamilton solves that problem. First, he sees to it that Hartley gains control of the company by which the father of Douglas’ fiancée—Gail Foster—is employed. Then he has Mr. Foster (an honest man) “framed,” accused of embezzling nearly

twenty thousand dollars, and informed that he must make full restitution or go to prison.

That much accomplished, Hamilton calls on Douglas, tells him that Lewis Hartley wishes to employ a double so that he can slip away, unobserved by certain business rivals, to South America. He tells the young man that Hartley will pay him one hundred thousand dollars (twenty thousand in cash) if he will take the job—and say nothing about it to anyone. Dubious, not relishing the idea of having his face changed, but realizing that he is now in a position to save the father of the girl he loves, Douglas agrees to co-operate.

A few days later—after he has given Gail a twenty-thousand-dollar check and told her that he is off on a three- to six-months secret mission in South America—the young engineer sails for Havana. He is accompanied by Chuck Williams, a tough whom Hartley has employed to watch him—and, later, kill him. . . . The two men reach Havana. They fly to Miami. There they are met by the surgeon—Sherman Greer—who is to alter Douglas’ face; and the three men motor to Hartley’s

estate. . . . While taking a brief stroll, Douglas encounters a girl: “Sunny” Ralston. She introduces herself, says she is Hartley’s girl friend. Then—“I’ll be living in the room next to you for a few months. And whether you like it or not, you’ve got to pretend to be crazy about me.”

III

WITHIN one week after the operation, Alan Douglas commenced to enjoy himself. The postoperative pain had given way to what could not be termed more than a slight discomfort, there had been no complications, the trifling fever had vanished and he was not limited as to diet.

True, his face was swathed in bandages and there were times when he became acutely aware of the things they had done to his nose and leg and fore-

Chuck’s voice was dangerously soft: “Just a minute, sister. What gives?” Sunny’s eyes blazed hotly into his. “I’m in the mood to be alone, pal”

head, but it wasn’t too unpleasant to relax in this luxurious room, to gaze out at the blue and white surf and to be waited on by so decorative a creature as Sunny Ralston.

The huge house was virtually empty. Dr. Greer was present, of course, and Wayne Hamilton was very generally in evidence. Occasionally the expressionless and taciturn Chuck Williams eased into the room, remained for a few brief moments, and vanished again as silently as he had come. But Sunny was doing yeoman work.

For one thing, there were no servants. The official arrival of Lew Hartley was scheduled for early in January. Then Alan Douglas would commence to hold forth to the world as the man he had been made over to resemble. The house would be formally opened at that time: meanwhile, the four persons who were in the know—plus Alan himself—comprised the oddly assorted domestic group.

Theoretically, they shared the housework: actually Sunny Ralston did most of whatever was done. Much to the amazement of the men, she had displayed considerable culinary ability. The meals which she prepared were simple enough, but they were not untasty, and her chronic good humor did much to keep the household from becoming soggy.

Alan Douglas had lived an average life. He was neither too sophisticated nor too innocent, but Sunny was a new experience for him. He had read of girls of her type, but this was his first contact with one . . . and he admitted to himself that the experience was far from unenjoyable.

There was something essentially pagan about the girl. Most of the time she wore slacks and at other times she walked about the sickroom in bathing suit and housecoat . . . the latter revealingly open. Under all conditions she wore nothing more above the waist than a halter.

THE quartet remained on the Hartley property. Excursions were barred to them because the house had not yet been officially opened, and it was no part of their plan to attract attention until Alan should be in condition to appear before the world as Lew Hartley. Dr. Greer and Wayne Hamilton spent endless hours instructing him on how to act when he did commence to circulate. Hamilton seemed to have the greater faculty for making himself understood.

“It’s this way, Alan,” he explained. “Hartley is an unsociable person, and even when you’ve said that, you haven’t said half. I doubt if anybody has ever really liked him. He knows that and appears to relish it. He barks at everybody. He’s rude to waiters. Acting that way will be your hardest job.”

Alan nodded: “It won’t be easy.”

“But you’ve got to do it. Lew Hartley acting decently, or showing respect for the feelings of others—that really would attract attention.”

“How about here—inside the grounds?”

“You can act pretty much as you please. But you must watch the servants. We’re going to hire colored help from Miami. I suppose it’s all right to be moderately decent to them—although to make it look good, you’ve got to fly off the handle once in a while.”

“I’ll try.” Alan hesitated a moment, (Continued on page 51)



Tanks in the Timber

By Jim Marshall

GEORGE DE ZAYAS

A 100-horsepower cat snakes a Douglas fir log through rough country as the war-accelerated Pacific slope lumbering industry goes into high

Eight billion feet and more of lumber will go into our war effort. Getting it out of the Northwest timber country may be a tough job, but our cat pilots are equal to it. Come and see

YOU'RE perched up there on the leather seat of the big caterpillar tractor alongside young Pat Kelly, and you'd better hold on with everything you've got because this is the roughest ride of them all. You're high on the Pacific slope of the Olympic Range in western Washington State, where the fir and spruce and hemlock grow almost in solid walls of timber, amid a fantastic jumble of peaks and canyons.

The cat's big Diesel roars, and Pat slides into gear. The endless treads move ahead, the cleats grabbing at the soft forest floor, and away you go. The machine's nose points for the morning sun and the cat hoists herself up a forty-five per cent grade. There's a down log ahead, jammed between a fir and a hemlock. It's too big to climb over. Pat lowers the bulldozer ahead of the cat and goes into low. The cat growls in her innards, grunts once—and the log slews around. The fir goes one way, the hemlock another. Branches crash down on the steel shield above the driver's seat. Pat spins the cat on

her tail and slams her at the canyon-side. She crawls up it, muttering, you hanging on for dear life, praying she won't tip over backward and land you two hundred feet down in the creek.

The cat has a hundred horses inside her steel frame, and hitched to her rear is a steel arch twenty feet high, moving on two caterpillar treads. From the head of the arch, trail steel cables, running to a winch on the cat itself. This rig—cat and arch—is the modern version of the old bull team that muscled timber out of the woods from Maine to Oregon in the days of Paul Bunyan and the Big Blue Ox. The Blue Ox was twenty-nine ax handles and a plug of chewin' tobacco between the eyes—but Pat Kelly's yellow cat can do things no bull team ever could.

Halfway up the canyon-side, Kelly shuts off one tread, spins the tractor around and starts backing her up—up toward a huge Douglas fir log, eight feet through and forty feet long, caught in a tangle of down timber and young stuff. The steel arch lurches and weaves upward until it is only a few feet from the log. Two jacks, tiny figures in the big timber, haul out the steel cable through a pulley at the top of the arch and fasten it to a choker cinched around one end of the log. A flip of the hand as a signal and Pat starts down the canyon, the log, almost as big as a box-car, ripping and lunging behind. And so down half a mile of rough hillside, busting a way through, shoving trees and five-ton rocks aside, down to the logging railroad.

Tank charges may look thrilling in the newsreels, but wilder driving than that is everyday stuff in the timber country of the Pacific Northwest. Up there in a tangled complex of mountains, canyons and rivers, from Idaho to the Pacific, five thousand cats are smashing through forests, sliding into ravines, climbing impossible grades through heavy brush to get out the logs needed by a nation at war.

People think wars are fought with steel and aluminum—but no war can be fought without wood. Our Navy is building more than three hundred and fifty wooden ships, just for a starter. From July, 1940, to January, 1943, more than eight billion feet of lumber will go into barracks and defense-industry housing, into bridges and shipways—and planes. It is probably a surprise to learn that spruce still is used in planes—but we'll come to that in a minute.

We Won't Run Out of Timber

Next time you pass a hundred-foot tree, have a look at it. It takes a tree like that, producing fifteen hundred board feet of lumber, to house one soldier. That much wood costs about \$75, and recently more than 350,000 carpenters—and wood butchers—were manhandling lumber into cantonments.

About two billion feet of lumber is coming out of Idaho and the coastal slopes of Oregon and Washington, the last big stands of timber in America. This timber—Douglas fir and hemlock and cedar and spruce—grows in some of

the roughest and toughest country anywhere. Producing two billion feet sounds pretty forest-devastating—but an acre of rain forest on the North Pacific slope will grow a thousand feet of timber a year. Three million acres in a year will produce all the housing two million soldiers can use—and there are twenty-five million acres of Douglas fir alone still growing. The timber country, as a whole, still can grow wood faster than the war effort can use it.

In the early days of logging, logs were snaked out of forests by bull teams plodding along laboriously built skid roads. The drivers were large, hairy men of immense powers of profanity, who fortified themselves against the rigors of woods life and the cussedness of bull teams by straining their whisky through fine-cut tobacco. They got about \$40 a month and died either from being mashed under a wild log or cirrhosis of the liver, or both.

Today the big cats smash their own roads as they go along, with a bulldozer. They go places to get out logs where no bull team ever could move. The cat drivers are mostly quiet-spoken youngsters; they get \$9 for an eight-hour day and work five days a week. They drive their own cars; many of them are married and raise vegetable and flower gardens—an idea that would fill an old-time lumberjack with creeping horror.

There are about 10,000 cat pilots in the Northwest timber country. They don't talk much, because in the woods the roar of the tractors drowns out

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Alder Gulch

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answer. The foreman stepped forward and handed a slip up to Byam. "We signed this verdict, all except one man. Guilty."

Sound started small, and rustled and murmured and swelled back through the crowd; and then men were crying out their private beliefs. Sanders wheeled swiftly and went up to the wagon. He lifted his hand, his voice resonant: "The trial has been fair, the judgment duly returned. I now move that the verdict of the jury be approved by the miners here assembled!"

"Second!" yelled X. Biedler.

Byam's voice came in at once: "All in favor—!"

A roar erupted through the pale dark. Sanders listened to its sustained reverberation until he was sure of its meaning, and then waved his arm for silence. "I further move that George Ives be hanged!"

A dozen men called, "Second!" Byam started to put the motion but his voice was drowned by the tumultuous shouting all around him. He nodded his head and he waited until the sound fell away. "I direct Adriel Davis and Bob Hereford to make the arrangements. Court will stay in session until they report back."

Davis and Hereford shoved themselves out through the edges of the crowd and disappeared. The steady, hollow tone of talk kept on, but here and there single voices began to cry: "What's the hurry! Give a man decent time—!"

"Bring up Long John Franck! Hang him, too! He peached!"

"Let's hear from that jury! Let each one of 'em get up and vote out loud, so we can hear 'em!"

THESE voices came from different parts of the crowd. The toughs had placed themselves this way, to bring fear to the men around them, to raise doubt, to harry and to change. Pierce turned to the crowd and Biedler and Williams were both alert. Pfouts and some of the rest of the trustworthies had moved in to the rope. This was the second tight moment, as they all realized. The crowd had made its decision, but it was a formless mass to be swayed either by terror or pity; and now the voices of the toughs grew greater and more arrogant and men hurled themselves through the tight-packed ranks, colliding and cursing. Biedler nursed his shotgun and spoke to Pierce and Williams: "Watch for the tears! This time we will not be cheated."

Ives, who had sat like stone through the verdict and through the subsequent confusion, now mounted the wagon to face Sanders. The miners, arrested by this byplay, quit talking. Biedler suddenly moved out of the open area and disappeared behind a small log house near by.

"Colonel Sanders," said Ives, formal and polite, "I should like to ask a favor, one gentleman to another. This is pretty rough on me. I will not ask for sympathy but I've got a mother and some sisters back East and I'd like time to write them. I give you my word of honor to make no attempt to escape, in any way, if you'll put this business off until tomorrow."

Sanders showed feeling. He dropped his head, deeply thinking. There was scarcely a sound in the packed audience, for this was a strange and dangerous and dramatic moment and the crowd, sensing it, let him have his silence. He lifted his head to look at Ives. Against Ives he was a slighter and less-colorful man, educated and civilized and there-

fore at a handicap before the wild, half-sinister yet intensely attractive Ives. "I am not insensible to your position, Ives," he said. "I—"

Suddenly a voice said, "Wait," and all eyes turned to find X. Biedler mounted on the roof of the near-by cabin. X. Biedler stood up on the roof peak, short and heavy in the shadows, the shotgun cradled. "Sanders," he spoke in a voice that boomed up and down the Gulch, "ask Ives how much time he gave Tibault."

He had said the one right thing. That taunt, that practical and vengeful reminder broke the tension. Somebody called, "Right!"

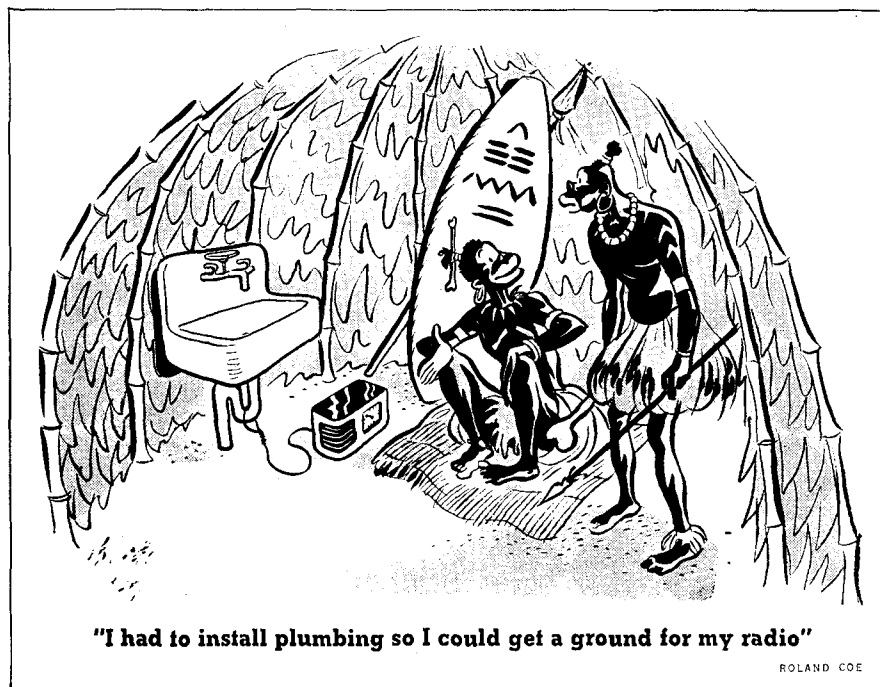
Sanders was obviously relieved. "Get down and write your letter," he said. "You'll have time enough before the rope is rigged."

He stepped from the wagon. The defense attorney came at him, swearing. It's an outrage to cut short a man's most sacred moments—"

Davis and Hereford pushed through

The crowd now found voice again. The toughs, Pierce noticed, were making their last and desperate effort. He watched Gallagher push through the miners with his gun raised. Gallagher had lost his hat and he was cursing and shoving his elbows into men. All through the crowd other toughs kept shouting: "You can't railroad a man like that! Let him go!" "The man that kills Ives will never live out the night!" "Let him write to his mother!" "Shoot the fellow that touches the box! Pull down that rope somebody!"

HEREFORD was still undecided about the box and Byam had not spoken. There was this delay, with the cries of the toughs growing louder and louder. Ives stood on the small top of the box, holding himself rigid for fear of falling. Davis had taken the slack from the rope and had tied its free end to the cabin, its pressure holding Ives straight. He was marble pale and his eyes stared out before him, wild and full open. He seemed



the crowd, and Hereford called to Byam: "Can't find a suitable place."

One of the miners near by called, "There's a place good enough," and pointed to a log house under construction hard by the wagons. The walls were up but the roof not yet constructed. The miner pulled himself to the top of the wall, unseated a log and threw one end of it down inside the house. Other men now assisting, the log's high end was placed over the rim of the house wall, making an out-thrown arm on the street. Somebody, long prepared for the hanging, brought up a rope and tossed it over the extended log. This same man laid nine turns around the standing end and formed the hangman's knot.

"There's your rope!"

JUDGE BYAM made a motion to Davis and Hereford. These two took Ives by the arms, moving him forward to the rope. It was X. Biedler, with the unflinching memory of the earlier trial, who found a box for Ives to stand on. Adriel Davis tied Ives' hands behind while Hereford slipped the noose around Ives' neck. Both men helped him up to the box. Hereford suddenly turned to speak to Byam: "Who's going to knock the box from under him?" This particular duty, for some reason of his own, displeased him.

to search the crowd for help, glancing from man to man; and in a moment he saw Pierce directly below him and the wildness turned to pure hate. "I wish to God," he ground out, "I'd settled with you!" Then he lifted his voice so that everybody might hear him: "I am innocent!"

Jim Williams, hard by Pierce, muttered, "That's the road-agent password!"

The toughs were in full yell; and, gaining courage, they were pushing forward. Pierce swung on them, and so did Williams. This was the last moment of danger, this was the final gamble.

It was Sanders, watching from the background who, having sensed the turning of the tide before, now sensed it again. He said in his clear, cold voice, "Men—do your duty!"

There was a stir in the front ranks and suddenly all the men stationed around the rope's circle wheeled against the crowd and flung up their guns. This blue steel gleamed in the deepening night and iron clicked on iron, and these muzzles made a barrier against the crowd. Suddenly a pair of men rushed forward and knocked the box from under George Ives' teetering feet. Pierce, his back turned to the outlaw, heard that strange, whining thump of the sudden-strained rope, and he heard Ives' gasp.

All at once every sound stopped in the crowd and everybody ceased to move. Then Hereford said, "He's dead." Far back in the crowd a woman set up a piercing, blood-chilling scream.

The Gulch awoke Christmas Day to find two feet of snow on the ground. The creek was frozen hard enough to support a wagon; the shop windows had half an inch of rippled ice adhering to the panes. Smoke rose straight from chimney tops through a windless air and in this wintry atmosphere sounds carried far. Sunlight came down through a crystal-wool fog, bringing no heat.

These people were, for the most part, two thousand miles or better from family firesides. Yet this was Christmas Day with its old memories and its old, strong and undying customs, so that the shops put up pine greens at their doors and the Virginia House advertised, by word of mouth, a steak and oyster dinner with sweet potatoes, canned tomatoes, brandy pudding and "French bonbons especially freighted in for this occasion," at ten dollars the plate. Beginning at noon the Virginia's dining room did a land-office business.

MEN moved from cabin to cabin exchanging the ancient phrase, "Merry Christmas," and miners, snow-bound in the upper reaches of the Gulch, tracked into town on snowshoes to break a cabin-confined monotony. On this morning a town loafer was found frozen in the hay pile of Nolan's stable, whereupon Nolan, who knew about the man's past, walked down Wallace Street to take up a collection for the man's wife in the East and raised five hundred dollars before he had gotten farther than the Senate. This day old grudges were absolved and old debts paid over egg-nogs and Tom and Jerries at one saloon or another; and as early dusk came to the Gulch and lights gleamed through doorway apertures and windows and tent walls, four heavy-cloaked miners moved from saloon to saloon with the fiddlers and guitar players from the Pantheon, singing carols. This was the day of sentiment and regret and tears, and strong recollections bearing everybody in the Gulch back through time.

Pierce came into town after dark and stopped at Scoggins'. Finding Ben gone, Pierce made a search of the saloons for Ollie. When he reached Tanner's he noticed the chairs at Temperton's poker table had been reversed; and a pine bough lay on the table. Tomorrow another dealer would sit in Temperton's chair and the table would again be in use, but on this Christmas Day Will Temperton had his tribute. Pierce found no trace of Ollie. Going along Wallace Street he felt as much alone as he ever had; he had no part in any of this holiday.

He moved on to the Virginia Hotel and ate his meal. A little later Scoggins came in with Diana and took a table at the far end of the room. When Pierce finished he rose and moved over to them. Scoggins showed a small surprise, and then the surprise faded but his smile lacked the old warmth, the old closeness; and once again Pierce had the sensation of being closed out. He said, "Merry Christmas."

"Why," said Scoggins, "the same to you."

Diana looked up at Pierce, her face dark, her eyes suddenly reserved. He had expected nothing else from her, but his memory this day was very clear and made him recall how different it once had been. He said gravely, "I'm sorry

**"POWER-
STYLED"**

LIKE THE B-19

For their war-time needs, owners of the 1942 Oldsmobile drive an ideal war-time car. Like the nation's big bombers, it has true functional design. Performance, endurance and reliability are reflected in the powerful, sturdy lines and streamlined body contours.

**NON-STOP
WORK
MEANS
VICTORY**



SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

OLDSMOBILE

**OFFERING HYDRA-MATIC*—THE DRIVE THAT
SAVES 10 TO 15% ON GAS!**



"GLAD I BOUGHT AN OLDS," is a remark you hear frequently today—especially from owners of the Hydra-Matic Oldsmobile B-44. In this car, they have a strong, durable, quality product to depend on for years—a car that is basically economical to start with. In addition, Hydra-Matic gives them extra savings of 10 to 15% on gasoline, according to actual tests. Hydra-Matic also saves wear and tear on engine parts, due to its fourth-gear direct drive. And Hydra-Matic saves the energy of the driver because it eliminates the clutch pedal as well as all gear shifting. If you drive an Oldsmobile today, Hydra-Matic or any other model, see your Oldsmobile dealer *regularly* for service. Keep your car up to par so that it will *keep* saving and *keep* running long and well—for the U. S. A. and you.

*Hydra-Matic Drive Optional at Extra Cost

**OUR JOB -
KEEP 'EM FIRING!**



One of the first motor car companies to swing into war production on a large-volume basis, Oldsmobile enters the new year with a non-stop, around-the-clock, 7-day-a-week program on war material. In addition to shell for the artillery, Oldsmobile is already going full speed ahead on cannon for fighting planes. Oldsmobile's "all-out" slogan for 1942—"Let's go, Everybody—KEEP 'EM FIRING!"

YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON OLDSMOBILE—IT'S QUALITY-BUILT TO LAST!



Well, who should come into's Grace's life and say "Hozzit?"
But a composite
Of your favorite movie actors.
He was wonderful, except his shirts
which looked as though they had a
going-over by a squad of tractors,
And which started in life as 15's and
proceeded to diminish
And whose collars looked what-the-cat-
dragged-in-ish.



Grace thereupon coaxed and wheedled,
Cajoled and needled
The new glamor boy into getting Arrow
Shirts forthwith—
Which he did and they made him look so
good that he's the one Grace eloped
and honeymooned in Banff or some-
place else up North with.

P.S. When they got back they bought
some U.S. Defense Bonds and Stamps!



ARROW SHIRTS

See: ARROW HITT • ARROW DART • ARROW DALE

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

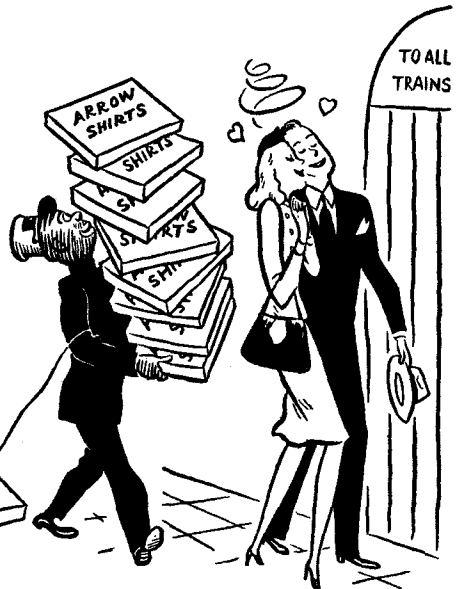
A new shirt free if one shrinks out of fit!

In the usual ad
It's the fellow-who-uses-the-product for
whom the heroine has it bad.
But suppose
Both of two beaux
Use it
Then who's it?
A little patience, old man,
And we'll tell you about Grace and Bill
and Dan.

Each in turn would take her to the
Strand,
Then dancing to a juke box or sometimes
a real, live band.
Both had fair jobs with fair salaries;
Both consumed sufficient calories;
And both wore Arrow Shirts and looked
swell in them.
BUT—both lacked something to ring
the bell in them.



Grace took Good Old Dan or was it
Good Old Bill aside
And pried:
"Mmm, that's a nice shirt. Tell me
about it."
"It's an Arrow," said Dan (or Bill).
"Wouldn't be without it!
Arrows have the finest collars extant.
Shrink? Why, Arrows can't—
Not even one per-centum!
And as for shirts that haven't Arrow's
Figure-Fit, I definitely resentum!"



about Lily Beth. Leaves you a little
lonesome, I'd imagine."

"Yes," she said, and continued to
watch him. Somewhere in her was a
lasting judgment of him, like a scar
burned in; and so she sat, still unmoved
—but hating him deeply. He said,
"Merry Christmas again," and moved to
the lobby. He stood in the lobby, light-
ing up a cigar. He found his coat and
slid into it. He stood irresolute and tall
and bulky and taciturn as people stirred
steadily around him. From her place in
the dining room Diana observed him,
noticing again how little he seemed to
need anything from other people. He
was alone and seemed to wish for no
other thing. Yet she had her suspicion.
He had gone out of his way to come to
this table and wish Scoggins and herself
a Merry Christmas; and he had ex-
pressed his regret to her concerning
Lily Beth. He had understood her feel-
ings. Below the iron crust of this man,
as she had long known, was a capacity
for understanding. He had always had
it but had never permitted himself to
show it. Hardness and distrust were his
faith. And now, she told herself, he was
reaping the barren crop: this day he was
really lonely.

SHE was still watching him when Lil
Shannon entered the lobby with a
huge, tawny-bearded miner. Lil at once
came over to Pierce and smiled and
placed a hand on his arm. Diana mar-
veled at the long, easy smile Pierce
showed back. These two talked a mo-
ment, the big miner forgotten by them.
Lil laughed at Pierce and a rose color
showed on her face and she was then an
attractive woman, eager and anxious to
please this one man alone. Pierce said
something to her, and afterward Diana
noticed the little answering shrug of re-
gret from the dance-hall girl. The miner
at last grew weary of his neglect and
claimed Lil, who walked into the dining
room with him; but as Lil took her place
at the table she lifted her head and
smiled across the room at Pierce. None
of this did Diana miss. She watched
Pierce straighten himself and leave the
hotel; afterward she turned her atten-
tion to Lil and gave the woman a long,
close study.

"Here's your steak, Diana," said
Scoggins.

She put Pierce out of her mind; she
closed a door on him, but when she did
so she was smaller than she had been,
for it was not only Pierce she put be-
yond the wall but a part of her life which
had once been so eager and so gay.

Scoggins said again gently, "Better
eat, Diana."

She settled to her meal. "Christmas
is a time for memories, isn't it?"

"Sure. Nice things ahead—and mis-
takes behind."

She cast a swift glance at him. "Now
and then you strike deep, Ben."

"Don't think too long of what's be-
hind. Tomorrow's the way to look."

"You can't cross out the past. Who
would really want to do it, anyway?
All the nice things and bitter things are
mixed together in the past. The times
we cried and the times we laughed go to-
gether. To look ahead is to be young,
and that is right for us. But it is the
things we did yesterday, or didn't do,
which make us wise."

They talked idly through the meal;
and afterward left the hotel, walking
along through Wallace Street. Some-
where past the bakery Diana caught
Scoggins' arm and drew him against a
house wall. "Wait," she said, and looked
at something diagonally across the
street. When he stared that way he saw
a man, heavy-bundled in his coat,
standing in the shadows beyond the
Pantheon. "Sitgreaves," she murmured.
"What about him?"

She shook her head. "This is some-

thing that happened before I knew you,
Ben."

She hadn't meant to close him out but
nevertheless she had lifted a fence on
part of her life. He was outside that
part, well knowing that her own
thoughts were all of Pierce, either re-
membering him with hatred, or with
some kind of love, or perhaps simply
tied by some obligation of old compan-
ionship. He didn't know, and he wanted
to know; and he felt his keen jealousy.

Sitgreaves was watching something
on Van Buren Street. Diana said, "All
right, Ben," and walked toward Van
Buren Street rapidly. There was noth-
ing to be seen either way and Diana,
after scanning the street carefully and
anxiously, shrugged her shoulders and
crossed with Scoggins to her cabin.
Scoggins followed in and waited until
she had lighted a lamp.

"A little lonesome without Lily Beth,"
he said.

He was sorry he had said it. She had
taken the parting hard and now he ob-
served that she could easily cry. "Well,"
he said, "things like that happen."

"I remember you warned me, Ben.
You told me not to love her too much."

"Maybe you'd better put your heart
on something else."

"You can't just trade your love
around."

"Why, I suppose that's so," he an-
swered. She wasn't a woman to sur-
render things at the drop of a hat. She
never would quit loving Lily Beth. Then
the rest of that thought moved in on
him: Nor would she ever quit loving
Pierce, if she had ever loved him. He
didn't know about that, and now he re-
alized he had to know; and since he had
no other way of going about it he simply
dropped his question flatly at her:

"How about me, Diana?"

She lifted her eyes to him, those ex-
pressive eyes of an expressive woman.
She could knock a man down with her
eyes, as she had done with Pierce; or
she could be tender and soft. She
seemed to feel that way now, giving
Scoggins a sudden thrust of hope.

"You've been quite a while coming
to that, Ben."

"Didn't want to rush in on another
man's ground. I wasn't certain about it.
I'm still not. But if it means the end of
friendship between me and Jeff, that's
how it will have to be. I can't help it.
I'll ask for myself."

"I remember how you came aboard
the boat at Celilo. You didn't fight. You
just argued the purser down. You get
what you're after without making a
fuss."

"I can fight, too, if I have to fight."

SHE still watched him, but he felt that
he no longer had her full attention.
She had an expression which mirrored
other thoughts, she looked at him and
saw other faces. It made him say with
his gentle stubbornness, "Diana, how
about me?"

Her voice ran along wistful notes: "I
ran away from safety and comfort. I said
I'd never go back to those things. I'd
feel ashamed of myself now if I did."

He said in a tremendously fallen
voice, "Is that all I mean?"

She answered him with a swift kind-
ness: "I don't think so. Yet—"

"Diana," he said, and put aside his
loyalty to Jeff Pierce with a painful,
stinging effort, "you'll get no happiness
from Pierce."

"Why did you say that? He wouldn't
have said it of you."

"I fought for that man once. I'd
fight for him again. But I know him
too well. Things have got to fall his
way. He'll break anything that's against
him—even a woman. That's what I'd
tell you, regardless of what you thought
about me."

She asked a question which seemed

beside the point to him: "Where's Olie?"

"I think he skipped."

"Then he has no friends left, has he? Jeff, I mean."

"I'm his friend. But I am your friend first."

"No," she said, "he has no close friends left. Now he knows what it is to be quite alone. That had to come to him."

"He always was that way. There's no difference."

"Now he's feeling it. He didn't before. As long as he never knew anything else it didn't matter. It couldn't hurt him. But he found out there was something else, and now it hurts."

"Where'd he learn about something else?" asked Ben.

"From me," she said, and turned her face to him. What he saw shocked him. Her expression was close to being cruel and her eyes held that stirring anger he had witnessed only once before. "From me. He knows how different his life could be. Now," and her voice fell in full, hard weight on Ben Scoggins, "let him learn."

The scene had gotten away from Scoggins. Once he had her interest. He no longer had it. The bitter and passionate relations between these two people—of which he knew nothing definite—simply swamped every other thing. He could not have been more completely out of Diana's mind had Jeff Pierce been in the room before her. There was in Scoggins a certain amount of pride and a certain amount of jealousy, now making him stiffly say, "I will let you alone with your quarrel."

She put a hand on his arm. "It is a good deal different than you think, Ben. Jeff and I will never be nearer to each other than we are now."

"Of course not," he said. "You ain't the same kind of people."

"You're wrong. We're exactly the same kind of people. It is all or nothing with each of us." She saw that, keen a mind as he had, he could not follow her reasoning and so she added, "I want to be honest with you, Ben. I don't know what I feel about you. Let's not talk of this again for a while."

He said, "Good night," and left the cabin. Sitgreaves, he noticed, had crossed over and stood in another shadowed area on Wallace Street; he gave it no particular thought, his mind being full upon the girl. She was full of unfathomed contradictions, possessing all the sweetness and kindness a woman could have, yet how swift her anger had risen and how resonant her voice had become upon mention of Pierce. She was controlled by a deeply passionate temper that would never grow less until it had been satisfied. Scoggins, being a calm and temperate man with his own standards of womanhood, looked upon this astonishing revelation of Diana Castle's nature with an increasing thoughtfulness. The fire he had seen made him uncomfortable.

NEXT day Pierce moved around the cabin, halfheartedly planning an addition to accommodate his horse which he had been keeping in town. There was little else to do, the ground being too solidly frozen for mining; and idleness increasingly bored him. Later in the day he moved upgulch to borrow a pair of snowshoes, returned to his cabin and made up a small pack of grub, and thereafter struck into the hills with his gun. The taint of town was on him, as old George Noon had prophesied it would be, and the staleness and the increasing restlessness of a cabin-bound man came upon him. That night, high back in the Tobacco Roots he made camp and watched the distant lights of the Gulch, and felt grateful for the release which seemed to come to him. The

physical weariness of the climb into the hills dulled the steady irritation he had been feeling, it diminished the thoughts that circled endlessly through his head.

Half asleep and half awake before his fire, he had his old feeling of cleansed and simplified aloneness; crouched in his blankets and attentive to all the small sounds in the starkly bitter night, he reached out and caught at the edges of his old content. A frozen moon stood in the sky, and the tree shadows lay black against the surrounding snow; once four elk passed him in file. It was always better to be this way, braced against the natural world and listening to it, than to be any other way. And yet even then, grasping for that simplicity of his earlier years, and feeling its relief, he knew it was not enough. Once it had been; but now it was not.

ON THAT same night Sanders and Jim Williams and Lott and Pfouts and eight or nine other men met in Fox's house in Virginia City and signed the vigilante oath. Pfouts was to be president, Lott the treasurer, Sanders the counsel, Jim Williams the executive officer. There were to be companies, with a captain for each company. Each company, out on the trail, had complete judgment and authority to pass sentence. The only sentence was to be death, although it was within their power to banish a man if they saw fit. Upon them all was pressed the inviolable oath of secrecy.

Sanders stressed that: "We are working largely in the dark. We know, or suspect certain of the Innocents. Others we do not know. They are all around us and they will be watching. Anything we let drop will be picked up, either resulting in their escape or in our own assassination. The hanging of Ives has not seemed to impress them much. Gallagher and Tanner and Marshland are talking big."

"There must be no delay," said Lott. "Speed is the essence of this thing."

Jim Williams had an answer for that: "Ives was not alone in the Tibault matter. Long John Franck mentioned Alec Carter. We'll find him and put him to question."

"Include Dutch John Wagner and Steve Marshland, Jim. They were involved in the last robbery on Moody's pack train. Some of the boys recognized them."

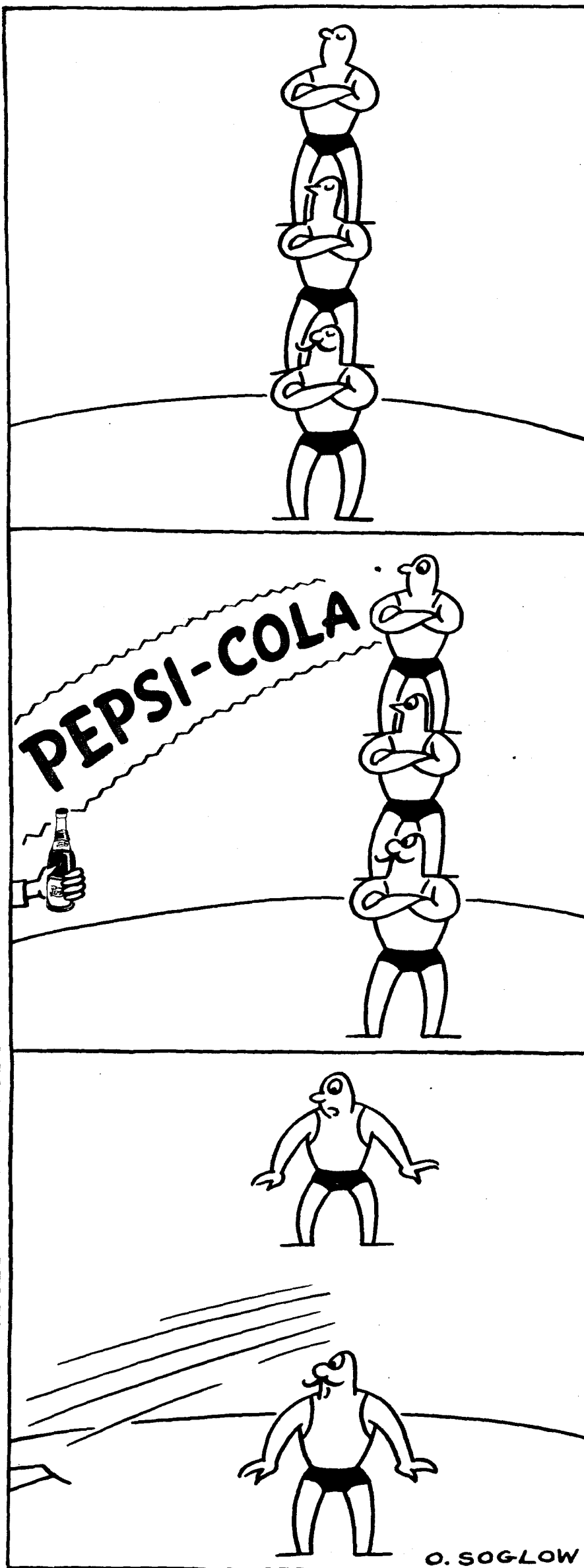
"Marshland's left town, so's Carter," said Williams. "I hear they went over to Deer Lodge Valley. I'll get a group and go after them."

It was nearing New Year's and Williams delayed until after the first, meanwhile building up the vigilante organization with members from Nevada City and the other Gulch settlements. When he was ready to leave for his scout he sent word up to Pierce's cabin but found Pierce still gone; and so the group consisting of about twenty men moved down the Gulch, passed Daly's, crossed the Beaverhead and moved through the McCarty Mountains. Coming down the Deer Lodge Valley they met Red Yeager riding in the opposite direction. Red was known by most of them as a man of various occupations, and was liked by the Gulch.

"Seen Alec Carter?" questioned Williams.

"Whole gang up at Deer Lodge on a New Year's drunk," said Yeager, anxious to please. "Billy Bunton's there, too, and Whisky Bill Graves." He traveled on, throwing casual advice to other men in the column.

"Seems like we'll bag our game," said Jim Williams. But when at dusk two days later the group came into Reilly's ranch at Cottonwood they found their game gone. Reilly said: "Red Yeager came in here on the gallop with a letter warning the crowd to get out of



sight. Bill Bunton threw that letter somewhere around here." Reilly moved around the ranch house and finally discovered the note under a corner chair. He brought it back. When Williams saw it he said: "That's George Brown's writing—George Brown who tends bar for Dempsey."

"Bunton said it was from Brown," agreed Reilly.

"Yeager," said Biedler, "was returning from that chore when he passed us."

The group fought its way back through a bitter three-day blizzard. At the Beaverhead ranch they heard that Yeager was twenty miles farther up the river at a cabin. Williams set out with five men, raced on through the snow and caught Yeager in the act of rolling his blanket roll for further travel. When he saw Williams' gun leveled on him he shook his head and all the spirit went out of him. Stripped of his gun he returned with Williams to the main crowd at the Beaverhead. Williams said, "We'll pick up Brown at Dempsey's," and put his group immediately into motion. Frostbitten, hungry and red-eyed for want of sleep the posse came into Dempsey's and nailed Brown.

BBROWN was a man without sand. When Williams passed him the letter he showed the group one pale, agonized expression and bowed his head. "Yes," he said, "I wrote it."

Williams turned to Biedler: "Few of you fellows take Brown over in that corner and question him. Red, you come with us." He took Yeager into another room of Dempsey's house, the rest of the posse following. "Red," he said, "you carried the letter that warned Alec Carter. That puts you in it. You know what we are, don't you?"

"I've heard," said Yeager calmly. He stared at the floor, dismally contemplating his past and his future. "I had an idea of leavin' the Gulch a week ago. Wish to God I had. I'm done for and I know it." He hit one hand against the other, crying out: "Bill Bunton got me into this! I wish he was dead!"

"May get your wish," said Williams tersely, and moved back into the main room. He left Brown and Yeager under guard, calling the rest of the party outside. They stood around in the crackling cold, comparing the stories of Yeager

and Brown, until Williams said, "That's the case. Vote your convictions just as you see them. All for hanging step this way. All against, step the other way."

There was no dissent. The entire party moved over to the hanging side.

"So be it," said Williams. But he considered his new duties with some gravity and at last came to a decision: "I'd rather know what Sanders and Pfouts think of this. We'll move on to Laurin's ranch for the night. I'll stay there with six or seven men. The rest of you go on home. One of you see Sanders and Pfouts and bring back what they say."

They put up at Laurin's. The next morning before daybreak, Neil Howie returned from Virginia City and aroused Williams from a sound sleep. "They say you're on the right track. Go ahead."

Williams woke the rest of the party.

Yeager and Brown stood backed against Laurin's fireplace, both men drawn and silent. "Guess you know what's comin'," said Williams. "I'm sorry for it. Some of you boys go out and fix the ropes to those cottonwoods."

Brown suddenly dropped to his knees and began to cry: "Just give me a chance to get out that door! Let me get on a horse! You'll never see me in this country—!"

Yeager reached over and kicked his partner in the ribs. "Buck up!" He dropped his head and went through his terrible thoughts and when he looked up he spoke Bill Bunton's name again: "If you never do anything else, get him. He's not the only one, but get him."

"Who're the others, Red?" asked Williams. "It won't help you any but it would be doing the Gulch a favor. It

would be on the credit side of your book."

Yeager, as steady as any of the posse, shrugged his shoulders. "I could stand a little credit where I'm going. Well"—he looked at Williams intently, and dropped his first name into the complete silence—"the leader is Henry Plummer."

"Don't start lying, Red!" warned Biedler.

"I know what I'm talking about. He pulled the wool over everybody's eyes, but he's the reddest dog in the lot. He came into this country with half a dozen killings on his hands. He married a fine woman and he fooled Sanders and all the respectable ones. But his woman left him, didn't she? He's the brains. He organized this whole thing."

Williams slowly shook his head, saying nothing. The rest of the posse stood in complete stillness. "Well," went on Yeager, "here they are. You can take 'em down. There ain't a man that's got a clean spot in his soul. I ought to know."

WILLIAMS found a pencil and rummaged up a piece of paper and noted the names as Red Yeager intoned them one by one. Plummer and Bunton and Ives. Ives had been second in command, as smart as Plummer and as crafty. Cy Skinner and Steve Marshland, Dutch John Wagner, Alec Carter and Whisky Bill Graves. Stinson and Gallagher and Ned Ray, all deputies. George Shears and Johnny Cooper and Mex Grant and Bob Zachary. Boone Helm. Hayes Lyons. Clubfoot George Lane—

"Him!" said John Fetherstun in surprise.

"Him," said Yeager. "Then there's Rube Ketchum, who's dead, and George Lowry, Billy Page, Doc Howard, Jem Romaine, Billy Terwilliger, Gad Moore. The country's shot with them, boys. And there's another fellow nobody trusted much, but he was in on the stage hold-up when Hilton was killed. That's Ollie Rounds."

Williams looked at his list. "That's all, Red?"

"There it is," said Yeager. "I did my good turn, didn't I?"

"All right," said Williams, "let's get this done."

(To be concluded next week)



"Well, sir, after I stole the money I deposited it right here in this bank. I have great faith in this bank, sir"

A. JOHN KUHNS

Tanks in the Timber

Continued from page 25

speech, and signals must be used. And yelling at a tractor as an old-time bull skinner yelled at his team gets you nowhere. The cat drivers come down to the lumber towns and grin at the movies of tanks rolling sedately along. That's one thing—and piloting a tractor down one side of a two-hundred-foot canyon and up the other while trailing a ten-ton log behind is something else again. Let the thing get away and the works will land up in the creek far below, \$10,000 worth of machinery and matchwood—and a dead man.

At that, they'd probably salvage the tractor. Cats are about the toughest machines made—they have to be to stand the beating they must take. Even so, prudent logging concerns set aside \$15 a day for maintenance and repairs on each tractor.

Getting out America's lumber isn't exactly the safest job on earth, because in summer the woods are tinder-dry. Lightning or a flipped cigarette can start the flames crowning over a thousand acres, and smoke and ashes flying a hundred miles. Many forest areas are closed to travel altogether in the fire season; almost everywhere in timber

country it's a serious offense to smoke anywhere but in a car or house. Forests get so dry in summer they will explode from a spark, and working in them is like working in a powder mill. Most of the logging is done on a hoot-owl shift, from 4 A.M. to 1 P.M., when the humidity is greatest and high fogs drifting in from the Pacific dampen down things a trifle.

That's What Trees Are For

But about that spruce for planes: The British still use quite a lot of it—and would use more if they could get it. Western timbermen are quite willing to get it out, but most of the good spruce is locked up in federal lands, controlled by the Department of the Interior's Mr. Ickes.

Some of these lands are in the Northwest; some, in Alaska. Lumbermen say that thousands of spruce trees are ripe and more thousands are over-ripe and rotting as they stand. The over-ripe ones are useless, and the ripe ones will be in a few years.

The war effort will undoubtedly get something done about this. It is just as uneconomic to let ripe trees stand as it

would be to let ripe grain go uncut. A forest has to be tended and cropped just like a potato patch or an orchard. In good Douglas fir country an acre will grow enough wood in a year to house thirty-five soldiers or build four small homes.

The Army is getting some of the timber country's cat drivers—and some of the mild crabbing you hear about Army food comes from ex-lumberjacks in khaki, to whom military fodder looks pretty puny. There is no feeding on earth like that in a logging camp, where five kinds of cake and three varieties of pie are standard equipment as something to go along with four kinds of fruit as a light dessert. Jacks used to eat silently because talk interfered with stevedoring operations, but nowadays there's chatter at meal times. The lumber boys sit six at a big table, which even then isn't big enough to hold all the food and has a center shelf at eye level to hold the overflow. Jacks and cat drivers are very jealous of their food rights. While one man remains at a table, every dish is kept full to overflowing.

There is a story about five old jacks

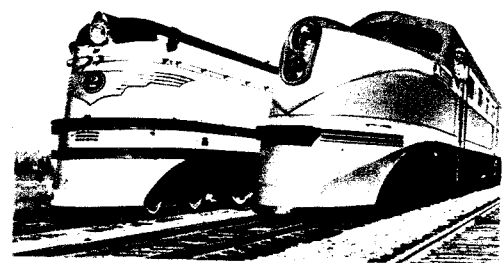
whose table each morning was loaded with four kinds of breakfast food. The jacks ate only cornmeal mush, honey and milk—just as a foundation for steaks and oddments—and a flunky, tiring of setting out the boxed hay every morning, omitted it one day. The jacks threatened to strike. Take away the breakfast food, they pointed out, and that would be the entering wedge. Next day, something else—turkey gravy, maybe—would disappear. And so on, until a man's choice of vittles would be whittled down to ham, bacon, eggs, steaks, pork chops, sausage, wheat cakes, honey, maple syrup, toast, biscuits, cookies, pie, milk, tea, coffee, butter and toothpicks—a measly array indeed. So the four kinds of breakfast food came back and the jacks went on getting out the logs. . . .

Young Pat Kelly spins the cat on a dime and starts up the canyonside after another log. Up and down the mountains and through the tangled timber, over a thousand miles, hundreds of other men are shoving the big-timber tanks up hair-raising slopes and letting them down the steep pitches, getting out the logs that will help to win the war.



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DIESEL OR STEAM... which type of locomotive power is better? In wartime the answer is all the more obvious. On certain hauls, the Diesel-Liner delivers the right type of power. On other hauls, the Steam-Liner is better and more economical. We can give the railroads exactly what they need in their all-out wartime effort *because we build both*. We build these locomotives with 100 years of engineering experience. And nobody can build them any better.



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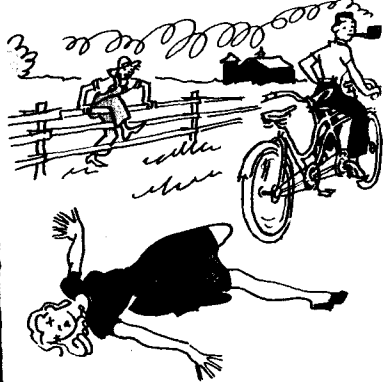
Continued from page 19

A BICYCLE BUILT FOR "PHEW"

—but Pete's out of the dog house now!



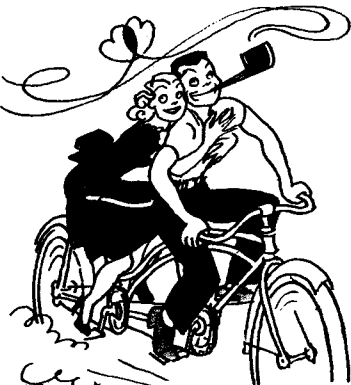
OFF FOR A SPIN went Patsy and Pete. And all went well till he lit his pipe. As the going got tougher, each puff got hotter and heavier. Poor Patsy got dizzier and dizzier.



OUT LIKE A LIGHT! Just imagine Pete's surprise when he looked back and saw his sweetie sprawled there in the road. A nearby farmer came a-running—an angel in disguise!



BACK TO LIFE comes Patsy. She smiles as Pete gets told to clean his pipe and smoke a mild tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. Fragrant. Tasty. Popular with men and women.



AWAY WITH A HUG went Patsy and Pete—headed for the nearest store that sells this mild, mellow blend of choicest burleys. Why don't you pedal over, too, and get Sir Walter?

**KEEP OUT OF THE
DOG HOUSE
WITH SIR WALTER**

**SIR WALTER
RALEIGH**



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Tune in... UNCLE WALTER'S DOG HOUSE

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT ★ NBC ★ PRIZES FOR YOUR "DOG HOUSE" EXPERIENCE

They were youngsters I had lived with and grown up with and played tennis with; and some I had taught to swim when they were ten or twelve. And now they were off to fly Hurricanes and Wellingtons. At the airport they had shaken my hand, and said, "Thanks," in a sort of tight, grateful way. And I had walked away as soon as the Clipper left, feeling tired and feeling suddenly that if twenty-seven were too old for the Royal Air Force, then it must be twenty-seven that was making me feel so old, so on the verge of senescence that, in the palm trees back of the cabin, I had almost cried.

Leroy said, "Well, boss, I guess the ship won't get much use now. Guess we can dismantle her now, hey, boss?"

"Get it ready to go up," I said.

The training ship was riding where I'd left it, on a last flight with Dick Ordway, who had wanted to practice chandelles.

"Going up!" said Leroy. "Boss, that ship's been flying five hundred hours without a checkup. It ain't safe. You know it."

"I don't care," I said. "Fill it up."

"Okay, boss," said Leroy. "It ain't safe."

But that was the merit of it. It wasn't safe. I was so sick of being safe—safe in a well-conditioned training ship—safe on a tropical island in a warm, soft climate—with snug investments there in property and money. There was relief in taking off and knowing that at last there was uncertainty, and only myself to worry about it. After this flight we'd dismantle her. She needed it.

WHEN I had first seen Joan, she had been lying on a tiny offshore island, with her bathing suit thrown carelessly beside her . . . her body outlined by the dark volcanic rock. Like a picture from a Norse myth, framed in a moving lace of surf. I caught my breath and throttled back the motor, gliding toward where she lay tanned and svelte and exquisite. She didn't move, and I realized that the pounding of the surf was muffling the noise of the propeller. Until I was above her . . . till the shadow of the wing passed over her—an enigmatic cloud—and Joan turned sud-

denly and looked up, startled. I wanted to wave but didn't. I wanted to tell her she was lovely but I couldn't. I wanted to fall in love with her forever, and I guess I did.

It made disappointment and frustration and war seem very far away; and put a certain loveliness on earth to live for. And it made me want to shave and put on a clean shirt when I went to look for her that evening.

"How did you know where to look?" Joan asked me later.

BUT there were only a few places open. It was early in January, and the Nassau season wouldn't start for twelve days—not till Caleb got there. Everything was waiting upon Caleb, as I later thought sarcastically.

"But how did you know what to look for?" asked Joan.

It was a leading question. Had I been close enough to see the color of her eyes? She wanted to know, and yet I couldn't really tell her. I was simply sure I'd know her when I found her—however she was dressed.

She would be young and slender, I remembered (as I went from restaurant to bar to café). And she'd have no escort, I decided. No man would have left her on a rock halfway from Florida to Martinique—alone. And she would probably wear white. Or maybe a light green to contrast with the auburn hair and golden tan.

Till suddenly, in the rambling gardens of the British Colonial, I saw her—leaning on the sea wall.

"Hello," I said, talking quickly. "I didn't mean to sneak up on you this afternoon. I didn't really see you till I got there—and I guess the surf drowned out my engine."

She turned her head, and brushed the blown hair from her small and oval face. Her eyes were frank and unabashed, in a quiet way that matched her voice.

"It made me feel silly out there," she said.

"No. There ought always to be a mermaid on that rock."

"Well, let's forget it," Joan said. "I suppose it's foolish to pretend we haven't met."



"Mr. Blum is our technical expert. He thinks up new words for rabbit"

GARDNER REA

"And, anyway, we have now. My name's Steve Morley, and I live here."
 "All the time?"
 "Well, for the past four years . . . and before that, too."

We strolled up toward the center of the gardens, where an orchestra was playing *Siboney*, and shadowy figures moved among the palms. She told me her name, and that she was from Baltimore. She told me that her mother had come down with her.

"Look," I said, as we neared the orchestra, "I have a small boat at the yacht club. Just a sloop—but maybe you would let me take you sailing in the morning. Would you, Joan?" And in a last appeal, I added, "It'll be all right—ask your mother."

Joan turned, and there were traces of a smile—as if she understood the added sacrifice.

"It might be nice," she said. "I'll talk to Mother."

"I'll be at the dock at ten," I said. "But I can wait till sundown."

THE next morning I was checking reef points on the sloop, changing those that looked worn, when Joan called to me. She was standing on the dock in white slacks and a yellow sweater, with her hair clipped back by coral-shell pins. As soon as her feet touched the deck, I cast off, and we drifted fast into the center of the channel . . . till the wind filled out the sails and spray felt crisp against our faces.

"Would you like to sail her?" I asked.

"Yes," she said.

She managed the helm as if the boat were part of her—the way a pilot flies a plane.

"We used to do a lot of sailing up in Maine," she said. "Around Mount Desert."

"Haven Island?"

"Uhuh. All around there."

"I could go ashore now for some Down East huckleberry pie and coffee."

"I should think you'd miss those things down here."

"I miss a lot of things down here," I told her. "Snow at Christmas, and the smell of dead leaves in the fall, and spring . . ."

And by the time we'd drifted into Shelley Bay we'd told each other more, I think, than either of us had intended to—what we'd done back in the States, the places that we knew in common, and the things we'd done with parallel enthusiasm. Till she told me about Caleb—Caleb Jaekle, of the Philadelphia and Newport Jaekles. Their families were old friends; and in his father's bank he held responsibilities beyond his age. They would be married in the spring . . .

"He's awfully good to me," said Joan.

It was all she said about him—and she said it with proud loyalty.

"He'll be down to join me on the fourteenth."

I told myself that I had only just met her, that it couldn't possibly matter. Besides, the fourteenth was eleven days away . . . and they were days we filled from breakfast time till midnight with the things we found we liked to do together.

And the fourth day I said, "Tomorrow I go back to work."

"You mean flying?"

"Yes," I said. "This has been vacation, while the ship's been overhauled."

Already, there was a new batch of youngsters after me to start them off. Kids who had waked one treacherous morning in December and decided that they had a debt to settle with Japan; youngsters who'd grown up overnight—who'd never rest again until Pearl Harbor and Manila were avenged. But there would still be time for Joan. Then Joan was saying, "Steve, would you teach me how?"

"How what?"

"How to fly."

"Well," I said, "it's tougher than it looks. There's no use starting it unless you're willing to keep at it."

"I don't start things and not go through with them," said Joan.

"All right," I said. "Come down to the airport at ten tomorrow."

SHE was good, that girl. She flew a plane the way she did everything, with courage and with quick perception; and the first time that I put her through a spin, she never closed her eyes or lost her nerve. A few days later she was doing spins herself, and coming out of them with a triumphant laughter on her lips.

She put in two hours a day—in half-hour stretches—which was as good as any of the kids had done before her. And she took it seriously, even to the point of going to bed early, with tomato juice at night instead of cocktails. Until one morning I stepped out of the plane onto the float, and told her:

"Okay, kid, you're on your own."

She opened the throttle with a quick, brave smile of thanks—and in a minute she was in the air, a silver flash against the sky. I had soloed dozens of kids, and every time with a funny feeling of gratitude. But with Joan I thought suddenly:

"I love that girl. If anything should happen to her . . ."

And then she was gliding toward the float. Her pontoons flecked the water, and she taxied up beside me. . . .

That night we celebrated. I reserved a table for two at the Bahamian Club, and Joan and I sat beside a latticed window that looked out on the red and white lights of the harbor, and the silver margins of the surf.

It was, I knew, our last night together. Caleb was arriving the next morning—and while it was silly, I guess, at such a time, to tell Joan that I loved her, I couldn't help it. We were leaning on the sea wall, where we'd first met, listening to music that the wind blew toward us from the hotel, and I said:

"There's an island on the other side of Sandy Cay—with palm trees growing from the bank and a small grove of casuarinas. The soil is almost good enough to grow things . . ."

"Yes . . ." said Joan.

"When I was a kid we used to sail out there and picnic. I liked it so much that Dad bought it; and he used to say that I could live there after I got married. When he died, I used to go out there alone and rake up seaweed and keep the beach clear. It was the only place among the islands I could think of as home."

"It's yours now?" Joan asked.

"Yes, it's mine now. But I don't go out there often any more. Joan . . . look . . ." And then I told her. As she listened, she looked down into her open hands, her small mouth puckered like a child's. "Why did you wait till now to tell me this?" she said, with tears that suddenly turned to anger. Till she had left me—standing alone, and hearing her small, determined footsteps fading out among the palms.

SENSIBLY, I should never have seen Joan again after the fight in which I'd made her slap me. But we had agreed at the start to keep on with the flying lessons, and that part of it was right. And while I didn't want to be there when she greeted Caleb, I had promised long before to help him through the customs at the airport.

When I got there, Joan was waiting, cool and fresh, in a broad white picture hat that made her face seem small and young and piquant. For a minute I had an overwhelming sense of what I was about to lose. And then the Clipper

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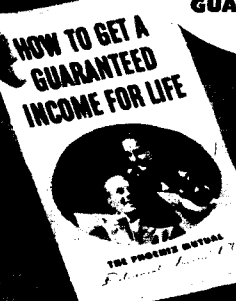


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Winter's bite is tempered by the mellowness of beer and ale

The winter wind pokes icy fingers at the window panes. Mittens, socks and ski-boots sit drying on the hearth. The ruddy fire-light flickers over glowing, healthy faces.

The day's runs and jumps, and spills too, are re-lived once again . . . over glasses of richly mellow beer and ale.

Nothing adds more to the simple pleasure of such an evening than a glass of beer or ale.

Made from Nature's wholesome grains and hops, beer

and ale are so deeply satisfying, so delightful to your taste.

Called by men, since the dawn of time, the "beverages of moderation" these two brews can do so much to make your hours of leisure more restful, more relaxing.

More and more, in these difficult days, Americans are realizing that beer and ale . . . with their nutritious ingredients, their gentle nature, their matchless flavor . . . *belong* to a wholesome and balanced way of life.

Because beer is a beverage of moderation and so great a national favorite, it deserves to have its good name guarded well. We who brew America's beer are co-operating to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. You can help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program . . . described in a booklet sent free on request. Address United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. B12, 21 East 40th St., New York, N. Y.



tary boat was drifting pointlessly beyond it.

"That looks like your friends," I shouted. "They picked a rotten place to fish."

I dipped a wing, and Joan peered down. "I don't think they are fishing," she said. "I think they're stuck."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because there's no wake and they're broadside to the wind."

"I guess you're right," I said.

In the cockpit Caleb was waving at us wildly.

"What's the matter with him?" I wondered.

"We'd better sit her down and see," said Joan.

There was a heavy swell off Goulding Cay and white caps were running.

"No can do," I said. "We'll let them know we've seen them, and go back for help. They're probably just out of gas."

"No," said Joan. "Please, Steve. They may be in trouble. We can't fly away and leave them."

I looked at her and her eyes were pleading. She won't ever let him down, I thought. And yet to risk a landing in a sea like that was dangerous, and I told her so.

"But you can put it down all right," said Joan. "I know you can. Please!"

THERE was only one person in the world who could have made me do it: that was Joan. I nosed her down, half throttle, and we started to lose altitude, our wings unsteady in the high wind. As we neared the water it looked angrier than I'd expected. Cautiously I eased the stick back, and our pontoons smacked a wave with shuddering force—bounced clear an instant—and then settled roughly on the water. I opened the throttle wider and we taxied to the launch.

"What's the matter?" Joan called.

"I don't know," said Caleb. "Engine trouble."

"Get out the boat hook and keep us off," I said. "Not on the struts! On the pontoons!"

I jumped from the seaplane to the launch. The engine cover was off, and they'd removed the spark plugs. They had taken pretty nearly everything apart, I thought; there was no telling what was wrong.

"You'll need a good mechanic with a lot of spare time," I said. "We can send one out as soon as we get back."

Fifteen minutes later we were at the airport, and Joan phoned the hotel. They would send a boat out right away, they told her. Joan said, "Wait till I can get there, to go with you."

"You don't have to go," I told her.

"But I want to," Joan said.

And she left me in a taxi. It was sundown, and the wind was blowing up for a storm. I waited for an hour and a half; then called the hotel. Yes—they'd just come in, the desk clerk told me. Yes, for sure. Mr. Jaackle was having dinner sent up to his room, for three.

I hung up and went down to the Pickwick Club for company—for any company at all. Tolifer Tenner was sitting at the bar.

"A good night for invasion," I suggested.

Tolifer scowled a minute, pondering the idea—then laughed unappreciatively. "I say, your friend Jaackle gave a hundred pounds to Home Defense," he told me.

"It's a ruse," I said, "to throw you off the scent."

Tolifer shook his head tolerantly. "No, I've had a talk with him. He fears the Axis menace as much as we do. But," said Tenner, lowering his voice, "I've got my eye on several others. Did you read about the two we picked up on Eleuthra?"

"Out for swordfish, weren't they?"

"What they said," said Tolifer. "But they had charts of several of the islands. Maps. That's bad."

"Maybe they wanted to know where they were," I suggested. "What did you do to them?"

"Detained them," Tenner said mysteriously. "You can't be too careful. Remember how Germany took Slovakia—by sending agents in disguised as tourists."

I had another double Scotch and soda, and another.

"I say, I never saw you drink like that," said Tenner.

"Well, I'm celebrating," I said. "Somebody I don't like's going home tomorrow."

"Oh," said Tenner.

"And he's taking somebody I do like with him."

"He's got his nerve," I said. "Why doesn't he take them through himself?"

"Well—Caleb suggested I could put them with my things. Inspectors are less likely to go through a woman's suitcase."

"And besides," I said sarcastically, "we wouldn't let Bert Ayres run the risk of getting caught at smuggling, would we? Not when he might become a client of the bank."

JOAN turned away. "Caleb is just trying to get business," she said quietly. "You can't blame him for that."

We were close to another useless quarrel, and kept quiet till we reached the airport. It was a smooth-to-glassy day. The ship planed on the step for fifty yards, then lifted gently in a parting wave of spray. We climbed to seven



"Well, if you feel that way, Senator, why don't you write to your congressman?"

But the Scotch and sodas didn't sit so well next morning. I woke up with a headache, and the empty memory that it was Joan's last day. That night at seven she and Caleb would be sailing for Miami. Almost certainly they'd want to have this final day together, but I called Joan on a chance—and got her.

"You won't have a minute free?" I asked her. "I'd just like to say goodbye."

"I've got all day," said Joan surprisingly. "Caleb's taking Bert Ayres to the tennis matches."

"Oh," I said.

"They could only get two tickets," Joan said. "And I didn't really care about it."

"How about a last flight then?" I asked her.

"I'd love it," Joan said quickly.

SHE was packing when I came to pick her up—concealing flat, square boxes in the folds of a linen play suit.

"What are those?" I asked her.

"They belong to Bert Ayres."

"Bert Ayres?"

"He asked Caleb if we'd sneak them past the customs for him."

hundred feet, and banked above the Montagu, heading out to sea.

"There," I said finally, pointing down along the dipped wing. "There's the island Dad bought. You can see the cove we used to anchor in. And there's the beach—and just beyond that is the clearing you could build a house on if you wanted to."

"Oh . . ." Joan cried, leaning forward. "Could I get a snapshot of it?"

"No," I said. "No photographs of coast lines. There's a war on."

"I'll always remember what it looks like, anyway," said Joan. Her head was turned back toward the island, as we made for Shelley Beach.

"You want to come down for a swim?" I asked her.

"Yes," shouted Joan.

And with the engine throttled back, we glided down to Shelley Bay, cutting the water into plumes of spray, and planing swiftly to the shore.

And while the ship rode, delicate and silver, at the water's edge, we stretched out on the sand, close together.

"Joan," I said, "I'm going to miss you pretty much."

"I'm going to miss you too," Joan said.

"I'm glad we've had this time together, Steve. Glad for every minute of it." Her hand rested on my head, her fingers running through my hair. "Is there anything I can do for you back home?"

I thought a minute. "No—or maybe take some instruments that need repairing. There's a gyro and a drift sight. I don't like to mail them."

"I'll be glad to take them," Joan said. "What about you, Steve? Will you stay on here always?"

"Not if they lift the age limit for the Air Force. Then I'll just leave everything and go."

"You mean you'd give up everything you own here?"

"Yes," I said, and meant it; things would never be the same without Joan. "There are too many other things worth fighting for . . . like the memory of you lying on that rock, the way I saw you the first day. We won't have mermaids on the rocks unless we keep the oceans free."

Joan suddenly bent over me. Her eyes were liquid—and her lips were soft against mine—soft and warm and parted. Till behind the shadow of her head there came the drone of the Miami Clipper, silver and remote and warning. Joan got up suddenly, and turned her face away from me.

"Come on," she said. "That means it's after three. We'd better get back."

At the airport, time closed in on us with sudden, irrefutable finality.

"Joan," I said. "You know there's lots I'd like to say."

"I know," she said. "But please don't say it, Steve. Please don't . . ."

AND suddenly she was in my arms, and crying—silent, racking sobs. "Joan . . ." I began again. "No!" Joan said, punching her small fists together miserably. "No, I've got to go now, Steve. Please—get the instruments you want to send. Please, now!"

I went into the cabin and wrapped up the instruments, addressed to somebody I knew in New York. When I came out Joan was calm and practical. "Okay," she said. "Shall handle carefully."

"Thanks," I said. "Thanks—and goodbye now."

"Goodby, now," Joan said, turning quickly toward a taxi.

I watched the taxi weave down Bay Street. Then I went down to the Pickwick Club to have a drink and call Madge Hamilton. It was a night I didn't want to be alone, and Madge knew why. We got a table in the British Colonial gardens, and bought a bottle of champagne.

"Aren't you blowing yourself?" said Madge. "Shouldn't you be broken-hearted?"

"This is the smile that hides a broken heart," I told her lightly.

"Have some more wine," Madge suggested.

When the wine was almost gone, the soft air trembled to the whistle of a steamship; and a minute later the dark spangled hull slid past us silently. From the saloons came music broken by the wind. And you could see the figures on the lighted decks—just figures—any one of which might have been Joan. I looked down and Madge touched my knee.

"Let's have a brandy," she suggested.

But before the brandy came, a waiter paged me for the telephone.

"It's me—or I, old man," said Tenner. "There seems to be a little trouble."

"Yes?"

"That girl of yours . . ."

"What?"

"You know . . ."

"Certainly I know! Where is she?"

"At the customs house," said Tolifer. "Detained."

Two minutes later I was standing in the customs house, with Joan, surrounded by Bahamian inspectors look-

ing sullen and defensive. It seemed that they had found a number of suspicious objects in her suitcase: two airplane instruments, each carrying concealed instructions to a German firm in New York; a hand-drawn chart of one of the Bahama islands; and six rolls of motion-picture film, exposed.

"Pictures," said Joan disgustedly. "That's what Bert Ayres was trying to get through the customs. Pictures he must have taken on those fishing trips."

The customs guard looked grave. "The lady admits that these quite probably were taken from a boat," he said. "We don't like pictures taken of the coast line."

"Don't worry," I said. "You won't find any of that film wasted on the coastline. Have it developed, and you'll find a fat man holding up a lot of fish."

The native guard in charge perspired slightly. "But the letters," he said. "Concealed in instruments. With censorship in force, this is a serious offense."

"I wrote those letters," I said.

"You wrote them!"

"Sure. They're instructions to the repairers in New York. Miss Wheelwright was taking the instruments across for me. They're too delicate to mail."

"And this? Concealed among her jewelry . . ."

Shaken, but clinging firmly to his ground, he handed me a hotel menu. On the back of it, in Joan's light hand, there was a map of Father's island—sketched, I guess, as she remembered it. The only difference was, she'd drawn a small house in the center. It was just the kind of house that I had always thought belonged there, and I folded it and put it in my pocket. It was time to get tough.

"Listen," I said emphatically. "There can't be any argument about this. It may lead to serious complications."

"It already has," said Joan. "My fiancé has left me."

"Left you!"

"Yes—he sailed without me on that boat. He couldn't stand the ignominy of association with a Nazi suspect." Joan's face was working dangerously close to tears—or laughter. "But he said he'd wait for me in New York—if I got there."

"Well, there isn't any 'if' about that," I assured her.

"Oh, yes, there is," said Joan. She stood in front of me, with both hands on my shoulders—her eyes searching mine and finding what they searched for. "Listen, Steve—tomorrow can we sail out to your island? I am not sure that I picked the best location for that house."

A Bar of Soap

Continued from page 11

"This had better be good," I said.

"Well," Cass stamped out her cigarette on a tray and immediately lighted a fresh one, "in it he told me he had left me a bunch of bonds."

I groaned.

"And he had left them, because he was one of those old men who didn't trust banks, in the secret drawer of the pink mahogany desk."

"It can't be," I said.

"Of course it wasn't a very secret drawer because everyone in the family knew about it; I had played with it when I was a child. But it was secret, and if you didn't know about it, you'd never find it. And I'm the only one left alive who knows about it."

I settled farther down in my chair. "Go on," I said.

"I was able to find out from the auction place whom the desk had been sold to, and then, well, I was stopped. I didn't have any money to speak of, just my job, so I stayed in New York for two or three months before I made up my mind. Then one day I got low and started to think about all that money—grandfather said it was about forty-five thousand dollars—so I just got on a bus and came out here."

"And?"

"I thought it would be easy. I'd get into the Schaeffers' house on some pretext or other, locate the desk, and then pretend to feel faint and ask for a drink of water and then when Mrs. Schaeffer, or whoever went, left to get the water I'd get the bonds. It wouldn't be stealing. They're mine."

I nodded. "Sure."

"But," she opened her hands and spread them in a wide gesture. "When I got here there were no Schaeffers. I didn't even find out until quite a long time after I got here about the . . . accident, and after that I seemed up against a blank wall. The people who live in their house now couldn't give me even a hint . . ." She settled back again and pulled her other foot up on the sofa. She looked very small.

"And, of course, my money ran out. I hadn't expected to stay more than a week or two at the most. So I had to

get a job. That accounts for the soap. I really do go around giving soap away, it wasn't just a gag to get in here."

"How did you manage to find me?" I said.

"Just chance. You know that theater down on Vine Street that shows old movies, revivals and so on?"

"Yes."

"I was in there night before last and on one of the films they showed was Jack Schaeffer's name and yours as authors. So yesterday I called up the studio and got your address."

"Did they know it?"

"They gave me the place on Summit Drive."

"Where I used to live when I was rich."

Cass nodded. "I went out there and they told me you had moved here. So."

"So."

"Can you find out where the furniture is?"

I laughed. "That again."

"Of course," Cass frowned. "What do you suppose I went through all this for?"

WELL, I considered. It was about as unlikely a story as I had heard in a long time, but that in a way was all to the good. It seemed to me that if she were trying to work some new racket on me her story would have been made more plausible. And after all I did remember the pink wood desk standing in the Schaeffers' library. If I helped her to find it I didn't see what I could lose. And she was a pretty girl. And I was lonely. I hadn't worked for six months, which in Hollywood means that you are very, very lonely.

"All right," I said. "I'll see what I can do."

Cass got up. "When?" she said.

"When are you through?"

"Three o'clock."

"Okay," I said. "Come back then."

After she had been gone a while I called up my agent. He had been Jack Schaeffer's agent too, so I thought he might have some information about the furniture.

Well, my agent was very jovial. He



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asked at great length about my health, he told me all about his, and then he went into some detail about all the flu and sinus trouble that were going around. Then he wanted to know what I had been doing—oh, but almost every hour of the last two weeks he wanted documented. I know the routine very well, he was doing everything he could to put off the moment when I would ask him about a job.

My agent was a good agent and I think he liked me pretty well. I'm convinced he had tried to get me work, the fact that he couldn't was just one of those situations. Suddenly for no reason you begin not to get jobs. You're an old face. You can write just as well as you could before, you have as many ideas, but you can't get jobs. The studios are very kind and say as soon as they have something for you they'll let you know, but that's the end. Your telephone never rings.

I COULD feel the relief in my agent's voice when I told him why I had called up. It was as if he had been holding a mental breath and could now exhale.

"Yes, yes," he said. "I arranged about all that. Wait a minute."

I waited a minute. I could hear him talking to his secretary and I could hear a shuffling of papers.

Then he said, "All Jack's stuff was sent to the Pico Storage Company."

"Where's that?" I said.

"Just down here, on Pico."

I thanked him and he said if there was anything else he could do, to let him know. I said all right.

Then he said, "Take care of yourself, boy."

I hung up and went back to reading the paper and waiting. Cass had said she would be through at three.

I fidgeted and read; I found I could hardly wait till she got back.

She came at three ten, after I had practically given her up.

"What news?" she said.

"It's all fixed."

We left her satchel of soap, which was much too heavy for her to carry around, I thought, in my apartment, went out and got into the car and started down toward Pico Boulevard.

It was one of those great California days which do occur every so often. The air was warm yet brittle, the haze was gone, when you looked back at the hills every house on them was picked out in those clean lines which make them look as if they were precisely in focus. I felt fine, with a lift I hadn't had in months.

"And just what," I said to Cass, "are you going to do once we get there?"

She was ready for that one. "Well," she said, "we'll tell them we're thinking of buying some of the stuff and that we want to see it. When we're looking at the desk, you divert the attention of the keeper or whoever he is and I'll pull out the bonds."

"Suppose he won't divert."

"He'll divert."

"How can I be sure?"

"Just ask him how long he's been in California. That always works."

"Suppose he's a native?"

Cass looked at me very tolerantly. "Don't be silly," she said.

Well, we pulled up at the Pico Storage Company and went into the office. The girl at the desk said we wanted to speak to Mr. Somebody, and Mr. Somebody said we'd have to see Mr. Somebody Else, and Mr. Somebody Else said . . . So finally we got the guy we were looking for.

He was a very friendly gent with wavy gray hair and a long face and a pointed nose. He had a very sharp pencil that he pointed at everything with, and after he heard our story, he took down a big ledger and ruffled through the pages till he came to the

right one. Then, after he had taken a look, his eyebrows shot up.

"All the Schaeffer furniture has been sold," he said. "Unclaimed goods. It was auctioned for storage charges."

"Auctioned?" Cass practically shouted.

"Yes," the man said, and pointed with his sharp pencil.

"But . . ." Cass said. "But . . . some of the stuff belonged to me."

The man shrugged. "We made every effort to get in touch with the owners," he said.

"But . . ." Cass' voice sounded moderately frantic. "How do I find out, how can I get it back? I . . ."

"Well," the man was very kind and patient. "I'm not exactly sure you can. You see, California law says that when it comes time to auction unclaimed goods . . ."

"Listen," Cass said, "there was a pink mahogany desk among that stuff. Who bought it? Do you know?"

The man took down another ledger, ruffled the sheets, came to the page, ran his pencil down the list.

"This must be it," he said. "Yes. It's the only mahogany desk. It was bought by Gorin-International Studios, the property department." He looked up. "Gorin-International," Cass said. "But does it belong to them for good? Can't I get it back?"

The man shook his head. "No. It's theirs. And everything that was in it. California law doesn't even allow us to open the drawers. We must sell each piece blind. We can't open a box or alter an item in any way."

"My word," Cass said. "This is awful."

"I'm very sorry," the man said.

"So am I," Cass said.

We went outside and got into the car. I drove west, toward Santa Monica. For maybe fifteen minutes, till we got to Sepulveda Boulevard, when I turned south, Cass didn't speak.

Then, "What does a movie studio want to buy an old desk for?" she said.

"They buy all kinds of stuff," I said.

"They have warehouses full of furniture they use to dress their sets."

"But is that true, that everything in the desk belongs to them?"

I nodded. "I'm afraid it is."

Cass sighed. "If I'm to get those bonds, which are rightfully mine, I'm going to have to steal them."

"That's it," I said.

I DROVE on down Sepulveda, got onto 101 Alternate, went through the pumping oil wells, past the beach cottages, past Manhattan, Hermosa, Redondo to Palos Verdes.

Palos Verdes, in case you don't know, is a part of the San Pedro Hills, a great headland that juts out to sea, and it affords, when you climb a thousand feet or so, a very fine bay view. We arrived about sunset and drove up to a little flower-crammed inn, where we had cocktails and eyed the view. Cass had never been here before—it was a new side of California as far as she was concerned, and she liked it.

"This is fine," she said. "When I get my forty thousand dollars I'm coming here often."

We had dinner when it got dark, beside a big window where we could see the lights glittering as far up as Malibu—at least we thought so—and afterward we sat and had a brandy in front of a lazily glowing log fire. We didn't start home till almost ten.

Driving back, Cass sat close to me and hooked her left arm around my right. I have one of those automatic clutches on the car so I don't have to shift gears. We didn't talk much, there wasn't anything very necessary to say.

It wasn't till we were finally back in the traffic of Hollywood that Cass said, "Chris, what am I going to do?"

And I, without thinking, but with a good deal of confidence, said, "Don't worry. I'll fix."

Then when we stopped in front of the boardinghouse where she lived she said, "I wish I knew you better, Chris. I like you."

And again I said, "Don't worry. I'll fix."

It took me three days to find someone working at the Gorin-International Studios that I knew. In the meantime I rode around town with Cass.

I mean rode around. The first morning after I met her she had to come to my place to get her soap satchel, and as I happened to be up and dressed I went out with her. Her satchel was, as I had thought, too heavy, so I drove it around in the car. She would take a half-dozen bars, go from house to house, and I would wait at the corner.

She protested at first, but I was able after a while to convince her that this was probably the best thing that could happen to me since, after all, it kept me from reading the local papers, from brooding, from spending money, and best of all, out in the open air. I hadn't been out in the open air much in some time because I was afraid of running into someone I knew, but the back streets where Cass gave her soap away were safe, and just as sunny as any others.

AFTER, as I said, three days I discovered that Fred Nichols, a publicity fellow I had known a long time, was working at Gorin-International. I made up a little story for him.

"Fred," I said over the telephone, "I've got a friend here from New York, who works for one of those big decorating magazines. She wants to do a piece about the store of furniture you have in the prop department, you know, the styles and all that kind of nonsense. Can you arrange passes for us if I bring her out?"

Well sure he could arrange passes for us, he could arrange anything, he could even arrange a free lunch. That was

out of the question, of course, on account of the soap, but I said we'd be there the next day around three-thirty.

It sounded easy enough, when Cass and I talked about it. We were going to use the old divert trick, and it sounded as if it might work out more easily at a studio than at a storage warehouse. We'd be under less suspicion, probably.

I was nervous, though, driving out. Even though I wasn't working I had, after all, some small place in Hollywood, it was my home, screen writing was the only kind of work I knew how to do. If I were caught acting as accomplice to a girl who was attempting to steal forty thousand dollars' worth of bonds which legally—even if not morally—belonged to Gorin-International, my name would forever be mud. And yet, nervous or not, there was no doubt in my mind that I would go through with it. I was absolutely convinced by now that Cass was telling the truth. But I was nervous.

And consequently relieved when we didn't find the desk.

We walked and walked and walked. We saw enough furniture to equip a village. Especially desks. There must have been almost a hundred standing around. Spinets, break fronts, roll tops, flat tops, secretaries, French, Italian, English, Spanish, Colonial—every kind of desk in the world. But no pink mahogany.

We looked everywhere. In dark corners, under sheets, in the repair shop. Everywhere. But no pink mahogany.

That was that. Nothing doing. So finally, of course, we had to say a reluctant goodbye to the beautiful property department.

"Chris," Cass said, after we had thanked the guide and started across the lot to the gate, "what's the answer? Did the man at the storage company lie to us?"

"Maybe," I said. "Although I don't see why he should."

"Neither do I, but . . ."

We turned a corner and started down

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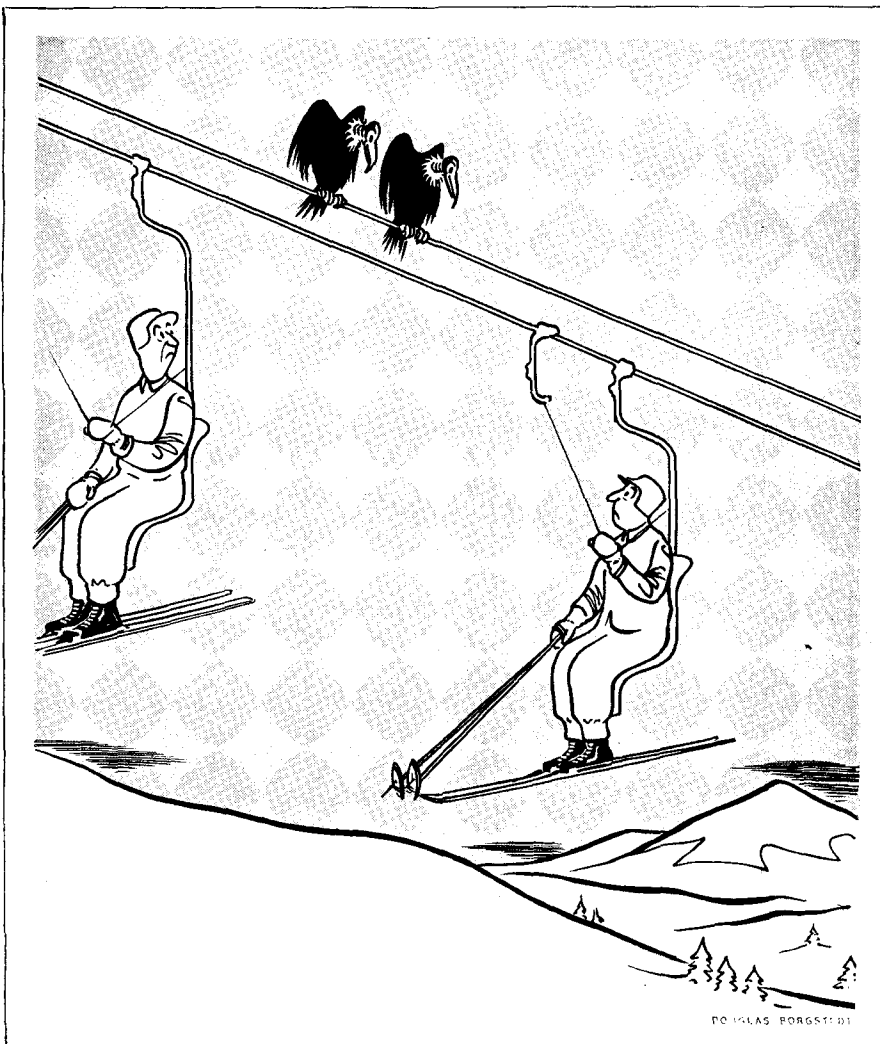
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a street that had sound stages on either side. Halfway down this street . . .

Halfway down this street the big sliding doors of one of the stages were open. You could see in, you could see far in. You could see right across a set of a hallway, through a living room, to a library. And in the library you could see the pink mahogany desk.

Cass clutched my arm. "Chris."

"Yes," I said. "Yes."

"There."

"Yes."

And then I looked at the sign which hung beside the entrance door to the set. "The Peerman Company," it read, "Positively NO VISITORS."

I tried to tell Cass what that meant. I tried to tell her about Alex Peerman, the most dictatorial, ill-tempered, temperamental director in Hollywood. I tried to tell her that when he worked, his set was closed to everybody high and low, really closed, not practically closed like Garbo's. I tried to tell her that there were policemen everywhere, ready to pounce on the first unfamiliar nose they saw. I told her we would have to figure something else out, that this was too dangerous, too impossible, that this would wreck all her chances, that . . .

But she just stared, unhearing, fascinated by the sight of the pink mahogany, her forty thousand dollars, freedom. . . . She had no interest in Alex Peerman, what he wanted, what he did. "Come on," she said, "follow me."

WE WALKED boldly into the sound stage, toward the set. An extra looked up from a racing form, eyed us inquiringly. We passed him, stepped over cables, veered around to the right, into shadows. And just then, of course, the bell rang, the big doors closed, the lights went on. Peerman was getting ready for a take.

We stood frozen in a dark place, watched four lines of dialogue rehearsed and rehearsed, then shot once, shot twice, shot six times. I breathed as little as I could; even Cass, I could feel, had been shaken off her one-track idea and was impressed with what was going on. For fifteen minutes neither of us even shifted weight.

And then the lights went on and a cop saw us.

What happened next was fast. I remember part of it only out of the corner of my eye. Cass turned around, saw a door, opened it and jumped through. The cop got me and had me outside the stage in ten seconds flat.

We stood there, arguing. He wanted to know if I couldn't read. He wanted to know who I thought I was, then who I was. He wanted to see my pass. He wanted . . .

The big doors opened and people began strolling out—actors, wardrobe women, make-up men, grips, cameramen, assistant directors. Shooting was evidently over for the day. One of those little electric power trucks hooked onto a portable dressing room and began to pull it gingerly off the stage into the street.

I hunted through my pockets for my pass. I found it, then went on to other pockets, trying to gain a little time. But in my hurry the pass slipped out, fell onto the street. The cop stooped to pick it up.

When he looked at me again I don't know what he thought the expression on my face meant. But the dressing room, the one that was being pulled away up the street, had a door in it, a door. It was the door Cass had dived through.

"This here pass," the cop said, "was for the property department. This don't permit you to go no place else."

"Yes," I said. But I wasn't paying attention to him. I was watching the dressing room disappear up the street.

"Say, listen," the cop said, and began to look at me very, very suspiciously. "What's going on around here?"

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing."

"Well, I think," the cop said, "I think I will just escort you to the gate so you don't get into no more trouble."

There was nothing I could do. A cop is a cop, even if he is inside a studio. He has a badge and he has authority. I went with him.

And naturally, halfway to the gate, the thing happened that I would have given a hundred bucks to avoid. And let me tell you a hundred bucks means something to me. I saw Ted Weaver hanging out of a second-story window.

ing room, after having used a touch of make-up, went to that stage, walked in, lighted a couple of matches, found the desk, opened the secret drawer, and scrambled."

"As easy as that."

"Yes."

"Almost too easy."

"Why do you say that?"

"I sort of hoped you'd have some big adventure."

Cass laughed. "This isn't a movie with a chase at the end, honey. This is real life."

She didn't know how right she was. The next morning while I was wait-

attitude toward Cass was changed—I mean I didn't care about her forty thousand—as I walked over to answer it, but my whole attitude toward life and how to beat it was altered, the plumes on my helmet were waving, and possibly getting in my eyes just a trifle.

I opened the door.

And there stood Cass. In one hand was her satchel of soap, in the other a bar of it, held out toward me.

No mink coat, no mink jacket, not even two little minks around her neck.

"We would like you to have this large bar of soap," she said, "and if perchance you would like another . . ."

"What's the joke?" I said.

She came in, put the satchel on the floor, sat down on the sofa, picked up a cigarette and deliberately lighted it.

"There's no joke," she said, "except this. I went to a bank first thing this morning."

"And?"

"My bonds, my beautiful bonds, have a total value of fifty-eight dollars and sixty-two cents."

"No," I said.

"Grandpa," Cass said, "when it came to investing money, was a dope."

"Cass," I said, "Cass . . ."

But in a peculiar way I felt relieved. I could take off my fancy dress and be myself. I was on equal terms again with this beautiful gal who had the soft satin-brown hair.

I'M GLAD the telephone didn't ring immediately. I'm glad we had an hour for Cass to be sad in, an hour in which I could comfort her and comfort her and comfort her. By the time it did ring I had her sold on me as one guy she could believe in, a guy who would never let her down, a guy, when you came right down to it, who loved her. If it had rung before that, the timing would have been wrong, and I might never . . . but it didn't.

It was my agent calling.

"How are you, boy?" he said.

I said I was fine.

"Listen, boy, I've got news for you. Ted Weaver wants you for a picture out at Gorin. It ought to be a ten weeks' job."

"Well!" I said.

"Yeah," my agent said. "He told me he saw you yesterday being chased off the lot by a cop."

"Oh, he did?"

"Yeah. And it just flashed through his head you'd be perfect for this picture."

"Sure," I said. "That follows."

"I knew the change would come soon," my agent said.

"Yes," I said.

"Report Monday."

"I will."

"Goodby."

"Goodby."

"Take care of yourself, boy."

"I will."

Cass was as excited as I was, in fact I think she was more excited.

"This is wonderful," she said, "this is wonderful. Something good came out of it. Hey, Chris!"

"Something good? Listen," I said. "I'll take you out and buy you the best darned lunch we can find in all southern California."

"Sold."

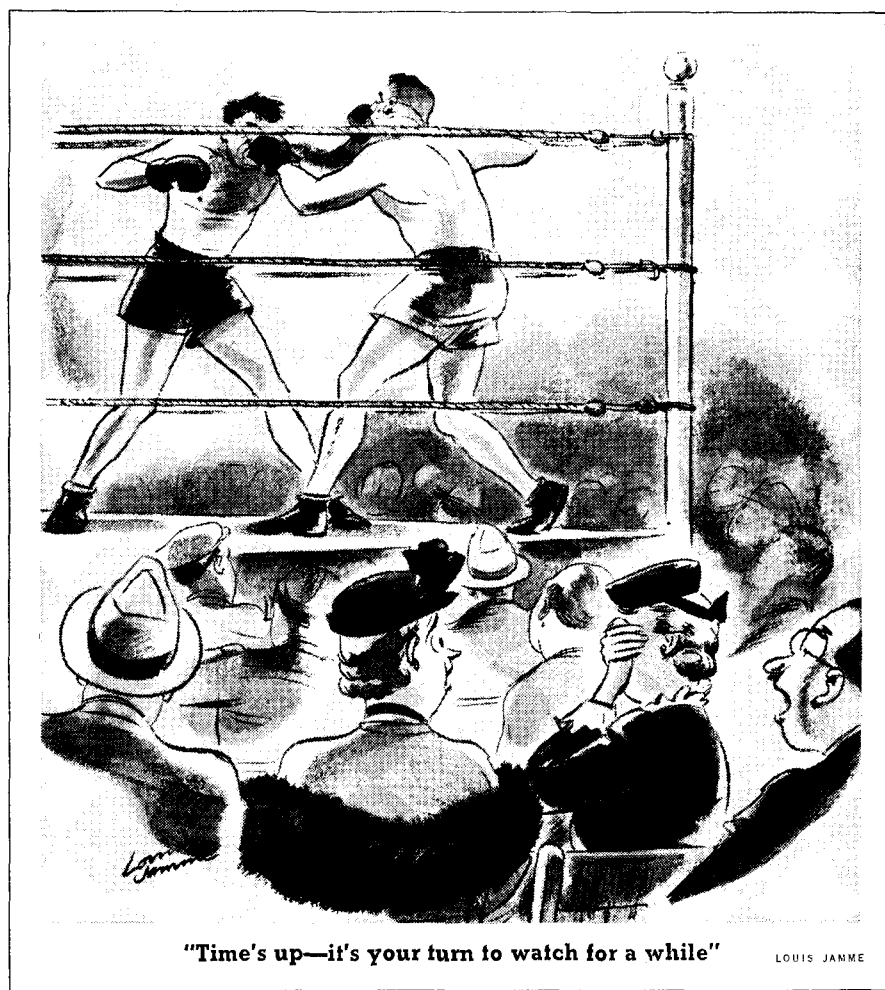
"And we'll drive to Santa Barbara for dinner and . . ."

I went and put on a coat and combed my hair and got a clean handkerchief and all the money I could find in all my pockets. Cass put on new lips and smoothed that already smooth hair. We started for the door.

But then Cass looked back at her satchel full of soap.

"What about that?" she said.

I took her arm. I said, "Leave it lay. We'll use it up gradually."



"Hi, Chris," he said.

"Hi, Ted."

"Where have you been?"

I lied. "Up in Carmel."

Ted was head of Gorin-International story department. I had known him for ten years, even back in New York. We were pretty good friends and I didn't want him to see me in the clutches of a cop. Professional pride, call it.

"Playing golf, huh?"

"Very good golf," I said.

"You lazy rat."

I kept right on walking. I didn't want the cop to prod me.

"I'll see you, Ted," I said.

"I'll see you."

I SAT in my car in a parking lot across from Gorin-International Studios until twelve-twenty that night. At twelve-twenty-one Cass walked calmly out through the gate, smiled and waved at the watchman, came over to the car and got in.

"Get going," she said.

"You've got them?" I said.

"Right here," and she pointed right here.

"But how?" I said. I laughed, partly at the cat-swallowed-the-canary look on her face, partly from relief.

"Very simple."

I had the car started, and we were heading fast for home.

"I waited till things quieted down," Cass said, "then I got out of the dress-

ing for her to arrive or at least telephone I made a connected effort to find out just how I felt. After all, the situation was suddenly very different; Cass was now moderately an heiress and I was just a guy without a job. I found myself thinking of excuses I could make not to see her, in case she should still want to see me. And then I said, why is that? You must care something for this gal if you are making with the hurt-pride routine before you are even burned.

And then I came around and admitted to myself that I did like her a great deal more than the five or six days I had known her would normally allow. I was ripe for falling in love—emotions have a seasonal cycle all their own—what I had to fear and fear plenty was that she with her forty thousand bucks was in no mood for harvesting.

That, of course, providing I was willing to stand and deliver. So I promised myself I would act natural, with no coy nonsense about she didn't need me any more. For once I would go after what I wanted and advertise my wants with personally clashed cymbals instead of sticking my head under a rug and expecting everyone to say where's Chris, there he is. I had had my head under too many rugs. What usually happened was it just got stepped on.

Well I don't mind telling you I had worked myself up into a state of handsomely armored gallantry when there was a knock on the door. Not only my

The Girl Grows Younger

Continued from page 23

Miss Natwick isn't the conventional Broadway type. She has pleasant brown hair and brown eyes, is medium tall and slender. What distinguishes her is a kind of dry, champagne quality—as though she were quietly amused about something most of the time. In Stars in Your Eyes—which was another burlesque of Hollywood—she was a friendly, wisecracking screen writer. For the first time in her theatrical career, she got a chance to wear some pretty clothes and had, quite naturally, a lot of fun. The abrupt change from being a septuagenarian worried her at first, though. She insisted on having the right to leave the cast at any time and nearly every day she went to Joshua Logan, the director.

"I can't do it, Josh," she would wail. "Sure you can, kid," he would say soothingly.

Despite the problems of musical comedy, in which the timing and action are wholly different from straight drama, she stuck at it and her notices, on opening night, were second only to those of Ethel Merman and Jimmy Durante.

Born in Baltimore about thirty years ago, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Natwick, Mildred grew up in relative prosperity due to her father's lumber business. She had graduated from private school and was taking her examinations for college when she ran afoul of physics and decided to go on the stage instead. The flaw in her story is that she had been interested in acting for years. At seven she had appeared in a production of Robin Hood and had participated in amateur theatricals whenever possible. Her family, traditionally, looked with alarm upon Broadway but they let her try it. They were relieved when, after the excursion into vaudeville, she came back home.

She didn't stay there long. The National Cathedral School in Washington operated a small theater where plays were put on for children. Miss Natwick was offered a place there and acted in Treasure Island, The Prince and the Pauper and similar plays. The experience was excellent. Besides, she met Henry Fonda and Kent Smith, who were interested in the University Players. That's how she started playing old-lady

parts. The first of that seemingly endless series was an elderly French maid in The Trial of Mary Dugan. Then came the crone in Carrie Nation, a Broadway debut and success of a sort. In quick succession she was a duenna in Spring and Autumn, a fifty-year-old Scotch housekeeper in The Wind and the Rain, a grandmother of seventy-five in The Distaff Side, and Ina Claire's mother—also of seventy or so—in End of Summer. She achieved a personal triumph as the acid Prossy in Shaw's Candida. Again, though, it was an elderly part.

Not every show had a part venerable enough so that the producers yearned for Miss Natwick's special qualities and there were stretches when she was out of a job.

Unmarried and living quietly in an apartment which she usually shares with some other actress, Miss Natwick was more or less resigned to a life as a character actress when Mr. Wiman asked her to come to his office in the fall of 1938. He said that Logan, also an alumnus of the University Players, had been engaged to direct the new Merman-Durante musical. Logan had suggested that there was a part in it for Mildred.

"How old will I be this time?" she asked a bit wearily.

"Your own age, Mildred," said Mr. Wiman.

Despite misgivings about musical comedy and her capacity for it, she jumped at the chance. The rehearsals were terrifying. Rehearsals were late. Scenes were written, rewritten and thrown away. Stage managers, chorus girls, musicians and dance directors screamed and cursed at one another and none of it, in the long run, seemed very funny to Miss Natwick. The audiences, on the other hand, applauded and it settled down for a long run in New York.

At this point Miss Natwick began to worry. Suppose it ran so long that she grew old in the part of the movie writer? She had horrid visions of being retired on an old-age pension. But the World's Fair, opening in the spring of 1939, settled that. It dealt Broadway a terrific blow because a large percentage of theatersgoers journeyed over to see Grover Whalen and the other wonders spread on the Flushing meadows and Stars in Your Eyes was among the casualties.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

was immediately asked by the operator on the ground: "Please let me have your plane identification marks. An air-raid warden has just reported an airplane with Japanese markings flying in this direction."

Dick broke out into a cold sweat and for the first time in the six years he has been flying his company's planes, he realized that his paint job had a definite Oriental atmosphere. He yelled into the microphone who he was and what he was, and for God's sake tell those air-raid wardens I'm no Japanese.

AIR YOUTH OF AMERICA is now a division of the National Aeronautic Association with headquarters at the Willard Hotel, Washington, D. C. The consolidation of these two groups has resulted in the formulation of plans for the nation-wide development of junior aviation, so essential to our future Air Forces. A board of prominent aviation and youth leaders, headed by

Dr. George W. Lewis, director of research of the N.A.C.A., is in charge of the program. Dr. Lewis' associates are: Gill Robb Wilson, president of N.A.A.; Laurence Rockefeller, vice-chairman; Thomas H. Beck, president of Air Youth; Ken Hoyt, manager of N.A.A.; Ernest Gamache, executive director of A.Y.A.; William R. Enyart, vice-president of N.A.A.; Richard C. du Pont, president of All-American Aviation; Dr. Luther Gulick, director, Institute of Public Administration, New York; Philip G. Johnson, president, Boeing Aircraft Co.; C. S. (Casey) Jones, president, Casey Jones School of Aeronautics; Edward Roberts, president, Academy of Model Aeronautics; P. W. Litchfield, president, Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company; Dr. Clark B. Millikan; William B. Stout; Carl B. Squier, vice-president, Lockheed Aircraft Corp. and Lester D. Gardner, president, Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences. F. R. N.

★ An "All-Star Dinner Show" ★

Cover Charge: *less than 25¢ per portion!*



Act I. This "Birds Eye Dinner Show for 4" is fresh-tasting as though just from fishermen's nets (that's Flounder Fillets,

1 lb.) . . . from farm gardens (that's cut Green Beans and Squash) . . . from a summer orchard (that's Sliced Peaches)!



Act II. Tonight, try this treat! Serve ocean-fresh Birds Eye Flounder Fillets—boneless, cleaned, ready to cook! (Saves

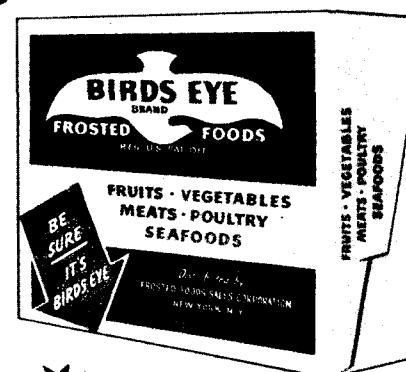
Work—Saves Money!) Roll them around savory bread dressing (as illustrated), bake. It's different—delicious!



Act III. With it, serve tender cut Green Beans, delicious golden Squash! (Latter is cooked—just heat!) Luscious flavor is

sealed in by *Quick-Freezing!* FINALE! Orchard-fresh Birds Eye Peaches—sliced, ready-to-serve! Try it *this week!*

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ONE WEEK ONLY—JAN. 19-24
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Just out! The new Birds Eye Cook Book!
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Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 15

FOR A GLORIOUS
TAN
THIS WINTER



use
SKOL
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SUN LAMP

• This marvelous scientific product, SKOL, lets the tanning rays pass through—lets you get a glorious tan under your sun lamp!

A quick-drying liquid, SKOL is not greasy, not messy, won't show—actually helps prevent peeling, helps relieve dry, chapped skin! It is the largest selling non-oily suntan lotion in the world.

Apply SKOL to all exposed areas before you turn on the lamp. At beauty salon, club or barber shop, ask to have SKOL on your skin... Skol Company, Inc., New York.



• Going to Florida, Palm Springs or another sunny resort? Use SKOL when you sun-bathe—for a glorious tan!

SKOL Non-Oily

local (Pittsburg, Kansas) board carbon copies of his company's fatigue roster, showing he'd been on K.P. duty twice during the previous month. "I haven't heard anything from it," he says, "so I assume the case is closed."

WHEN Corp. James C. Stewart, Co. H. 2d Quartermaster Training Regiment, was promoted to sergeant last month he heaved a sigh of relief—not because of the extra six berries a month but because it will bring an end to mash notes written him by gals who think he's Corp. Jimmy Stewart, formerly of Hollywood. "I am coming out to Fort Warren and cry under your window," wrote one persistent addict. "That might have been embarrassing to me," Sgt. Stewart says. "I was married in October. . . I don't wish Corp. Jimmy Stewart any hard luck, but I hope he doesn't become a sergeant too soon."

NORTH CAROLINA

CAMP DAVIS. Chaplain Joseph G. Morrison of the 96th C.A. had never fired a rifle in his life, which was why the range officer telephoned the target butts and said: "I don't want to see Chaplain Morrison embarrassed in front of the men, so, no matter where his ten shots go, give him nine bull's-eyes and a four." The chaplain took his place on the firing line and ten bullets zinged toward the target. Came a message from the markers: "Sorry, sir, but we can't give Chaplain Morrison that four; he made ten bulls!"

FLORIDA

JACKSONVILLE NAVAL AIR STATION. Day after the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, a reserve lieutenant whose name is withheld at the request of all concerned eased himself into the office of Lieut. Commander Maurice Sheehy, the padre. "Father," said he, "I want to contribute \$7,000 (the padre thought that's what he said) toward the purchase of a Navy dive bomber. It has to be done anonymously. How can I get away with it?" Replied the chaplain: "Your contribution will have to go through the regular channels, son. But \$7,000 won't, I'm afraid, buy a dive bomber." Without a word the lieutenant placed a check on the desk. The chaplain took a gander and reeled. It was made out for \$70,000. . .

Buy war stamps and start another bomber on its way.



CAMP BLANDING. This is about a Montgomery newspaper cartoonist who enlisted in the Alabama National Guard and went to Blanding in the fall of 1940 as a buck private, and his *modus operandi* might interest others who find themselves in the shoes from which he has just stepped. After cultivating a taste for military life, Marshall V. Hale developed a yen for the Air Corps, but he was married and the Air Corps won't take men living in the marital state. Hale battled with this problem for days and had about concluded he was licked when Washington decided to discharge men whose dependents might suffer hardships if the breadwinners remained in the service. This gave Hale an idea. He asked to be turned loose, then went home and into a huddle with a lawyer. Few days later his friends were flabbergasted to learn of his impending divorce, an especially bitter pill since the Hales were expecting an addition to the family. People stopped talking to Hale,

and his wife was the most pitied gal in Montgomery. The divorce came through, and Hale, as a single man, enlisted in the Air Corps; but because there is no rule against marriage in the service, Hale immediately remarried his grass widow, who promptly produced a son. Now Hale's a staff sergeant at Maxwell Field and doing nicely. So is Hale, Jr. Weighs fifteen pounds.

DISCOVERY by medicos at Fort Bragg last summer that the vision of Negroes after nightfall is far greater than that of Whites may mean that more and more Negroes will be sitting in the drivers' seats of Army vehicles. During MacDill Field maneuvers last month, soldiers of the crack Negro 24th Infantry ferreted out and captured paratroops and others engaged in night onslaughts whose presence was unsuspected by White soldiers in the vicinity. Another and better instance of the Negro's tomcat ability for seeing at night cropped up at Blanding when it was reported that at least one 31st Division regiment manned its trucks with Negro drivers after the first tactical problem in

equipment, but even toughened troops puff when they stagger through the mess with packs and rifles. Observing their struggles, Lt. Stanley T. Tyler, of the 32d C.A. Training Btn., got a notion that he and fellow officers ought to give the obstacle course a whirl. A bunch of them accordingly organized an informal club and promised one another they'd do the 600 yards every morning (except Sundays and holidays) before breakfast for thirty days. . . Some of the brass hats lasted the full month.

GENERAL

THIS week saw the beginning of the Victory Book Campaign, sponsored by the American Library Association, the Red Cross and the U.S.O. whose quota of 10,000,000 books they hope to reach by the tenth of next month. Everything including fiction, biographies, poetry and highly technical volumes are wanted for Our Fighting Men. Dust off and take to your local library all books you aren't using, but leave out Elsie Dinsmore and the ones from which pages 67 to 89 are missing.



Carolina maneuvers proved they were tops at handling convoy trucks in black-outs. You'd have to drive along a dark highway in a blinding rain and pass a twenty-mile-long truck convoy going 25 m.p.h. in the opposite direction, with nary a light showing, to appreciate what this means. There's nothing official in this all-Negro driver idea; just a hunch that will bear watching.

TEXAS

CAMP WALLACE, Hitchcock. Not satisfied with putting selectees through the regular training paces, some camps have set up obstacle courses to prepare the boys for the types of terrain they might run into later on. The 600-yard stretch at Wallace has more bends than a rubber pretzel and includes such items as staggered rows of large stakes, water-filled ditches, trenches to be crossed via swinging ropes, large pipes to be crawled through and a board wall that has to be scaled with knotted ropes. Sides of the course are fenced with barbed wire to discourage the by-passing of hazards. A thick layer of sand covers the entire works over which the inductees have to sprint—not walk—to the exit. It's bad enough without

SPEAKING of books, Mrs. Merritt W. Barnum, of Ossining, N. Y., has sent to camp hospitals more than 148 books in the past three years—books that she and Girl Scouts and church workers have pasted up themselves, using colored pictures of all kinds—anything that attracts the eye and diverts the mind. Reception has been tremendous, Mrs. Barnum reports. Something for you to run up in your spare time.

A FRANTIC note from Sgt. George Russell in the Canal Zone says each mail still brings in from fifty to 100 letters as a result of his plea published here for Continental correspondents. But, adds the sergeant, due to the added work brought on by the war, he and his men can't promise to answer the mail and he asks that the gals cease firing for the duration—unless they can do without replies. In line with this situation this department will publish no more requests for letters to be written to specific soldiers. Don't, though, quit writing that favorite man. He needs your letters.

HOW about another slogan? "Let's Yank the Japs Out of the Pacific." G. W.

Turkey Fever

Continued from page 20

are on edge. Behind you in the swamp there is a sudden crashing, a series of earth-shaking thuds as though a giant tractor were bowling over the trees right and left in its advance. You turn your head cautiously, just in time to see a wren two inches high emerge from the swamp and stamp across the ridge, his derby hat shoved over one eye and his feet kicking the leaves ahead of him as he strides out of sight. The noise subsides; the woods are still again. It is getting light fast.

And then you hear it—a single *cluck!* like an acorn dropping onto a hollow log, and then, from a tall cypress, two low, muffled notes. *Croc! croc!* A pause; and from the myrtle thicket Jeff's call replies in exact imitation: *Croc! croc!* Another pause. Evidently the turkey is reassured; there is a rustle in the tree-top, a contemplative *croc kee kee!* and a sudden, heavy flopping of wings as an enormous dark form drops down through the tall tree trunks and lands amid a rising cloud of dry leaves, just out of gun sight over the ridge. Your hand reaches for your rifle but your eyes do not leave the direction of the bird. Behind you comes Jeff's summons once more: *Croc! croc!*

He's Really Big Game

There is not a sound; you will never understand how a heavy bird can walk on the crisp leaves without so much as a crackle; but now, out of the corner of your eye, you detect a movement, just over the top of a fallen pine. You swivel your head slowly. Beyond the deadfall you make out a bald bluish head, an arched neck with bright crimson wattles, a sharp, hazel-colored eye that watches you warily as your rifle slowly rises to your shoulder.

And if your heart is pounding so hard that it disturbs your aim, if your own eyes begin to mist with excitement, if your rifle takes to wavering and wobbling like a reed in the wind, do not blame yourself, for you are face-to-face with the shrewdest game bird in the woods, the most coveted upland game trophy in this country today. He is more than that. He is actually big game. Hunters generally agree that there are three really great game crea-

tures in America: the Alaska brown bear, the mountain sheep, and the wild turkey; and the turkey, they say, combines the cunning of the bear and the hearing of the sheep with a vision that surpasses that of either.

He is the biggest of our wild birds, of course; a genuine wild turkey, uncontaminated with domestic stock, may attain a weight of twenty-five pounds, and has been known to live at least twenty years. And he is the most imperial. The sunlight flashes red and green on his iridescent bronze feathers as he struts, his solid-colored brown tail—the wild turkey, unlike the domestic, has no telltale white band at the tip of the tail feathers—arches above his head in a magnificent fan; his coarse, eleven-inch beard dangles from his chest and brushes the ground; his wise, wizened face darts from side to side, and his booming *gobble-obble-obble!* echoes deafeningly through the forest.

He is as beautiful as the peacock; and as vain. He knows he is beautiful. "He is a genuine dude," writes the late Edward McIlhenny, one of the great authorities on the wild turkey, "and he will have admiration though it costs him his life. He is a gay Lothario and will steal his neighbors' wives and daughters, and if anyone protests he will fight to the finish. He is artful, cunning and sly, and has no sentiment beyond a pompous admiration for himself, and a covetous desire for every hen he sees. He is a veritable Turk, in fact, polygamous in the extreme, and desires above all a well-filled harem. He will stand for hours in a small sunny place, striving to attract the attention of the hens by strutting and gobbling until he nearly starves to death."

You wonder why he was not chosen to be the national bird, instead of a predator and scavenger like the eagle. Ever since he saw the Pilgrim Fathers through their first tough winter, he has been the symbol of our annual Thanksgiving. He is entirely indigenous to this country.

Once he roamed the continent all the way from New England down to Central America; but as the forest lands were cleared in the north, his natural range dwindled and disappeared. Today, save for a few efforts to stock him

in the Middle Atlantic states, the wild turkey is found only south of the Mason-Dixon line, and as far west as Texas. Here there are millions of acres of uninhabited cypress swamps, and abandoned plantations overgrown with turkey oak and longleaf pine; and here he still survives and gobbles his day-break greeting to the sun—protected by ever-increasing conservation efforts by the states in which he thrives today.

The turkey does not migrate; but he ranges over vast areas, following the changing food supply. Sometimes an old gobbler will cover fifteen or twenty miles a day—and in lean years, when the mast in one part of the country is exhausted, flock after flock will move out of it in a strange instinctive hegira, until the region is deserted entirely. But as long as food is plentiful, the turkey remains in the vicinity where he was hatched, and his range is not more than a mile or so daily. Sparkleberries and gallberries, chafers, wild grain, nuts of the oak and beech and chestnut, sweet gum and grape and muscadine seeds are their favorite foods. At night they feed back to the swamps, spread their wings, and mount one by one to the limbs of the tallest trees, where they roost for the night. They prefer to roost over water, and on limbs parallel to the ground; they seldom roost in the same tree two nights in succession. In case of high water, when their normal feeding range is submerged, they have been known to remain in the trees for two or three months at a time, subsisting on the green buds and young leaves and on occasional berries which they can reach from the lower limbs—wobbling and fluttering on the tiny twigs, bobbing up and down with their wings spread, their broad tails waving and fanning as they try to maintain their balance.

One Friend and Many Enemies

The turkey does not like to fly, strangely enough, and takes to his wings only when frightened or when he desires to cross a river or lake too deep to wade. Otherwise he would rather trust to the amazing speed of his legs to get him away from his enemies. And of these he has his share. Probably no bird can boast of a greater variety of predators. The domestic house cat—Public Enemy Number One of all American game—and the crow, fox, lynx, skunk, mink, coon, possum, goshawk and Cooper's hawk and horned owl all prey on him the year round. In addition, a rainy spell during May or June may destroy the entire hatch of young for the year. His only friend is the conservation-minded sportsman, who controls these predators with his gun, in season and out, in return for an occasional gobbler from the flock.

Romantic etiquette to the contrary, it is not the call note of the hen that brings the sexes together in the spring. It is the call of the male. At the break of day, the boss of the harem begins to gobble and strut, pausing now and then to listen for a responsive yelp or cluck, or to acknowledge the attentions of a dutiful female hurrying toward him along the ridge. He knows how many hens he's got, what's more, and when one is a little slow arriving, he goes slamming apoplectically through the brush in search of her. He does not cease gobbling or strutting until the entire roll call has been accounted for.

And the strut of the turkey gobbler in the spring is something to behold. His wings droop until the feathers brush the ground, his tail is spread like an open

SWEEP No MORE, My LADY!



WHEN A GLASS OR DISH BREAKS INTO A MILLION PIECES A MOISTENED KLEENEX PICKS UP TINY SPLINTERS A BROOM NEVER GETS!

(from a letter by Mrs. W. J., New York, N. Y.)

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LIFE WITH FATHER

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(from a letter by W. H. N., Chicago, Ill.)



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(from a letter by Miss M. E. T., Detroit, Mich.)

I say it again and again — Delsey is soft like Kleenex!

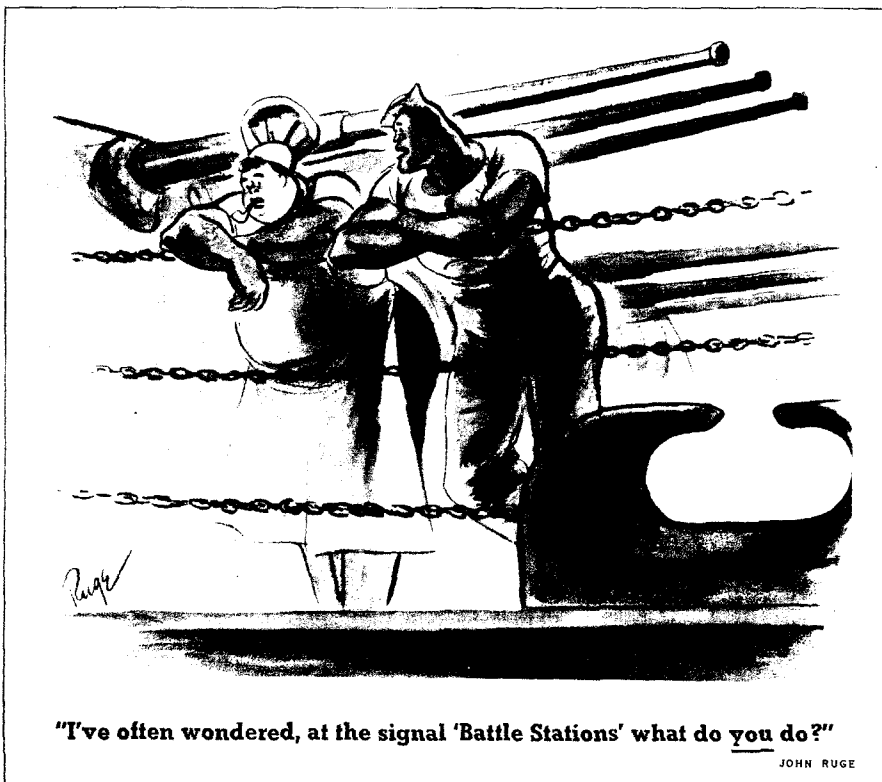


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5 fine
tobaccos
are why*

REVELATION

*Pipe Mixture
is so
superior*

15¢

No so-called "mixture" of only 1 or 2 tobaccos can smoke so good and cool!



Left: Your ordinary mixture. Tobaccos cut same way, mat down — retain heat — cause soggy heel.

Right: Revelation. Five different cuts pack perfectly — your pipe "breathes" — burns cooler.



BURLEY (cool burning) • CAROLINA (adds sparkle) • VIRGINIA (rich body)
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THE PERFECT

fan at right angles to the body, his neck is drawn down and back so that his head rests against the shoulder feathers, and his body feathers stand out at right angles. Slowly he inflates his body with air until he is as round as a rubber ball; he releases it suddenly in a sharp puff, steps forward four or five paces dragging his stiff wing feathers along the ground with a rasping sound, throws forward his chest, contracts his muscles and forces the air from his body with a low, rumbling *bo-ooo-oom!* They say no hen can resist it.

All these things the old-time turkey-hunter comes to know, in time. He knows, for instance, that the turkey has no song, and that the notes it employs are either conversational, call, distress or alarm. He learns to imitate these sounds; more important, to learn their meanings, and to speak the turkey language intelligently. He learns in particular to reproduce the hen's curious vibrant *keow! keow!* and her staccato *cut! cut!* valuable in calling a scattered drove together. He knows that except in mating season (now generally closed to all hunting) a lone hermit gobbler cannot be lured by any call at all, but must be studied and stalked, for days and weeks and even months, like a Rocky Mountain Bighorn ram. Above all, in calling turkeys, the real skill lies in the timing, and your old-timer knows just when to cease calling and wait for the aroused turkey to come to him. "Same as women," says Jeff; "when they act coy and indifferentlike, a man'll come a-runnin' every time."

Your old-timer has learned other things, too; to aim his rifle exactly at the butt of the wing, for example, next to the crease that runs along the neck. That will kill the bird cleanly he says, without ruining the flesh. He has learned to read turkey tracks in the sand; to know which way the birds have been feeding; how recently they have passed that way, how many gobblers were in the flock. When he spots a drove in the distance, he can tell you at a glance whether they are coming toward him or moving away. If they are approaching, the birds appear black; if they are going away they will look a lighter gray.

And he can tell you how to cook your turkey, too. If you roast it, stuff it with a simple dressing of bread crumbs and salt and pepper and finely chopped

onions; elaborately spiced and fancy stuffings ruin the true flavor of the bird. But if you really want to know the full enjoyment of a wild turkey, he says, remove the slab of white meat from the breast, slice it into steaks a half-inch thick, and sprinkle them with salt and pepper. When the salt causes the juices to start to flow, spread out the steaks in a pan and sprinkle them with dry flour, lightly and evenly; always give the pan a last shake, your gun-club cook warns, so that the flour will adjust itself. Then drop the steaks one by one into a frying pan filled with hot grease, sear them brown on both sides, and take them out of the pan at once. "And you don't want another thing," he adds, "excepting some more."

Shirttail Penalty

But there is one thing your old-time turkey hunter cannot tell you, and that is how to overcome that touch of turkey fever that assails every novice when he first spots a wary gobbler over the sights of his rifle. Try as you will, the bead will waver, your trigger finger will fumble, your pounding heart will jerk the barrel out of line. Even as you fire, you know what has happened. There is a furious scrambling in the leaves, a flap-flap-flap of enormous wings, and then slowly—so infinitely slowly that it seems that you could still grab it with your hand—the big gobbler rises into the air, his massive wings beating to lift him higher and higher, his record beard dangling, his magnificent bronze plumage glinting in the sun. A final crash of a branch, the dwindling thud of wings against air, and he is gone. The last echoes of your rifle die away. The woods are still.

Or almost still. There is another sound—a faint rustle in the myrtle thicket behind you, a grunt of resignation as Jeff emerges with his call and clambers to his feet. Solemnly he reaches in his hip pocket and takes out an enormous jackknife. There is an ominous click as he flips open the blade. Without a word he steps behind you, pulls out your shirttail, and draws it taut, ready to perform the time-honored ritual that is the penalty for missing a turkey gobbler.

"Next time you go turkey-hunting," says Jeff sadly, as his knife descends, "you better get a shirttail with a zipper."

Any Week

Continued from page 4

ALMOST immediately after we got knifed into this war, we began to receive requests from parents, wives, sisters and sweethearts to locate missing men and boys. Here's one from the wife of John Turnmabine of Canton, Ohio. Mrs. Turnmabine suspects that John has enlisted in something and has been much too busy to advise her. We have advised her against writing to the President, reminding her that Mr. Roosevelt is an exceedingly busy man these days. "The Army can have him and welcome," writes Mrs. Turnmabine, "but he took the keys to the car with him and as they won't be no use to him and I ain't got no way to get around I want them keys right away." The parents of Mr. Laddie Downey of Helena, Montana, ask us to advise him as follows: "The man from the draft was here. We told him you couldn't wait. Hope this is true as he means business." That gives you an idea. We can't go on like this, of course, and haven't much hope that any of these guys are going to pay much attention to what we say. But to men like Mr. Joe J. Nipp of Kalamazoo, Mich., who, according to his father, reads ev-

ery word of this magazine and "will do anything you ask him," we issue a command: "Write to your old man, Nipp. He's just been pinched for starting a fight when somebody said you had run away to dodge service, not to enlist."

INDIVIDUALLY and collectively we'll probably be financially somewhat busted when this is over. But we'll still be free. And that will give Mr. Eddie Friday of Lincoln, Nebraska, his chance to run for Congress. We've known Mr. Friday for some years. We cannot remember when he hasn't been threatening to run for Congress. This time, he assures us, he means it. "Many thousands of people are urging me to run right away," writes Mr. Friday, "but I tell them that this is no time for a revolutionary man like me to go to Congress on a platform that will be so revolutionary that Congress won't be able to keep its mind on the problems of the hour. So don't worry about the future. Eddie Friday has the answer."

UNTIL then, remember Wake. . . .
W. D.

The Strength of Vladivostok

Continued from page 16

checked up on soldiers and sailors; army cars climbed over the hilly pavement, and audiences packed movie theaters that showed martial films. The heroes of the most popular movie were Minin and Posharsky—the peasant and the landowner who drove the Poles from sacred Moscow. Landowners and peasant received impartial applause. Much of the film contains battle scenes of a crude type, like American Westerns, and as the Poles fled, the audience roared with glee. Czar Feodor, the "Self-Ruler," also aroused a great deal of sympathy, and again fighting brought the climax.

But the greatest enthusiasm was about a naïve, sugary picture of the first Finnish War, featuring kind female auxiliaries and heroic exploits. One man on a tractor drove hundreds of surrendering Finns toward the Russian lines. The enemy ran and ran, and the Vladivostok audience went mad.

"But you think the war is an imperialist affair—you are not interested in news from the front. If you're so peaceful and the war is no business of yours, why do you get so excited about these movies?"

"No business of ours?" The intelligent-looking young Russian I had asked flared up. "We are in a war! In a war so great and glorious it makes yours look pale and weak!"

I asked what war this was.

My ignorance mollified him. "Chang-kufeng—that was a battle! The Japanese wanted to surprise us there. But we surprised them. Our heroic Red army destroyed them, annihilated them, scattered them to the four winds. They found out how strong we are! The Japanese are our enemy—declared or no. Now we are letting them crack their heads on the Chinese Wall. But one day we will haul off and chase them back to their islands, go after them, liquidate their militarist rulers and raise the flag with the hammer and sickle! That is our war!"

Russia knows no quick reaction; and East Asia, even though electrified and tractor-driving, counts time unlike the rest of the world. Nations there exist for thousands of years. With Oriental patience, conquerors and defenders wait for the favorable moment.

Grimly, the Soviet Union watched the Japanese advance on the mainland, and the frightening passivity of the great powers. At the same time, however, it armed and strengthened its positions. Vladivostok is the symbol of its efforts—not the poor town sliding off the hill-sides, but the huge military power it really contains.

The Things You Don't See

We were walking along the hills. They are treeless—yellow loam and clay; on the tops are trigonometric signs. They have no names. They are numbers, listed in the firing tables of the fortress troops. Between them run many narrow, strangely firm roads; seemingly dead-end roads. But the dead-ends are hidden cave entrances, and the caves hold weapons.

The gray spot that my companion mistook for a boulder—very rare there—proved oddly smooth. It was steel, not rock, a loam-camouflaged steel dome. Its broad slot, closed today, will bare a giant cannon when the Japanese arrive.

The hills hide guns up to sixteen inches in caliber; mighty, terraced coastal batteries. Hill after hill is hollowed out and inhabited, by some of the

250,000 who do not live in the town. They live with their guns and with their ammunition, of which enough is stored there for a siege of years.

The gun emplacements are technical marvels. Every battery has its group of targets. No stretch of water in the coves, no narrow passage between the islets, no land approach was overlooked. Any attacker will have to move across one of the world's biggest target ranges, where every spot has its exact place in the defensive plans.

The targets, too, are numbered. Number 42—that is the idyllic channel passed at the moment by a Soviet motor torpedo boat. Hostile craft are about to enter the channel? Number 42! Which means every gun on whose lists the number appears will fire several times in a certain direction—and every shell will hit the target. Vladivostok is often blanketed by fog, but this will not shield the attacker either. Listening posts will detect him. Target 42 will be hit.

Protection by Land

Not far to the southwest lies the border of the Manchurian-Korean corridor. There, strong Japanese forces stand ready to attack by land. They, too, will run into the fire curtain of the great batteries, while immense fields of land mines—still partly without switches last June—will blow up their armored vehicles. Far to the north extends a dense net of fortifications guarding Vladivostok in case of an enemy breakthrough in the direction of Voroshilov. There, too, are mine fields.

Still other and far more menacing fields lie within the giant fortress which is technically stronger than Leningrad or Sevastopol. They are the Russians' subterranean hangers—the pistol aimed at the heart of the island empire. Not long ago the Soviet air force seemed at best a defensive weapon. Now, since long-range bombers have begun to fly thousands of miles, it is the strongest offensive threat to the principal Japanese islands.

Tokyo, Yokohama and Osaka are barely 700 miles distant from Vladivostok. Somewhat farther away lies Kobe; somewhat nearer, Tsuruga. Bombers operating against these cities would not have to be overloaded with heavy high-explosive bombs. Incendiaries would permit the carrying of larger fuel loads, and would be far more effective on a target built mainly of highly inflammable materials. The Japanese know that a few squadrons could lay their greatest cities in ashes in one night. And the Russians, in turn, have worked unceasingly to make their airdromes as safe as possible from the fully expected Japanese lightning assault.

For years the threatening conflict in this region was a war of construction. The Russians built underground air bases, ammunition depots and supply centers; the Japanese, in a furious effort, constructed new airdromes as close to the border as possible. Raishin and the naval aviation base at Posseit are known. The Russians say there are at least two other bases in this area—and they know the sites.

This war in the Far East will start with the most desperate and exciting race of all time. Swarms of Japanese bombers will try to destroy the Russian bases and planes. Groups of Russian bombers will try to get out, over the Sea of Japan, to blast the enemy cities before Japanese fighters bar their way. They know that the sons of Nippon will not spare their lives, that no fighter pilot



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will hesitate to down a bomber by ramming it with his own plane.

The Russians will have no easy task. Japanese listening devices near the border very probably will pick up the take-off of any Russian squadron. Pursuits will rise immediately to the attack. At certain times each year the Russians hold a trump card against them—especially in the spring, when the thick fog over Vladivostok will screen the bombers from their first enemies until they are far out to sea. If they get away, the Japanese will flash word to the islands, warning them of the approaching deadly menace. The Russian squadron will be met by hundreds of interceptors, and since at this distance they cannot be escorted by their own fighter planes, losses will be heavy.

Japanese air action against the subterranean Russian bases could be effective only if a Russian squadron were caught while taking off. But there is no fifth column in Russia; nobody will signal the Russian plans to the Japanese. More promising could be raids on the unprotected airdromes, which probably still house part of the Soviet pursuit planes. But on the other hand, all Japanese airdromes are unprotected, and the Russians will not delay in attacking those. The fortress itself is fairly safe from aerial assault. The hills are bombproof. The town would probably be destroyed, but not a tear will be shed over it in Russia. And triumphant Japanese reports about the damage done would be received with cool smiles.

Nevertheless, there are strong anti-aircraft defenses covering the entire area—fortress and harbor. Between the hills small spaces are leveled; they look like tennis courts, lacking only nets and lines. Actually, other things are lacking—the anti-aircraft guns and howitzers which will move into position with the outbreak of hostilities. At present, the artillery is in safekeeping. Excellent modern three-inch guns—also to be used as field guns with a range of more than eight miles—are ready. And the howitzers, whose high-trajectory fire is effective at the narrowest angle, will deal heavy blows to an enemy who might have penetrated into the harbor zone.

Vladivostok harbor is an intricate system of inlets and small islands. In the glens on these islands are emplacements of automatic anti-aircraft guns and heavier models, organized in barrage groups. In the battle of Moscow the Russian anti-aircraft barrage proved itself the best in the world; no matter how close the Germans were to the city, they could not destroy it. Neither London nor Berlin has this kind of anti-aircraft protection; and Vladivostok's is fully as good as Moscow's.

The Russians Aren't Talking

Russian statistical figures about guns, planes, ships and soldiers are either inaccurate or useless in their given form. The Soviets have a veritable passion for percentages: "In 1939, we had 7,000 per cent more antitank guns than in 1930." But the 1930 figure is missing, and with it the basis of reckoning. Always suspicious of strangers, the Soviet rulers did not give even Allied observers a chance to learn the facts about Russian warfare. They accepted material aid with thanks, but refused to let their Allies' experts operate the weapons supplied. Still, in Vladivostok it was possible to make rather detailed observations attesting the strength of the fortress.

The number of bombers is limited by the size of the underground airdromes. Therein also lies the answer to the question of whether Vladivostok could be used as an Allied base against Japan

—provided Russia, abandoning its past policy, were to permit it. To place large numbers of planes in open country, next door to the Japanese bases, would be to invite their destruction. Nor could the fuel stores, adequate for an extended war with the present force of planes, keep larger squadrons flying for any length of time. To bring additional fuel supplies to Vladivostok is today impossible—the Trans-Siberian Railroad, at many points exposed to Japanese attack, cannot transport it, and the sea routes are out.

The heavy bombers now stationed in Vladivostok should not number much more than 150. They are modern, long-range planes—better, perhaps, than those which repeatedly raided Berlin. The aircraft-carrier Vladivostok is fully occupied. Of course, if war comes and the Russians begin to lose bombers, they will certainly be glad to accept replacements from the United States—perhaps also make the Kamchatka Peninsula available as a relay station to shorten the flying distance.

The pursuit planes in Vladivostok—as good as those on the Western front—number several hundred. To replace losses among them would be rather difficult. Their ranges are short; they would have to be transported from western Siberia, flying from field to field.

The number of fortress guns goes into the thousands, including many of the heaviest caliber. Of field guns there are relatively few. The troops in and about Vladivostok are not intended to operate far beyond the fortress area; the attack, on Manchukuo and Korea, is the task of other forces, stationed farther to the northeast. Neither does the material include many tanks. While the army from Krasnoyarsk to Voroshilov bristles with armored vehicles, the detachments in Vladivostok have, practically only antitank guns.

The naval situation, finally, is fairly clear. The entire Russian Far Eastern fleet is concentrated around Vladivostok; the bases at the mouth of the Amur and in Kamchatka have no actual naval importance. Rows of destroyers are berthed in the narrow inlets—mostly medium-sized craft of about 1,000-tons, relatively lightly armored and gunned and exceedingly fast. They resemble the Italian Monfalcone-made class of

1936. Only a few older models are among them.

There are no large warships. The few light cruisers are about forty years old; if they have been reconditioned, as the Red Navy manuals claim, it cannot be noticed with the naked eye. They are mere floating batteries, useful at best within the harbor zone, and will provide welcome targets for Japanese bombardiers. These museum pieces will receive the doubtful support of some auxiliary cruisers, freighters with gray paint and a weak armament of four-inch cannons. The numerous speedboats make a better impression; their torpedoes could make an attempt of the Japanese fleet to approach within shell-range extremely costly.

The navy's most important arm is the submarine. More than one hundred of them are stationed in the Far East.

The Russian naval administration has made a virtue of necessity. Unable to build a fleet which could challenge Japan's, it prepared to use German methods of naval warfare in Asiatic waters. Today, with huge Japanese armies fighting on the mainland and depending on supplies from home, these methods should be very effective. Not a few of the Russian subs, to be sure, are obsolete. Their cruising range does not far exceed the distance to the near-by Korean Coast, far from the main Japanese bases. But about thirty ships of from 1,200 to 1,500 tons—not much smaller than the French underwater cruisers, of modern construction and excellently armed—would be perfectly able to operate in Malayan waters and execute sustained attacks on enemy shipping there.

No Base for Allied Fleets

For Allied submarines, coming from southern waters, Vladivostok could become an important base. The oil stores are large and could well supply them. Docking facilities, however, are rather inadequate; on larger ships only makeshift repairs would be possible. As late as a few months ago the Russians were working feverishly to improve their harbor installations. But no matter what may have been accomplished since then, Vladivostok cannot be counted on as a base for the Allied fleets.

Nor, by the way, would it serve a



"Pssst! Wanna buy some golf balls, inner tubes, fires . . . ?"

JAY IRVING

useful purpose. From the east, access to it is barred even today—the chain of islands before it forms a mighty wall; the passages between them are all in range of Japanese coastal batteries; the only Russian territory—the northern part of Sakhalin—is a stretch without railroads, supposed to contain advance bases but indefensible in war. The Allied fleets would have to come from the south—on the course taken by Rozhenstvensky's squadron in 1905 when it was intercepted by the Japanese at Tsushima and disastrously defeated. Today, with Japanese air bases all around this narrow sea—on Formosa, Nippon and along the whole continental coast—a passage from the south while the Japanese navy and air force are intact would mean certain catastrophe.

For sea war as for air war, Vladivostok is not a base in the sense of a secure defensive center. Its naval task, too, is strictly one of attack. If its submarines were to sink enough Japanese shipments to the mainland, that entire traffic would have to be routed along the east coast of the islands. And this, in turn, would mean lengthened Japanese supply lines, additional demands on bottoms already strained to capacity, and the compression of shipping routes in a narrow area, well known to the submarines which could function there with deadly effectiveness. Moreover, Japan's food supply—insecure for years—depends largely on fishery. The best spots are situated in the northern part of the Sea of Japan—close enough to Vladivostok to allow its subs and destroyers to make the lot of a Japanese fishermen in wartime a decidedly unhappy one.

They Won't Be Starved Out

Vladivostok's own food supply does not depend on catches of fish. Although the previously considerable shipments from the Kamchatka canneries are now cut off, enough has been stored to keep its people from hunger for several years. The storage depots are also largely subterranean; only a few warehouses and grain elevators are visible, but transports of meat and flour pour into the city in a steady stream. North of Vladivostok, the grain fields of Kolkhoz farms, larger than the largest Texas ranches, extend for hundreds of miles. They all serve to assure the war potential of the fortress.

Marshal Blücher, the veteran of the civil war who was removed from the supreme command in the Far East, had no profound strategic knowledge, but he did fervently believe in the importance of Vladivostok, even in the days when other Russian generals were prepared to give it up temporarily and move the main defenses to the Amur. It is largely thanks to him that Vladivostok became what it is today.

His successor, Marshal Klementi Voroshilov, hero of the Soviet Union, People's Commissar and close personal friend of Stalin, is a symbol of the great importance the Russian government attaches to the East. He is a highly educated officer, careful and always ready to co-operate closely with experienced subordinates. It might conceivably happen that Voroshilov will fight the battle of Voroshilov, for that is the name of the town north of Vladivostok.

The soul of the Far Eastern army is General Stern, the greatest Soviet tactician. He was called in during the Finnish War, when the Mannerheim Line had withstood all attempts to crack it. Stern beat the Finns; but even in the worst crisis of the present war he was not called to the German front. Not for a day was the Far Eastern front to be without its indispensable man.

His greatest achievement was the subdivision of the Far Eastern army. He

always counted on the Trans-Siberian railroad being cut at some points, and so organized his troops, arms and supplies that no successful Japanese move against the railroad would impair the fighting strength of the severed Russian units. The several arms of his forces he distributed over Siberia according to the terrain. All modern planes were based on Vladivostok, ready for offensive use. The numerous older machines—approximating 3,000—were stationed at points where land action was expected. Motorized vehicles were adjusted to run on wood gas, so as to be independent of fuel supplies, in the vast forest regions. And in the Taiga, the roadless swamplands east of Chita, ten divisions of cavalry were stationed—excellently mounted and almost overequipped with automatic weapons.

Why Khabarovsk is Vital

Concentrated around the powerful fortress of Khabarovsk is the Amur flotilla—modern gunboats which are to aid in the anti-aircraft defense of the strategic Amur bridge. Destruction of the bridge would isolate the Vladivostok region for a long time. Khabarovsk, therefore, will in case of war be secured as quickly as possible against any moves by the Japanese—whose outposts now are only a few miles away. From Khabarovsk and Chita, with the start of hostilities, Russian columns will move in a huge pincer drive on Harbin; the fall of Harbin would imperil all of Manchukuo.

It is highly improbable that any important units of the Far Eastern army have gone to the Western front. The troop movements between April 24, and May 5, 1941, did not encompass more than about five divisions which constituted a sort of common reserve of the Western and Far Eastern armies. It became evident even then that the railroad is not adequate for the transport of large contingents in a short time. When I passed Lake Baikal some weeks later, troop trains which had jumped the single track could still be seen lying on their sides in the shallow waters of the lake. The Far Eastern army has its own recruiting areas—inhabited by about thirty million people, around sixty per cent of the population of Asiatic Russia—and the remainder of Siberia, from around Novosibirsk westward, belongs to the Western army. Troops from these regions may have faced the Germans before Moscow.

The Japanese are on their guard. While shipping between Vladivostok and Tsuruga was limited to three miserable freighters, and foreign travelers could hardly get visas, the personnel of the Japanese consulate in Vladivostok was constantly increased and a consular service opened even in Chita. Whenever anything "of interest" was to be seen, Japanese consular officials could be encountered.

In June, 1941, there was also still a German consul. Significantly, he lived in a house on a hill, that was next door to the Intourist Hotel and combined a good view of the outer harbor with one of the not always very pro-Nazi transients. He was known as a passionate amateur photographer and liked to take pictures of his friends against romantic backgrounds. On occasions, he was very much insulted at the friendly GPU officials, who were interested in his negatives, and who pretended not to know that the backgrounds were of military importance.

But neither the Germans nor the Japanese succeeded in hiring traitors among the natives. Vladivostok remains the gun at Japan's back, and its civilian and military inhabitants are looking forward to the time when circumstances will permit them to open fire.

Chinese Life Line

Continued from page 12

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to see none of this city. The Chinese copilot of the big, camouflaged DC-3 Chinese National Airways plane comes back into the cabin about ten minutes out of Kunming and pulls the window curtains. This is the only city in China where you are supposed to be blacked out while landing. I say "supposed" because every Chinese passenger aboard the plane peeps from behind the curtains. So you promptly decide, when in China do as the Chinese...

What you are not supposed to see, yet what nearly everyone—particularly the Japanese—knows, is that the tracks of the Yunnan-Burma Railway already spur some 50 kilometers out of the city, and that new tracks extend in another direction. There are several landing fields, all military. If you know where to look you can spot arsenals, refugee cotton mills packed in by coolies from the coast, power plants and new warehouses to hold the incoming tonnage of war supplies rolling in over the Burma Road—and, unfortunately, being dead-ended here.

The Secret That Isn't

I saw long lines of dull green camouflaged motor trucks dotting the entry roads before the city gates like endless chains of ants. Some of these trucks were ten days out of Lashio, the sprawling, disorganized Burmese terminus of the Burma Road, 713 miles to the south. Other trucks headed out of Kunming were loaded with tin, tung oil, wolfram and bristles for Lashio, Rangoon and America.

So secret is the plane's arrival supposed to be that the ship is always taxied into a high, fenced-in courtyard. The gates are swung shut. Then you are permitted to alight. Although you can hear military planes warming up and taking off just beyond the fence you can't see them—until they get into the air. Then their types and military markings—white 12-point star on a blue background—are unmistakable.

The last time I arrived, the air corps was in the midst of a double air exercise... dropping paratroops, like white balloons being pushed through a small hole in the blue ceiling; and practicing defense against such landings. Swift Russian-built pursuit planes skimmed along beneath the paratroops, machine-gunning them—with blanks of course.

It was a heartening maneuver. Obviously it was staged for several officials of the Yunnan-Burma Railroad commission and Burma Road authorities who had just arrived on the same plane. This is the type of defense prepared for expected Japanese attacks on the Burma Road and the railroad camps.

Kunming itself, when Marco Polo passed through and up until a bit over a year ago, was a picturesque, slowly growing caravan center of 50,000 to 100,000 population. But in the last months—since the Burma Road has been more efficiently managed—the population has leaped to 300,000. Since work on the railroad has begun the importing of coolie workers and the increasing number of caravan trains from the outlying country has boomed the population. These caravans bring in provincial resources to feed the trucks returning to Lashio and Rangoon and to carry war supplies back to interior China's fronts. Kunming has become a teeming, rough and tumble community. Hollywood would picture it as a frontier town.

The sidewalks are dirt—mud. The streets are paved with giant cobble-

stones. Everyone is in the streets—pack trains of ponies and even cows carrying incredible loads and wearing jangling little bells; honking Burma Road trucks, scarred and mud-spattered; an ever-increasing number of ricksha boys bouncing their riders across the cobblestones, each shouting in his own inimitable way, "Ho-ho-ho" (in other words, "Get out of my way"); and occasionally the few long, shiny cars belonging to the officials blast everyone out of their way as they careen down the narrow streets.

This is a railroad and highway town. It has everything that goes with such a community. Hollywood's moguls could never do it justice—yet what a movie could be made around the building of the railroad out of this city! Down its high-fenced, filthy streets, its rat-infested hostels, and so-called hotels, behind the maroon-stained shutters of its mud-walled houses, Kunming is wide open.

Anything goes here. Intrigue, conspiracy, killings, military trials and executions, and a money intake from lenders, speculators and traders that makes your head spin even at the "black market" rate of \$30 Chinese to one U.S. dollar.

Prices are sky-high. Cigarettes cost \$5 U.S. a tin; coffee \$3 U.S. a tin; gasoline \$3.75 U.S. a gallon for government officials, \$6.25 for the public; a small can of milk \$1 U.S.; butter is unheard of; and whisky can go as high as \$50 U.S. a bottle.

On the side of law and order you have the gendarmerie working directly under the control of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. You have members of the United States Military Mission to China and the British Military and Financial Mission to China attempting to understand and cope with an Oriental system that makes an ordinary Chinese puzzle a child's game.

America Defends The Road

You have more than occasional bombings when you run with thousands of scared Chinese—women, children, oldsters who can scarcely hobble—to the rice paddies outside the city walls. There are no air-raid shelters. You just huddle beneath trees or lie flat in the open, praying the spray of low-flying Jap machine-gun bullets doesn't get you, as it has the man over by the tree or the child in its mother's arms a few yards away.

For something bright and shining out of all the squalor and unpleasantness you have the knights of the air—the American volunteer airmen of the International Squadron who have come to defend the Burma Road from air attack and to throw a protecting wing across the many construction camps of the new, desperately needed Yunnan-Burma Railroad.

This road, the Chinese tell you, will be a deciding factor in defeating the Japanese. And later, after the peace, the Yunnan-Burma Railroad will open up new resources for the outside world and create new markets for Western trade inside China.

There's no doubt that the railroad is a necessity. Anyone agrees who has seen the Burma Road, which runs in a V—for Victory, you're told—to the north over gorges and across precipitous heights, and until recently has been criminally operated for personal gain. Anyone who has watched this road function can attest that another faucet to the pipe line of war supply to China is

a crying need. There is a grim determination on the part of the Chinese, and now the Americans, to finish the railroad, or else.

A railroad from Burma to Kunming was first recommended as long ago as 1831 by a British Captain Sprye. But the British didn't live up to his name. The first section of this road—the Rangoon-Mandalay-Lashio line—wasn't completed for 71 years—not until 1902.

From Lashio on to Kunming is about the same distance as San Francisco to Los Angeles, or Boston to Washington. While the British were still considering this extension the French jumped in ahead and shot a line into Kunming from the Pacific coast side—from what was then French, and is now Japanese Indo-China. French engineers completed the road against terrific odds across more difficult terrain than is faced from Lashio to Kunming today. But it took them four years to do it, from 1901 to 1904.

Vital in War or Peace

If it takes the Americans and Chinese four years to finish the Lashio-Kunming railroad—if it takes them even two years—the more than \$15,000,000 (U.S. alone) being put into rolling stock and equipment for the road under Lend and Lease may not pay off in victory for the Chinese. But speedy completion of the railway is vitally important, whether for war or peace. For war it means hundreds of thousands of tons of supplies for equipment-starved troops in the interior of China. For peace it means quicker rehabilitation of China.

Actually railroad construction, begun on Christmas Day, 1938, made little progress until September, 1941, when impetus was given by Americans arriving on the spot.

Dr. Tseng Yang-fu, director general of the new railroad, former mayor of now Japanese-occupied Canton, tells me, "The Americans have given us just the kick in the pants that we needed to get going again."

This, coming from the quiet, rotund, and spectacled Dr. Tseng, who is kept on the job by none other than Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek himself, shows that something of a transformation has taken place. The transformers are several Americans. One of these is Major John E. Ausland of the United States Army, an engineer member of the American Military Mission to China under Brigadier General John Magruder. You find the Magruder mission's finger in every Chinese rice bowl these days. They've reorganized the transport system of the Burma Road, chartered commercial airplanes for trips to troop centers; visited the Japanese-Chinese fronts.

That will give an inkling into the spark-plugging going on in China today by Americans. Thus the "kick in the pants" remark by Dr. Tseng indicates the kind of action now behind the construction of this much-needed railroad.

It will take a miracle of construction and human relations—nothing less—to finish this road on time, or anywhere near the end of 1942. I have been out along part of the route and have flown over most of the rest of it. I'm no railroad engineer. But I'm not blind.

Aside from the engineering difficulties, the tribes people believe that the route is cursed. These are the very people who must build the roadbed, stone by stone, and lay the rails by hand, if they are to be laid.

Indeed, it is the cursed railroad of China.

Why cursed?

I asked the same question. And I was told to come and see for myself, although the Chinese are loath to talk of their problems, or show what is being done, partly because no one's too proud of what has been accomplished so far and partly because too much publicity means added Japanese bombings. But now that the Chinese believe they have the answer to the curse, they told me the story and showed me the railroad, as the first reporter to come for the answer to the question: "Why no railroad after several starts?"

Not far out of Burmese Lashio along the sometimes hard and more often rutty Burma Road, you take a fork onto an even more rutted road. It's along here that the new railroad will continue from the present terminus at Lashio. Today there's a bumpy trail over which trucks can pass—a trail that jounces and squirms some 100 miles up a green valley and across the Burma-China border. The Chinese built this truck road through British Lashio to the border. They had to. The British wouldn't lift a finger until the Chinese had at least one half of the railroad finished. Actually the British didn't believe the railroad people meant business. On top of this the Burmese have been opposed to the railroad because they fear an influx of Chinese and because they don't believe the railroad will be of any value after the war boom is over.

Thus, when the Chinese recognized this state of mind, they got permission to cut a truck road to the border in order to get their railroad material from Lashio into China. Otherwise they would have been forced to truck rails and all 713 miles up the none too efficient Burma Road and return it by coolie-back and pony caravan down from Kunming along the more direct rail route.

It's from the Burma-Chinese border along a nearly straight line halfway or more to Kunming, a distance of 200 miles, that the road is cursed.

A Rough and Ready People

You seldom see tribes people. They just aren't here in the valleys. They remain high on the hills—away from the curse. This is wild and little-known country. It's rough and rugged, and spectacular to fly over. The hills are green, the valleys chartreuse-brown, the rivers light brown, tumultuous torrents.

This is the country where the weapons of the none too friendly tribes people are the long sword, the strong crossbow and an occasional flintlock rifle. Money is almost unknown. Opium, buffalo, or produce serve the purpose. The deep valleys and barren hills contain their share of panthers, tigers, leopards, and even barrel-chested wolves.

This is the country through which the railroad must go. There's no other way. In fact, the Burma Road should have come this way had it not been near completion along the other route when the war hit China.

The tribes—some headhunters—occasionally migrate across the borders. They are fierce fighters when molested. Some are recruited for troops by the Burmese. Some fight for the Chinese. These know the value of money. This is western Yunnan province, the unexplored, where the Lolo, Miao, Lashan and immovable Shan hill tribes live a primitive, superstitious existence.

These tribes live in the heights, mostly well over 4,000 feet, to escape the mysterious curse—a touch of which means death if they move to the more fertile, lush valleys below.

To see and listen to a tribesman in

his black-and-red robe and curiously wrapped headdress explain to your interpreter the meaning of the curse—to see his eyes roll, to catch the tone of real fear in his voice and to understand without interpretation his definite refusal even to pass through the cursed region—is to realize the problem that faces Dr. Tseng Yang-fu, Major Ausland and the construction gangs.

They must have between 250,000 and 500,000 workers to build this road. Most of these people must come out of the hills down into the valleys to lay the roadbed and spike the rails. There are no steam shovels, tractors or bulldozers; no pressure drills or other mechanical aids. This railroad bed will be blazed through jungle, up mountain sides and pushed across rivers—all by hand. Children will break small stones cracked from larger ones by their mothers. Coolie baskets slung across shoulders on bamboo poles will remove tons of dirt. Small wooden scoops and hand shovels will grade the roadbed.

The Curse of the Railroad

Yet today there aren't 50,000 people working along the entire 530 miles—and most of these are coolie women who, with a few thousand men, have been imported from the other provinces on the promise of larger pay and more food. Perhaps they'll get \$3.50 to \$5 (U.S.) a month. These are good wages here. Part of that will be in rice. Despite the good wages and assurance of full rice bowls the curse keeps workers away. Yet the war continues. China must have this railroad—an extra funnel through which to pour war supplies into central China.

The curse dreaded even by the Westerners is a tiny black mosquito; *Anopheles Minimus* by name. It is the poisonous carrier of malignant malaria. It wipes out entire villages with a blitz that makes Hitler's mechanized panzer divisions and dive bombers look like amateurs. The Minimus usually rests in dark corners by day and drones out to deliver its death sting at night. One thing can be said for it: Minimus is the deterrent that so far has kept the Japanese legions from plunging through Yunnan from Indo-China in an attempt to cut off the Burma Road.

The tribes people have learned to stay away from the green valleys. There are villages along the railroad's projected route where in the period of a week 80 per cent of the population has suddenly died. The remaining 20 per cent climbed into the hills. Yet the altitude didn't save them. The curse, malignant malaria, got them. These grass, mud and mat villages still contain the bones of those who didn't get away. No one returned to salvage anything. Even the plundering hill tribes won't foray into the valleys to pick the villages clean.

There's only one answer. An obvious one. Remove the malarial mosquito. But that's easier said than done. It must be removed quickly. The workers must be fully protected from its deadly sting, and what is more important, the hills people must have this proved to their full satisfaction. If it isn't, the road can never be properly serviced even if finished by outside labor at an appalling loss of life. For the track will run along valley bottoms and along sliding banks of roaring, swiftly rising and falling rivers, and constant repair work is essential.

Since the United States offered to provide the supplies for the railroad under Lend-Lease as well as the rolling stock and rails, the United States also has offered to provide the wise man that makes magic; the man who will remove the curse.

That's a big order to fall on the

shoulders of a young man. But the full responsibility of whether or not the Yunnan-Burma Railroad keeps enough workers alive to finish the stretch through the cursed valleys now rests on a blond medico, a ball of fire whose home is—"was," he corrects you—Cincinnati, Ohio. Dr. Victor Haas is loaned to China by the United States Public Health Service for the duration as Chief of Medical Mission to the Yunnan-Burma Railroad.

"That title's much too long," he says. "I'm just a bug doctor, and frankly, if I don't lick these mosquitoes there'll be no use in going home."

Handicapped in a hundred ways by circumstances he can't control, serious young Dr. Haas faced a job reminiscent of the malaria-control problem of the Panama Canal. Only this time Dr. Haas is tossed into the middle of the mosquitoes after the railroad construction has already begun. He must make his preparations, establish his mosquito control, and protect the 250,000 to 500,000 coolie laborers simultaneously.

Dr. Haas wasted no time after he arrived in Kunming in October. He knows plague. He knows malaria and he has had wide experience with public-health problems.

"It shouldn't be too different out here in the woods," he said, "from some of our jobs in western or southern United States."

If he gets away with it he will be a miracle man—the man the tribesmen say must come from afar to drive the curse away.

"If I don't get away with it," to use his own words, "I'm a mug. I'm like the quarterback who calls for a pass behind his own goal line and gets it intercepted. But the time is short here. The war won't wait. We've got to move fast."

China has supplied fifteen of its most capable sanitary engineers, plague experts and doctors. The United States has contributed sixteen top men in the same field. It is a joint effort. The United States told T. V. Soong, China's financial wizard in Washington, and brother of Madam Chiang Kai-shek, that malaria had to be whipped before the road could be built and before the U.S.A. would send Lend-Lease material.

"Okay," said T. V. with his customary directness. "What do you want?"

"We'll split the cost of the doctors, and some of the medical supplies," he was told. "We'll send \$500,000 (U.S.) in medical supplies out of Lend-Lease funds. China must provide all the physical labor to aid the medical people."

"It's a deal," replied T. V.

Something New in China

I've seen the deal in action. China, contrary to much criticism about its dilatory methods, has acted swiftly in this case. As soon as the U.S.A. put up \$144,000 (U.S.) China put up an equivalent amount, with more to come as needed. China provided its fifteen doctors and sanitary engineers—all men of high standing in the medical world.

Two hundred subordinate Chinese medicos are on call. Five hundred coolies are at hand to help these doctors. And 5,000 coolies are already at work digging drains, putting up delousing shacks, stringing wire mesh—it has to be smaller for Minimus—and building camps and barracks for the workers.

Since the road is not being built according to traditional railroad technique, Dr. Haas' job is that much harder. Instead of establishing two advance camps, one at each end of the line and moving in toward each other, the Chinese decided to construct small sections all along the route.

That means many malaria camps through the cursed valleys. There will

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A STOMACH
LIKE AN
OSTRICH!



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is only human!

Too much to eat and
drink...hastily gulped
meals...can make
even an "ostrich stom-
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be more medical and engineering work connected with building these 500 miles of railroad than with an equivalent 500 anywhere else in the world, the engineers tell me.

Dr. Haas has asked for barracks with double doors and a coolie at each door to see to it that every workman closes the door behind him and brings in no mosquitoes. The barracks are to be collapsible so that they can be moved along as the road sections progress.

One of the biggest problems is that of bringing in enough antimosquito toxin. It must come from America and be shipped up from the already overcrowded piers and warehouses in Rangoon.

Rangoon is a madhouse these days with enough—but always the wrong—bills of lading to paper the entire dome of the Capitol in Washington. And although Lend-Lease supplies should be eased through without fuss, the British, and if not the British, the Burmese, can always find some technicality.

One night here in Kunming, Dr. Haas, two members of the Magruder Military Mission, an aviator and I were sitting in the ornate, cold and clammy lobby of the Hotel de Commerce. We might have been in the French provinces. You get the French influence here due to the early construction of the now dismantled French Hanoi-Kunming railway.

The Doctor Gets Results

Dr. Haas was on his subject—mosquitoes. The Magruder Mission people were ribbing the doctor. They had just pulled off a transportation reorganization scheme for the trucking system along the Burma Road and were feeling pretty chesty. But Dr. Haas was on his toes.

"Look here," he said. "You say you've just evolved a servicing and transport system where your trucks along the road will last for at least twelve round-trips instead of five?" (Burma Road drivers never bother about oil changes, brakes, tightening body bolts, or truck overhaul. They just drive until the car falls apart or over a cliff.)

"Yeah. We think we've got a pretty good system now," one of the Magruder Mission men shot back. "Your railroad won't be able to keep up with the tonnage we can put across." He estimated 120,000 tons per month running day and night. The railroad estimates to carry at least 150,000 tons.

"Well, if you've got such a good system," Dr. Haas said, "tell me what you're going to do with the old oil that you are allegedly going to drain from the crankcases of these trucks?"

No answer. Before another five minutes the doctor had a promise of all the old lubricating oil from one of the men, and a promise of oil drums in which to carry the oil from the other. He'll use this oil to spread over mosquito breeding areas.

Another instance of Dr. Haas' ingenuity came during the same evening when we were kidding him about getting enough insecticide to cover 250,000 to 500,000 coolies along a 500-mile route.

"In Panama," someone said, "they used blow torches in the corners every night to burn out the mosquitoes."

"Why don't you get some of that vile-smelling citronella and spray it from a plane?" I asked.

In less than fifteen minutes Dr. Haas had formulated a plan with the aviators for Chinese army planes to spray—not citronella, but Paris green or another antimosquito dust over the camps like crop dusting in America.

To get the road under construction along the route through the cursed valleys it may be necessary to bring in some

guinea pigs in the persons of coolies or workers other than Chinese.

If the British wished to co-operate to the hilt they could agree to the transport of several thousand British Indians into the region. These Indians would stand an excellent chance of survival under Dr. Haas' supervision. Once the Indians came through satisfactorily for a month or two, tribes people would begin to filter down to the valleys to see for themselves if the rumor were true—that the white man made magic that drove the curse away.

"If we can lick the curse before spring," both Dr. Haas and Major Ausland tell me, "we'll be on our way to getting the road finished closer to schedule than it looks now." That means the spring of 1943.

But there's another deadly objection

General Chiang Kai-shek told me in a recent interview up in bomb-leveled Chungking that whether or not the Burma Road was cut, and whether or not the rail line was halted, China "can go on fighting the war for at least a year and perhaps longer."

How? More tonnage of war supplies and equipment is being smuggled in through the Japanese lines from the China coast each month than comes over the Burma Road.

Today, of course, innumerable Japanese officers and soldiers are getting rich from the squeeze. But China today is getting close to a total of 70,000 tons of supplies each month from the outside via the squeeze and Burma Road.

General Chiang has made this Yunnan-Burma Railroad his pet project. He had ordered it completed within

to southeast Asia must be recognized.

With the railhead at Kunming for both the Yunnan-Burma line and the restored Hanoi-Kunming Railroad, the quick route across southeast Asia will be complete. From Rangoon to Haiphong—from the Indian to the Pacific Ocean in five days or less—with freight; that's transport progress.

And before peace, it is self-evident what it will mean to put 100,000 to 150,000 tons of war material over the railroad at 1½ cents (U.S.) per ton kilo, as compared to 17 cents (U.S.) per ton kilo across the Burma Road.

At first the Chinese worried about fuel with which to operate the trains, but enterprising geological prospectors found sufficient coal deposits not far from the railroad.

As to the creation of peacetime markets for Western articles, the whole Sino-Japanese war has started the demand. When the peace comes, with a progressive Chinese government remembering final—if not earlier—American-British support, the South China population of over 150,000,000 will provide sufficient market for innumerable Western goods. And the Yunnan-Burma rail line will not only pay for itself, but pay back Uncle Sam's Lend-Lease debt; give Burma and the British transit remuneration; and insure Rangoon's position as a No. 1 Far East port.

Nobody's Worried

As you watch the construction of this railroad move along, surmounting one difficulty after another, you can't help but compare it with the whole of China.

It is symbolic. The death, the plagues, the dirt and squalor, the unimportance of life itself on the one hand; and on the other, the stolid determination, the will to succeed, to win, combined with the humor, the lusty laughter, the philosophy of "Take what comes today and hope tomorrow's no worse." This is China!

This is what should ease the anxiety of Dr. Haas, Major Ausland, General Magruder and the other foreigners. Dr. Tseng Yang-fu isn't worried. And he's directly responsible to the generalissimo for completion of the railroad. He can't pass the buck to Haas or Ausland.

It's his railroad; yet he says: "We will build the railroad. Of that there is no doubt. If we can do it quickly so much the better. If we can do it without loss of many lives it pleases us more. If the road is completed in time to help China win the war, our first duty is accomplished."

"If we are unable to fulfill this request of the generalissimo, then it will be because China has been successful against the aggressor before much more time has passed."

"Of the road's peacetime value to China I could say much. Of its value to America and Britain for the future development of trade, the creation of such a railhead in so rich a region must speak for itself. It will augment the Burma Road. It will make available from China some of the jewels, spices, silks, rich minerals, silver and jade that have been trickling out by caravan since Marco Polo traveled over nearly the same route."

So here is Uncle Sam today, after some 1,500 years, taking the unknown curse off a faraway Asiatic caravan route used by the romantic Marco Polo.

When the Yunnan-Burma Railroad is completed the dramatic story will be revealed of how Haas, Tseng, Ausland and many unsung colleagues, including more than 250,000 coolies, surmounted discouraging odds to finish one of the world's last frontier railroads; a railroad designed to beat aggression; a railroad constructed to bring a better peacetime life to southeast Asia.



"Yes, madam, the ten-per-cent luxury tax even applies to skunk"

BARBARA SHERMAN

to the railroad. It's from the air as well—Japanese . . . Japanese bombs and machine-gunning aircraft. Jap observation planes have photographed the construction of the railroad from the beginning. There's nothing plainer from the air than a brown dirt or rock blaze across the green of a mountainside. Kunming, the terminus of the railroad, is under intermittent bombing and the threat of constant bombing.

Since the Chinese expect a Japanese drive from Indo-China across the province of Yunnan toward the Burma Road they are creating defenses for the Yunnan-Burma Railroad. Should the Japanese accomplish what the Chinese General Staff—General Ho Ying Chin in person—tells me is impossible, and cross Yunnan, they would cut the rail construction line before they reached the Burma Road. But China has put 2,000,000 men in Yunnan Province. They are not going to give up this richest and most strategic area without a major defense.

They know Kunming is the terminus of the Burma Road and at present the only sure open route to China's allies outside. The International Air Force will have to be responsible for defense against air attacks.

a year. Any sane engineer will tell you two years is more like it. But no one's very sane in China today. No one could have been completely sane and still hold out against superior armament on the ground and in the air the way the Chinese have for the past four and a half years. If the generalissimo says one year, that's good enough for them.

Today China's future looks brighter than at any time since July 1937 when the incident started. Today there are less boners being pulled. There is more drive, less squeeze; more enthusiasm and initiative, less laxity and evidence of boring from within. A "do it now" policy is gradually taking the place of the "next-generation" attitude of "Let the coolies fight the war. We'll absorb the aggressor eventually. Why worry now?"

This new vigor causes you to wonder if perhaps the railroad might be finished quicker than is possible in the pessimistic eye of the trained engineer or the skeptical guess of a newspaperman.

But whenever the Burma Railroad is finished—whether the China war has been settled by a Sino-Japanese peace, or whether America, Britain, China, Russia and the Dutch have blacked out the Rising Sun—its peacetime value

Masquerade in Miami

Continued from page 24

then asked a direct question: "What about Sunny?"

A glint of amusement showed in Wayne Hamilton's eyes. He said, "I thought she'd startle you."

"That doesn't begin to express it." Alan chose his words carefully. "I'm trying to get the setup, so I won't stub my toe."

Wayne Hamilton said, "I suppose you've figured out the relationship between Lew and Sunny?"

"Yes."

"She's attractive—and expensive. Very expensive. Lew makes it a point to go everywhere with her. You'll have to do the same thing."

"That doesn't sound unpleasant," Alan said.

"It won't be." Wayne Hamilton's eyes narrowed. "But remember one thing: When you're out with her, your name is Lew Hartley. When you get back to this house, you're Alan Douglas."

Alan's face flushed. "I don't think I needed that warning."

"Maybe not. But Sunny is volcanic."

WAYNE HAMILTON went downstairs and strolled toward the beach. There he found Dr. Sherman Greer lolling in a cabaña. He pulled up a chair, slipped on a pair of sunglasses and lighted a cigarette. He said, "I've been talking to little Rollo."

"Yes . . . ?"

"He was asking where he fitted into the Sunny setup."

Sherman Greer laughed. "The young lady has a way with her. I think she's the only thing I've ever really envied Lew Hartley."

The lawyer's glance flicked across the face of his companion. "Do you understand the legal setup in this case, Doc?"

"Not entirely."

"Let me straighten it out for you. Lew has taken care of us handsomely . . . but he doesn't trust us."

"Why should he?"

"That's a debatable point. Anyway, there are precisely four of us who know any of the truth. Chuck Williams and Sunny Ralston know about the masquerade. They also know that a very fatal accident is going to happen to our pseudo Lew Hartley. They have been told that Lew has made adequate provision for them in his will . . . which is true. But that's all they do know, Doc. They are not to know what he will look like after you finish altering his appearance. They won't know where he's going and they'll never know what name he assumes."

"In other words, he's ditching them completely."

"Yes. But they don't suspect that. And even if they did, I doubt if it would make much difference. He's leaving them a lot of money."

"And us?"

"We know the whole business. It had to be. I'm his contact with the old life. I made all the preliminary arrangements. Aside from myself, you'll be the one person in the world who will know exactly what he will look like. You could make trouble any time you wanted. So he has insured against that."

"How?"

"In his will, he has set up two trust funds. I'm the beneficiary of one, and you of the other. They run into the millions. The only way either of us could cause Lew any real trouble would be by proving that he was alive. The minute either of us did that, the trusts would cease to be . . . since they're created under his will, and a will only operates

after a man is dead. So he trusts our desire for money considerably more than he trusts our loyalty."

"He's a shrewd man," observed the doctor. "A very shrewd man. He takes with him all the money he can. He leaves the rest in such a way that we'd have to cut our own throats if we wished to cut his. The stakes are big, Wayne. They're worth the risk."

Hamilton shrugged. "The risk is a minimum," he said. "That's where our young friend, Alan, comes in. He's too honest himself to distrust anybody. And before he could begin to suspect anything . . ." Hamilton paused significantly.

"Chuck will make it look like an accident, of course."

"Naturally. And, so far as the world is concerned, Lew Hartley will be dead . . . and we'll all be happy."

"Except young Douglas."

"Yes. Except him. But he won't be here to worry about it."

Dr. Greer asked casually, "What's he doing now?"

"Just as I came out, Sunny was breezing into his room for some gin rummy."

"They get along well together?"

"Yes. . . . But Chuck Williams doesn't like it."

Greer leaned forward. "What do you mean?" he inquired.

"Don't you know?" Hamilton tapped the ash from the end of his cigarette. "Chuck has been crazy about Sunny ever since Lew acquired her. But he's the sort of lad who'd never dream of two-timing his employer. It isn't honor . . . it's simply that he doesn't think that way. I believe he even admires Lew. But he is as much in love with Sunny as he could be with any woman . . . and I don't believe he would relish the idea of her stepping over the line."

The doctor nodded. "Fits in rather neatly, doesn't it? Chuck is employed as young Douglas' executioner. But because of jealousy, he'll inject real enthusiasm into his work."

"Something like that. At least we have nothing to worry about."

AND at that moment neither Alan nor Sunny were worrying. She was sitting at his bedside, housecoat open, disclosing her pale yellow fragment of a bathing suit. Between them was a checkerboard which they used as a table for their daily session of gin rummy. He was saying, "You know, you don't have to be this nice to me."

She shrugged shapely shoulders. "You're not hard to take."

"Wait till you see . . ." He touched his bandages.

"So what? So you'll look like Lew, and that certainly couldn't be called a novelty for me." She eyed him speculatively. "You know," she said, "you weren't so bad-looking before they started carving you up."

"Thanks, lady."

"You weren't handsome, but you looked . . . well, regular. I'll remember that."

"What do you mean?"

"When you're playing up—like you got to do. You know, yelling at people in public, shoving 'em around. . . . That was always tough to swallow with Lew. It'll be easier now because I'll remember that this really ain't you at all, see?"

"You mean, he used to embarrass you?"

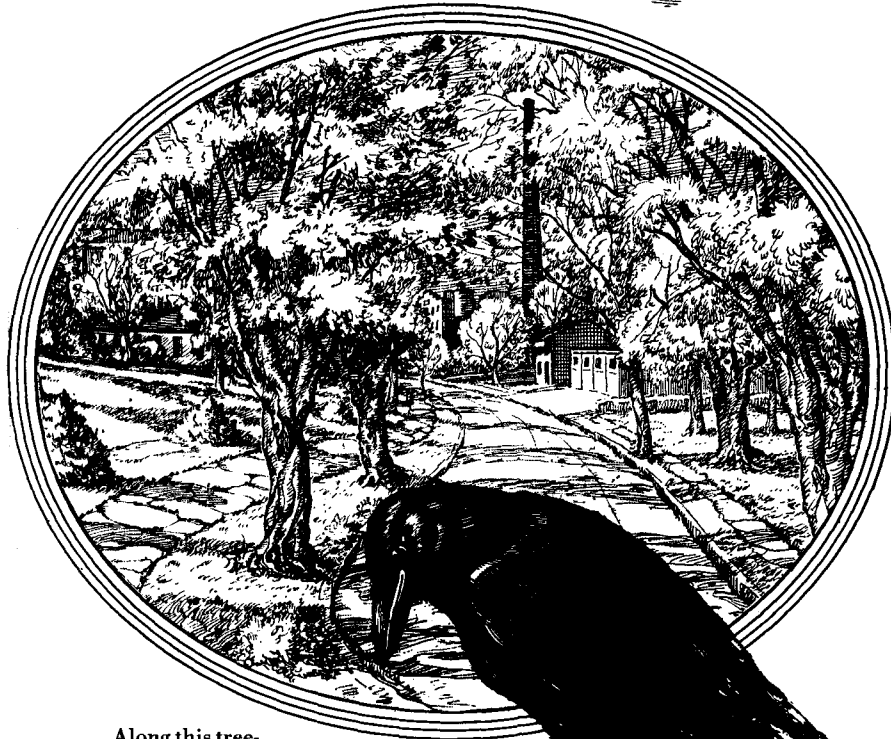
"And how. Not that I got any kicks coming. Lew always treated me swell. But even the best proposition in the world has got two sides to it."

He was frankly interested. He said,

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"Look, Sunny . . . and don't answer if you don't want to. But I'm curious."

"Most men are."

"You were on the stage, weren't you?"

A smile appeared on her lips, her eyes crinkled at the corners, and then her laugh swept through the room. "My Gawd!" she gasped. "On the stage, he says. Look, Alan—it wasn't the stage. I was a night-club showgirl. You know, one of the dames that they put shoes on one end, feathers on the other and a small sarong in between. And that's about all I ever did. I can't sing and I can't dance. Nature fixed things up somehow so I've got these and those. I had enough of 'em so I caught Lew Hartley's eye. That was three years ago. Now look at me: automobiles, sables, diamonds. . . . I ain't saying I'm all I ought to be, Alan . . . but believe me, I have a lot of fun."

"You're a darned nice girl."

Her face went dead suddenly. "Stow it!" she said harshly. "And get me straight. I'm not nice. I'm tough and I'm hard. I've got a body but no conscience. I don't ask favors, and I never dish 'em out. Down here—" she touched a spot just below her left breast, "down here I haven't got a heart. It's a ruby. And up here is a head—but it isn't soft." She got up abruptly and walked across the room. At the door she turned. "Get that straight, mister—and keep it straight. Don't ever expect me to be decent, and you won't be disappointed."

The door slammed behind her. She walked down the hall . . . and almost collided with a slim, wiry, gray-clad figure. Chuck's voice was dangerously soft. He said, "Just a minute, sister. What gives?"

Her eyes blazed hotly into his. "On your way, Chuck," she snapped. "I'm in the mood to be alone."

"You ain't been alone for the last hour."

"So what? I been playing nursemaid."

"And loving it."

Her eyes got hard, almost as hard as his. "I don't like that crack, Chuck. Not even a little bit."

"And I don't like how things been going."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning you're supposed to remember that this guy ain't really Lew Hartley."

She stared at him, then whirled and vanished into her own room. Chuck Williams stood staring after her. He was trembling. The relationship existing between this gorgeous creature and Lew Hartley was one thing. It was something he understood. But if she was falling for Alan Douglas . . .

He looked long and hard at the door of Alan's room. He reached up under his left armpit and touched the ugly little snub-nosed automatic which always rested there.

"It'll be a pleasure," he told himself softly. "A real pleasure."

DESPITE distressing war news the pre-Christmas season in New York was unusually gay.

But for Gail Foster, there was a strange emptiness. Day after day she went to her office and efficiently discharged her duties as confidential secretary to the president of an important real-estate management company; she attended the usual parties and went to her customary number of theaters and movies. She loved the magnificence of the Yuletide decorations in Rockefeller Center . . . but even there her appreciation was tinged by poignant memories.

Alan had been gone for scarcely more than two weeks, yet she missed him with an acuteness which defied analysis. By every rule, she should be happy. He had made a gallant gesture and had saved

her father from imprisonment on a trumped-up charge of embezzlement. He had—so she believed—been selected for an engineering mission which, if successful, could not fail to enlist the good will of some person who must be influential.

Yet, despite heroic effort, she could not quite shake off a premonition. In her waking hours, when her brain was functioning most clearly, she told herself sternly that she was being absurd. But during nights when sleep did not come readily, and when her mind wandered of its own volition, she found herself wondering and doubting and being more than a trifle frightened.

AND so late on the night of December 24th, she sent Alan a wireless. She addressed it to him as a passenger on the steamship Tropicana at sea somewhere off the coast of Ecuador. It was a rather crazy message but it would reach him Christmas morning and he would understand:

HAVE YOU YET DISCOVERED WHAT MADE YOU SAY THAT? AND DO YOU MISS ME AS MUCH AS I MISS YOU? THIS IS ALSO CHRISTMAS, ISN'T IT?

Having sent the wireless, Gail felt better.

But when, at lunchtime on the 26th, she had heard nothing from him, a touch of the old doubt returned. So, late that afternoon, she sent him another wireless on the ship:

IS SHE BLOND OR BRUNET, LATIN OR AMERICAN? HOW COME YOU AIN'T ANSWERED THE PLEA OF MISS LONELYHEARTS? ME AND TIME WAIT FOR NO MAN.

That night and the next day seemed interminable. She felt the faintest sense of resentment, but she cast that aside as unworthy.

But facts were facts. She had sent Alan two messages, two light, gay messages which carried the undertone of her love for him. And he had not acknowledged either.

There had to be a reason. She considered every possibility, and only one seemed logical. That one frightened her. Alan must be ill. She couldn't visualize him as being so ill that he couldn't dictate an answer to the wireless operator. Yet it was possible, and no other explanation seemed adequate. She waited most of the 28th, and then in desperation sent a wireless to the purser of the Tropicana:

HAVE SENT TWO MESSAGES TO ALAN DOUGLAS WHO IS PASSENGER YOUR SHIP. HAVE RECEIVED NO ANSWER. PLEASE WIRELESS MY EXPENSE WHETHER HE IS ILL AND IF HE RECEIVED MESSAGES.

She then gave her name and address, and waited through more long hours, each minute of which added to her bewilderment. By this time she did not know what to expect, but whatever it might have been, what she got was different. The cablegram was waiting for her when she got back to her little apartment and she ripped open the flap. It was from Callao, Peru:

YOUR TWO WIRELESSES RECEIVED BUT NOT DELIVERED. ALAN DOUGLAS LEFT THIS SHIP IN HAVANA DECEMBER ELEVENTH. GERALD GRAVES, PURSER TROPICANA.

Gail stood staring down at the message. Its import was clear, but there was no explanation. The more she thought about it, the more definitely the answer eluded her. She telephoned her father and then boarded a suburban train to his home in the little city not far from New York.

Andrew Foster was a mild, pleasant

person just two years beyond his fiftieth birthday. He had his daughter's light brown hair, although there were touches of gray. His eyes, too, were gray, and his voice had the same gentle, husky quality which made hers so attractive.

They settled themselves side by side in the living room, and Gail started. She found herself speaking more frankly to her father than she had ever done before. She told him of her foolishly sentimental Christmas wireless and of the one that followed. She told him of her worry and of the message to the purser of the ship. And then she showed him the purser's amazing answer.

Andrew Foster studied it for a moment, and then raised his quiet eyes to hers.

He said, "What do you make of it, Gail?"

She shook her head. "I seem to be thinking in circles, Dad. That's why I'm here. Obviously, Alan got off at Havana. What I can't figure is why. The simplest answer is that he was ill. But unless his condition was desperate, he'd have written me and I'd have received the letter long ago."

Andrew said, "The firm that employed him might have changed his plans. Couldn't you ask them?"

Her eyes clouded. "I haven't the faintest idea who they are. That was one of the many things Alan couldn't tell me." She traced a pattern on the rug with the toe of her shoe. "Besides, it still doesn't come out right. Even if he couldn't give me details, he would have let me know that his plans were changed."

"He might have taken a plane from Havana to Chile to save time."

She nodded. "He might. But somehow I don't believe he did."

"You have no reason . . ."

"But that's just it, Dad. I have a reason. I know Alan. He's thoughtful and considerate. He'd have told me the minute his plans changed."

ANDREW FOSTER put one hand on Gail's shoulder. He said, "Look, dear . . . you've got to get a grip on yourself. You've had a mild case of jitters ever since this thing first came up. You're letting your imagination run away with you."

She nodded. "Maybe, Dad . . . and maybe not. You know how crazy I am about Alan. You know I think he's the grandest mining engineer in the world . . . even though I'm quite sure that he isn't any better than a good first-class average. It never seemed quite credible to me that a stranger should seek him out and offer him a twenty-thousand-dollar cash advance. . . . Oh, I know I sound ungrateful and illogical and terribly weak and feminine . . . but that's the way I feel, and I can't help it."

She turned so that she faced her father. "Now, it's this," she went on swiftly. "He got off the ship in Havana almost three weeks ago. Havana is right at our back door. An air-mail letter would have reached me the next day. It isn't like Alan not to have written about a change in his plans."

"You're right," Andrew Foster was trying to be honest. "That seems to check in with the illness theory."

"It's the only thing that makes sense. He might have been just sick enough to cut his trip short. But suppose he's desperately ill in some Cuban hospital."

"We won't suppose that, dear." He hesitated a moment, and then said, "What's on your mind?"

"I'm going to get leave of absence, Dad. I know I can. I'm going to Havana . . ."

"Isn't that rather like looking for a needle in a haystack?"

"Perhaps. Perhaps I'm paying too much attention to what they call 'intuition.' Whatever it is, I can only repeat

that I've been against this thing from the beginning. Just a hunch—but a strong one. And if Alan is ill in Havana . . ."

Andrew Foster said quietly, "Would you like me to go with you?"

She shook her head.

"Thanks, Dad—but I'd rather go alone. It might be a foolish move . . . but the way I feel now, almost anything would be better than staying here and wondering what may have happened."

ON THE second day out from New York, the trim little Havana-bound liner nosed into warmer weather and calmer seas. Two young men, one short and pudgy and the other tall and incredibly thin, toured the promenade deck in the process of what they called "Looking 'em over."

The first turn of the deck brought no satisfactory results. There were girls enough, and most of them seemed not reluctant to start shipboard acquaintanceships, but these two young gentlemen were slightly more critical than the average. One of them expressed the sentiments of both: "No use getting tangled up with a dud that you can't shake loose."

Then they spotted Gail. The pudgy one whistled and said, "She's mine, Eddie. I saw her first."

She was standing by the forward rail of the boat deck staring southward as though the intensity of her gaze might lessen the distance between the ship and the island republic of Cuba. She had light brown hair and clear gray eyes, and she wore a plaid sports coat over a simple dress of brown and beige. And the thing which most interested the two young men was the fact that she was very much alone.

They advanced to the attack, showing themselves not unfamiliar with travelers' technique. They idled up to the rail and gazed ahead into the blue waters. Closer inspection substantiated the favorable first impression. The tall one who was named Eddie addressed a remark to her—a remark not particularly scintillating, but usually adequate. He said, "Swell day, isn't it?"

Gail Foster said, "Yes."

The other one tried his hand. "Stopping over in Havana or just taking the cruise?"

"I'll be there for a little while."

"So will we. Grand spot, Havana. Lotsa fun there—if you know the ropes. You traveling alone?"

"Yes."

"How's about a little drink?"

"No, thanks."

"Later, maybe?"

"Perhaps."

The young cavaliers walked away. One of them said, "Nothing stirring there. Nice gal, but no pep. Looks like she's got something on her mind."

And he was right. Gail Foster had plenty on her mind, all of it confusing. Here she was, two thirds of the way to Havana on what her common sense told her was the wildest sort of a wild-goose chase.

THE firm for which she worked had been wonderful about it. They gave her three weeks' vacation and an additional leave of absence for as long as she wanted. They asked no questions and promised that whenever she came back her job would be waiting.

That had helped, of course. But Gail knew that she'd be making this trip, no matter what the sacrifice. She had thought and thought and thought until her head was spinning. Nothing was right, nothing logical. But the chief motivating factor was an instinct—an apprehension—which persisted. And one thing she definitely knew: this was better than inaction, infinitely preferable to waiting for the postman or for the arrival

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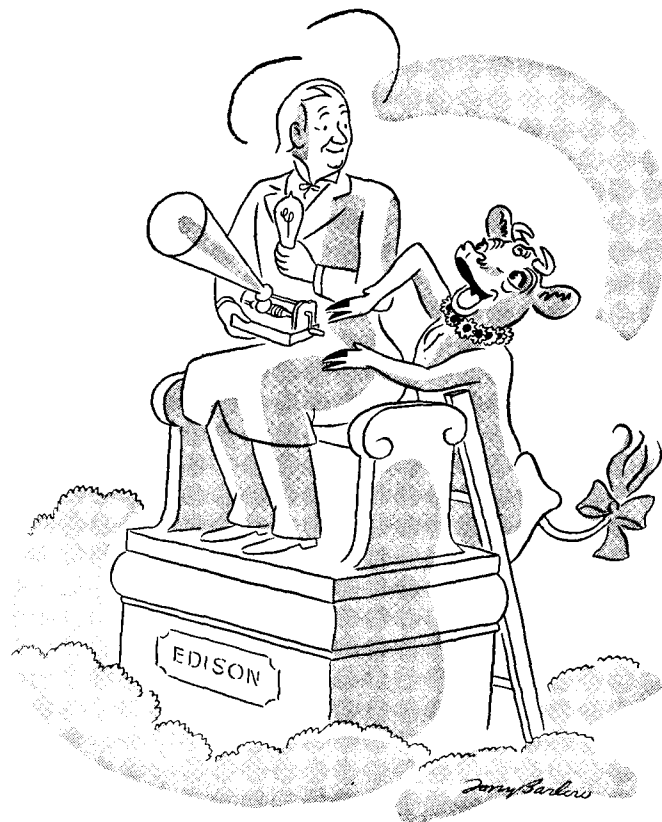
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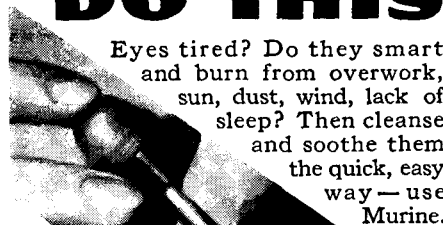
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of a uniformed messenger with a cable-gram.

She hadn't the faintest idea what she expected to find in Havana. She wouldn't have wagered that she would find anything at all. But here she was, definitely embarked on a quest that she herself admitted was not quite sensible . . . and she had no single regret.

Late that afternoon the passengers crowded the starboard rail. The ubiquitous loud-voiced gent who had been there before was gesticulating largely. "Yep," he was announcing to all and sundry—"We're now passing Miami. Swell place, Miami. Plenty goin' on. Them big buildings you see, they're mostly the hotels on the beach. Cost plenty moola, them jernts. But you oughta see the private houses . . ."

Gail didn't know why she, too, was staring. After all, she wasn't interested in Miami, but in Havana. Yet her eyes probed across the glassy water and she did not suspect that it was only distance which kept her from seeing Alan Douglas—an Alan who was free from bandages, who had achieved considerable success in growing a mustache, and who now looked not at all like Alan but very much like a certain Lewis Hartley.

AT THAT very moment, while the little ship plowed steadily southward, Sunny Ralston was walking about the grounds of the Hartley estate with Alan. She said, "You don't know how funny it makes me feel. You look enough like Lew to fool anybody. You can even talk like Lew when you try. But you're not Lew."

He smiled. "That's something for you to forget. The order is to call me Lew, and to think of me that way."

The glance she gave him was on the humid side. "Oh, yeah . . . well, maybe I do, at that."

He said, "You've been a grand nurse, Sunny."

"I had to do something to kill time. And it was a pretty good way to get acquainted." She eyed him keenly. "You know, you haven't told me an awful lot about yourself."

He shrugged. "There isn't an awful lot to tell. I'm simply an average representative of Mr. John Q. Public."

"Modesty, he's got." She raised her eyes and made a gesture of annoyance. Her voice took on an edge. "Here comes Poison Ivy," she snapped, and he looked up to meet the level, expressionless eyes of Chuck Williams.

Alan hadn't yet been able to figure Chuck out. True, he'd never before encountered a gentleman whose profession was that of bodyguard, and he fancied that certain allowances must be made. But there was more than that behind those agate eyes: something that made Alan more than a trifle uncomfortable. He knew that Chuck had been assigned to protect him, yet despite that, the young man made him nervous.

Chuck fell into step with them. They walked to the beach and stood looking out across the Atlantic. The conversation had died. It was Sunny who attempted, rather futilely, to revive it. She said, "Yonder goes a boat."

Alan nodded. "For Havana, I guess." "Uh-huh. Havana. It'll be there in the morning. . . ."

And on that ship Gail Foster was thinking the same thing. Havana in the morning. She was tense about it, but not excited. There was a job to do: a rather tricky job, made more difficult by the fact that Cuba was, despite its nearness, a foreign country. That evening she fell into conversation with a Cuban couple who spoke excellent English and extracted a good deal of information from them so that when the ship docked the next morning she wasn't as completely at a loss as she had expected to be.

She got through the customs quickly enough and was whirled out to the Hotel Nacional where they gave her a neat single room on the fourth floor. She unpacked the smaller of her two suitcases and went downstairs for a consultation with the taxi starter.

A few minutes later she found herself arranging for the services of an interpreter. This gentleman—slim and dapper and acutely aware of his client's gender and attractiveness—insisted that before she commenced attending to whatever business had brought her here, she should devote one day, at least, to seeing the sights . . . a suggestion which she politely but firmly declined. They hired a car and she suggested that she go first to the local agent of the line which operated the ship on which Alan had sailed for South America.

They reached the office on Empedrado Street, and Gail let out a little cry of disappointment. "It's closed," she said.

Ramon, her companion, smiled courteously, "But surely, Señorita," he explained. "Always, the business is closed in Havana from the twelve until the two."

She looked at him incredulously. "You mean you knew it would be closed?"

"Si, Señorita."

"Then why did you let me come way down here?"

"Because the Señorita said it was that thing which she desired to do."

Gail told herself sternly that she was in a foreign country, and she'd jolly well better adjust herself to foreign customs. And she really liked her little guide. So she said, "What usually happens between twelve and two in Havana?"

"Many things, Señorita. But quite often, the luncheon."

He seemed a gentlemanly little fellow and she invited him to eat with her. Over a meal of succulent Morro crabs which would have delighted her under other circumstances, she told him her basic problem. He listened solemnly and said, "Is very difficult."

"Yes, I know."

"In Havana are many *clínicas*, many hotels."

"We'll visit them all."

"It will take much time."

"Okay."

He smiled brightly. "That is the same like Spanish," he complimented. "In Havana also we say okay when we mean okay."

AT TWO o'clock they were back at the crowded, musty office on Empedrado Street. The gentleman in charge became exceedingly affable after taking a long, lingering look at Gail. He said that he surely would consult their records, and had she yet visited the Casino?

The results there were definite but not precisely informative. Alan had left the Tropicana at Havana on the eleventh of December, despite the fact that he originally had booked passage for Chile. Beyond that . . . "Quien sabe, Señorita? Who can say what happen after that?"

"Can you find out whether he was ill when he left the ship?"

"Maybe yes, maybe no. I ask my friend who is one of the medical inspectors."

"Now?"

"Tomorrow, Señorita. Today, he no work any more."

And that was that. Gail sensed that she must curb her impatience, must adjust herself to the bland indifference to speed, which was most definitely a national trait.

Her next visit was to the Anglo-American Hospital where she talked long and earnestly with a pleasant superintendent and a starched and highly efficient British head nurse. They assured her that Alan had not been a pa-

tient at their institution and suggested that while it might have been logical to bring him there had he been ill . . . that could not be regarded as a certainty. They both promised to do a little investigating and to communicate with her at the hotel if they learned anything.

That was the beginning of five days of hectic and unavailing search. Ramon was very friendly, very sympathetic and moderately efficient. He took her to every hospital in and around Havana, even to the maternity hospital, which struck her as carrying efficiency just one step too far.

But the *clínicas* yielded no evidence of Alan. At the hotels, she was more fortunate. On the register of the Sevilla, she found Alan's signature as of December eleventh. There was no question then that he had left the ship and checked in at the hotel. She learned that he had left the Sevilla on the morning of the twelfth, but the clerks could give her no further information. They did not remember Mr. Douglas, and certainly they did not recall whether he had been ill. But the evidence pointed the other way. Obviously he had not been too ill to come to the hotel and to register for himself. Why, then, had he not written her during his night in Havana?

SHE visited all the steamship agencies and learned nothing new. Then she went to the Prado office of the air line. No, Mr. Alan Douglas has not booked for South America. But in response to the—to her—absurd question as to whether he might have flown back to the States, the clerk came beaming to her with their records of December twelfth.

Definitely Alan had flown to Miami on the ten-o'clock Clipper that morning. Quite positively. The clerk saw a tragic light in the clear gray eyes of the pretty girl, and he went with her to the immigration office. There they found the landing card which had been issued to Alan when he stepped off the Tropicana and which had been taken from him when he boarded the Clipper for Miami.

Beyond that . . . ? Gail was bewildered. The more she thought, the further away she seemed to be from a solution. Alan had been well enough to spend an evening in a Havana hotel. Alan had been back in the States from the twelfth of December until today, which was January thirteenth. And in all that time he had neglected to get in touch with her: no message, no letter, not even a post card.

She booked passage for Miami that night on the Florida. Somebody spoke to Cad Coles, the genial purser of that ship, and he saw to it that she had a room alone. And all through that night as she lay awake and listened to the swish of the sea against the sides of the sleek little liner, she thought. She was hurt, bewildered and worried. Somewhere, somehow, there was an answer—if only she could find it.

And then she remembered a man in Miami she had known for years; the sort of man it is a privilege for any girl to know. She hadn't thought of him before because she had not planned to visit Miami. Thinking of him now—she regarded herself as a most fortunate person.

Vance Crawford had always been in love with Gail. He was big and bluff and enthusiastic. She knew that she could trust him implicitly.

And so it was that when she finally dozed off for a few brief hours of fitful sleep, Gail Foster was thinking not so much of Alan as of this other man; this Vance Crawford to whom she could pour out all of her worries, all of her bewilderment.

"He'll help me," she told herself. "And I need help."

(To be continued next week)



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Nickels from Left to Right

Continued from page 18

yard toward the house with the cook, running along and jumping up and down and looking up at him. I strolled on, and the girl, turning back into the barn, hesitated and then waited for me.

"Hello," I said, still absent-mindedly. Her hand, touching her breast in an arrested gesture, was brown and strong, and her lips made me remember inconsequentially how when I was a boy we used to search for wild strawberries and eat them with the dew still on them, in the long shadows of early morning. I stopped suddenly, and really looked at her. From a distance I had not been able to see her quiet eyes.

SHE smiled a little uncertainly, and a slow color crept up from her throat where I could see a pulse beating, and I realized I was staring like a lout.

"Oh," I said. "I'm—" "The children are g-getting the eggs," she said.

"It isn't that," I blurted. It was probably the first time in ten years I had blurted anything. "I was thinking of wild strawberries."

It sounded pretty weird to me, too, and I don't wonder she looked startled. "Why, there are a few," she said, "in the upper pasture. Along the fence, in the shadow of the woods. You're w-welcome to—"

"No," I said, floundering more and more helplessly, "I mean, you look as if you'd been eating them."

She stared at me for an instant in a scared sort of way, and then she laughed, suddenly, as if she couldn't help it. My face must have looked silly and horrified at my gawkiness, but somehow the quiet sound of her laughter dissolved self-consciousness—more of it, I discovered confusedly, than I wanted dissolved. Because for a minute it made the self-conscious toughness and shrewdness of my Hollywood front seem pretty silly, too, and hollow.

"Not today," she said. "But we are

having tame ones for breakfast. Would you like some?"

"Yes," I said. "I really would."

"Well, wait until I finish milking," she said. "It'll only be a minute."

Her lips still uncertain with amusement, she went back into the rich shadows inside the barn. Leaning in the doorway, listening to the soft drumming of the twin streams into the pail, I thought of the one-street town in the prairie winter, and the farm over which the frozen swarms of stars were brighter and colder and nearer than I had ever seen them since. I remembered the smell of the lighted coal-oil lantern mixed with the sharper smell of the snow; and with a very queer feeling I remembered the big-knuckled farm boy who sometimes slowed down absent-mindedly and stopped milking to dream by windy lantern light of the books he was going to write some day. I couldn't remember what they were, now, except they were to have been beautiful and simple and honest.

"What's your name?" the girl called.

"Eh?" I said. "... Oh. Roger Prell."

It didn't seem to strike any recognition in her at all; and for some obscure reason I was glad it didn't. Putting that quick and strange reaction by, to wonder about at some later time, I asked, "Are those children yours?"

"They're my brother and sister," she said. "Do I look that old?"

"I didn't think so," I said. "How old are you?"

"Twenty. Is that your yacht?"

"No. It belongs to... I'm working for the man who owns it."

"Oh. What do you do?"

"Well, I used to be a newspaperman," I said. "But I haven't got a newspaper job now."

The cook came back toward the barn, carrying a paper bag. I shook my head and said, "Don't wait. I'll whistle when I want the boat."

He looked at me, but turned and went

HOW DID THE ANIMALS GET THEIR NAMES?

Hippopotamus

means literally, a river-horse!



THE name *hippopotamus* comes from the Greek *hippos*, "horse," and *potamos*, "river." *Dinosaur* means "terrible lizard," coming from Greek *deinos*, "terrible,"

and *sauros*, "lizard." *Caterpillar* means, literally, "a hairy she-cat," derived from Old French *chatte* (French *chatte*, "she-cat") and *pelue*, "hairy." And, by similarly tracing their origins, you will discover that *lemur* means literally "a ghost"; *porpoise*, "a hog-fish"; *orang-outang*, "a man of the woods"; *chameleon*, "a ground lion."

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NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

back to the beach and got into the dinghy and rowed back out to the yacht. After a while the girl came out into the sunlight again, carrying the milk pail. I took it from her hand and carried it while we walked to the back porch.

"My name is Anne Cameron," she said shyly.

"Oh, I'm—"

"And this is John, and this is Martha," she said. "We all have such plain names because our father was a minister, and he believed in plain names for children." Standing by the kitchen steps, the two children put out their hands to be shaken.

The kitchen, with its sagging floor, was scrubbed painfully clean, and smelled of spices and apples, of Saturday's baking and Monday's soap and hot water, as a farm kitchen should. Everybody helped, and we had breakfast on the back porch, where the rose vines made a green cave, shot through with chinks of light which fell on the red-checked cloth. The eyes of the children sought the floor if they were noticed, but if you glanced at them unexpectedly they would be watching you with silent friendliness. "Have you always lived on this farm?" I asked.

"No," Anne said. "Our father bought it when he . . . when he became ill."

FROM the children's faces, I could tell that he had died not very long ago. For a while nobody said anything, and then I noticed that Martha was staring earnestly at her big sister. Frowning a little, Anne seemed to be trying to read the child's eyes, for suddenly she nodded, and laughed.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Martha wants me to tell you about the middle names. Our mother chose them. John's is Alastair, and Martha's is Rose-Kathleen."

The two children looked at me proudly, and then overwhelmed with bashfulness, gazed intently at their plates and began to eat quickly, getting very red in the face.

"What's yours?" I asked.

"I haven't any," she said. "I guess that when I came, mother hadn't begun to express herself. Yes, children, if you're sure you're through, you may be excused."

The two of them slid off their chairs and made funny little jerky bows, very old-fashioned, but as soon as they were out of sight around the corner of the house there was a quick rush of feet and they went whooping and yelling off into the distance. Anne and I continued to sit there, smiling a little at each other when our eyes met, neither of us quite willing, I think, to make the first move toward getting up and ending the meal.

"And so you kids are here all alone?" I asked.

"Yes. I don't think the children even remember Mother. She died when Martha was a baby."

"None of my business," I said, "but how can you manage?"

"We'll make it," she said quietly. "For the last two years, while father was too ill to do much, I've taught the little country school over in the valley. I guess no real teacher wants the job, and it will see us through the winters."

I must have looked doubtful, because she added, "It has, for two years. Beside, it's nice. It's a funny little white schoolhouse in the woods, and it's pleasant, like a fairy tale, when it's raining in the woods, and there are only eleven children, counting mine. Every day we walk along the high ridge trail and we can look down on the world before we go down through the woods into the valley. On winter mornings we carry a lantern."

I nodded.

"And in the summer," she said, "there's a cabin up the beach, beyond

the point, that we rent sometimes to people from the city who come here for the salmon fishing. N-nobody's come yet this year, but I guess it's still a little early."

"Oh," I said. "Well, I . . . Thanks for the breakfast, anyway. It was the nicest one on record."

I got up awkwardly, a little reluctantly, and she walked with me down to the beach, through the high grasses of the clearing, and stood with me while I whistled for the boat. The captain came out of the pilothouse and climbed down the side ladder into the dinghy. While he was rowing toward us, Anne held out her hand.

"It has been pleasant, hasn't it?" she said. "I hope you have a good cruise."

"Well, thanks," I said.

The dinghy grounded with a sliding crunch on the gravel beach and the captain sat looking at us over his shoulder. In the sunlight he looked lined and puffy around the eyes.

"Goodbye," Anne said.

"Yeah," I said. "Goodbye."

I got in and shoved off and the captain rowed me back to the yacht. There was no one in sight on the decks. Turning around on the stern seat, I watched Anne going up the slope toward the house. She did not look back.

While the captain was streaming out the dinghy again, I went below, but Sam was snoring so powerfully, with such curdled thunder, in the big stateroom next to mine that I couldn't sleep. So I grabbed a blanket and went to the afterdeck.

From my deck chair I could see the clearing. It was empty. Just as I was going off to sleep, I got to thinking about a cabin on the beach, among the trees, and how swell it would be for some fellow from the city, some clerk or somebody, there for the salmon fishing. There would be moss and brown fir needles on the roof, and in the drowsy noontime he would hear the faraway peaceful cackling of a hen, maybe, from the sunny clearing of the little waterside farm. And in the late afternoons, at least, he could walk over there through the woods to get some milk, and make friends with the children and talk to Anne, and he would have long, quiet times for thinking . . .

SAM shook me awake, and I could tell by the sun that it was around noon. Daphne was sitting there on the big stern settee, watching me. She was exquisitely smooth and beautiful again, and the sun flamed darkly on her burnished hair. I wondered how long she had been there. A breakfast tray was on the table beside her.

"Well," Sam was saying. "There you are, that's the way it is—while I posi-

tively can't sleep at all, tossing from side to side and thinking, trying to come to grips with these problems, everybody else can sleep. Oh, I'm not blaming you—don't get a mistaken impression, Roger, I want you should each and every one of you get your sleep, and I only wish I could do it, too. I'm envying you, Roger."

"Hello, Sam," I said.

Sleepily but swiftly, I glanced at the clearing. It still was empty.

"You know, Roger," Daphne said thoughtfully, "you sleep with your mouth open."

I made a face at her, and she looked away.

"Where's that Homer?" Sam said. "I got a new problem, totally separate and distinct from the ones we been talking about."

"Oh, let him sleep," I said. "Come on into the cabin and let's have a drink and a sandwich. How about you, kid?"

DAPHNE shook her head. We went on in. Daphne lit a cigarette and sat lazily watching the clearing.

"What was this new problem?" I said. "Here, have a drink, Sam."

"Well," Sam said, "while I am lying awake. I just got to thinking how're we going to show—yeah, looking at you, too, Roger—how're we going to fix it so's that when the bandits come down on them on the Burma Road in airplanes, it sounds natural for Daphne to sing the second chorus of that song of hers? I mean, in a honky-tonk it's natural for a girl to sing a song, but when the bandits—how're we going to fix that, Roger?"

"I don't know. But just have another drink, Sam," I said. "And really think about it a while. It'll come to you."

While Sam was trudging up and down, thinking, I nearly went to sleep again.

"I got it!" Sam said suddenly. "Where's Homer?"

"Never mind, Sam," I said. "Let's have it. Now, while it's still hot in your mind."

"Okay," Sam said. "Now look. See, in the heat of battle, she is inspired! She is transmogrified into—"

"What?"

"Transmogrified," Sam said impressively. "She undergoes a spiritual transmogrification."

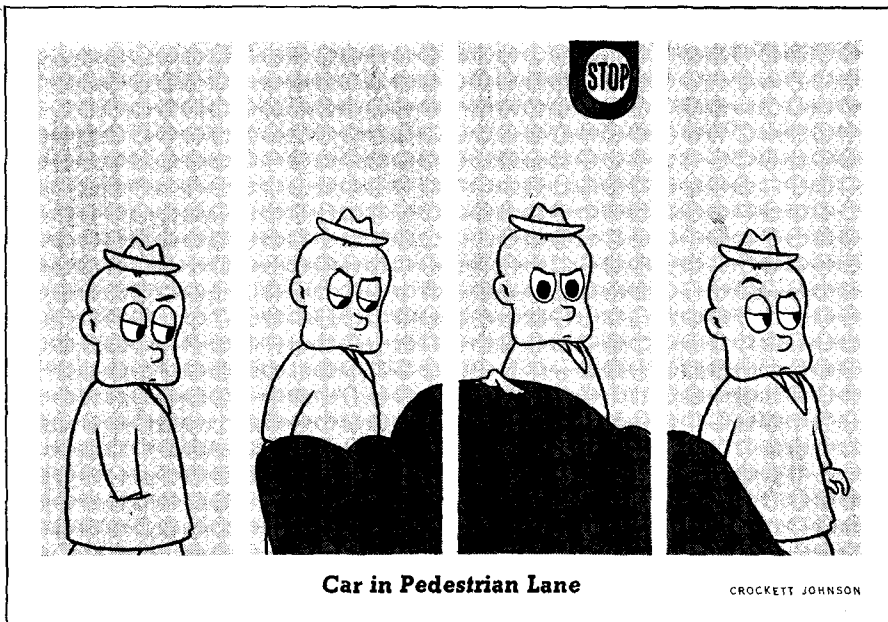
"Oh," I said. I remembered then that Gerry Lancaster had written Sam's last picture, and I knew Gerry's little ways. They aren't mine—mine are better for keeping Sam believing. But anyway, I planted one for the next guy.

"Oh, indubitably," I said.

"What?"

"Indubitably," I said.

"Oh . . . Yeah, well, that's it, in the



Car in Pedestrian Lane

CROCKETT JOHNSON

heat of battle," Sam said. "Now look—get this very, very carefully, Roger. Here's Daphne, see, and the bandits, and this guy . . ."

It took a long time and I pretended to make careful notes, once in a while asking Sam to repeat a word. And after he got all through, he said he thought he'd go on and try to get a nap, now. He thought maybe he could sleep a little, now, he said.

After he had gone below, I looked out at the afterdeck. Daphne seemed to be dozing. I slipped down to my stateroom.

IT WAS late afternoon when Sam came banging on my door. I could tell by the watery sunlight reflected in wavery ripples on the ceiling of my stateroom. "Get up, get up!" he said. "We got to have a story conference right away."

"All right, Sam," I said. "Just a minute till I get some clothes on."

When I came out he was waiting in the passageway, his eyes still dull with sleep. "Don't think I meant to get harsh with you, Roger," he said. "I'm just as harsh with myself, only maybe two-three times more so, when we got these problems to solve. Let's have a drink, hey, boy?"

"Okay, Sam," I said. We went up to the cabin and Daphne was there, walking restlessly up and down. She had on a new costume—one I hadn't seen before, very stunning. I made an admiring eye at it, and she smiled faintly.

I mixed our three drinks and we carried them out to the afterdeck. Just as I set mine down on the rail, Anne and the children came out of the little house and started across the back yard. She was carrying a basket for them to gather eggs in.

"Now," Sam said, puffing thick wreaths of smoke, "here's this very, very beautiful dame, see, and in the heat of battle she's—Hey! Where's Homer?"

"I don't know," I mumbled. "What's the—"

"Say! Ain't that Homer over there?" Sam yelled, taking his cigar out of his mouth and pointing.

I looked, and my heart sank. In the sun-glitter astern, the dinghy was coming out from behind a wooded point, and in it sat Homer and the captain, trolling for salmon. I knew what that meant. Sam likes the idea of being on his yacht, in distant waters, though the sight of a whitecap turns him greenish-gray. He flies eighteen hundred miles with his entourage to sit in a glassy-calm cove somewhere. But there wasn't any wind today, and if he thought that any of us had found an external interest here he would order the yacht under way and go to some other cove somewhere. He isn't consciously a heel, at all. Such reactions are instinctive with him. The hired help, especially the personal employees, aren't supposed to have any other interests than Sam's personality on these trips.

"Look, Sam," I said hurriedly. "We can work better alone, this way. Come on, let's go." I poised a pencil. "This is stimulating."

Sam grunted doubtfully. "Well, okay," he grumbled. "Now, here's this dame who's—Yeah, but I'm going to get them back here anyway and then tell that captain to pull up the anchor and go some place else. Fishing, now! When a guy works for me, I want him to be—"

"Now, Sam," I said. "Look, you're disturbing your whole train of thought. And another thing: your creative mind seems to work better in this cove than I've ever seen it. It's spooky."

"Huh?" Sam said. "Do you—"

I nodded impressively. Daphne glanced at me, her lips tightening just a little.

For a minute I thought it might work, but I was watching Sam's eyes and I knew it was no go even before he suddenly bellowed hoarsely through cupped hands. The dinghy jumped, and the captain began rowing hastily toward us while Homer as hastily reeled in. In ten minutes the yacht would be going away from here.

Daphne was examining her fingernails, turning them this way and that to the light. I tried to think quickly and as levelheadedly as possible. We had not actually committed ourselves, either of us; but this evening, or tomorrow, one of us would. And then—she was beautiful, and we would have good times and I would be in Hollywood forever, and never again see—

"Now," Sam was saying, happy again. "How's Daphne going to show her dawning love for this guy on the Burma Road when positively she doesn't even realize it herself? What can she say? Oh, what a problem! She's got to say something, but what?"

"Look, Sam," Daphne said suddenly. "I don't say anything. That scene is played in dead silence. Like this—"

And looking up, she lifted one hand, as if to touch her breast, and then let it fall again in an unconscious little gesture. Sam stared. "That's wonderful!" he said. "Daphne, you're a ge— How do you do it, Daphne? How do you think of those things?"

Daphne shrugged and looked down at the deck.

I took a deep breath. "Yeah," I said. "I'm getting off here, Sam."

He turned and looked at me with his mouth sagging.

"W-what do you mean?" he said.

"There's a cabin up the beach, there," I said. "It's for rent, and I'm going to live in it for a while. I might even write an honest book. I don't know. But I'll finish the script, anyway. It'll be waiting for you when you get back to the studio."

"Hey!" Sam snarled. "You can't give me any of that. You've run out on me before with a script, but only back to New York. This is different. You ain't going to hand me any such—"

"Leave him alone, Sam," Daphne said. She faced me, and I turned to have it out with her, too. I didn't mind Sam; but this was going to be the tough part.

She shook her head, smiling ever so little. "Don't bother," she said. "It's all right, Roger. It's all right."

STARING at her, I remembered that the porthole of her stateroom had faced the clearing that morning, while I was ashore, before the change of the tide had swung the yacht. She knew, even if she didn't understand.

She turned and strolled away, walking slowly and casually. In the doorway, she stopped to light a cigarette. Then she was gone.

"Well, I'll be darned," I said. "Oh, indubitably," Sam said.

Automatically, I put a nickel from left to right. And then, as the dinghy bumped alongside, I blinked, and hauled all the nickels out of both pockets and dumped the handful of them into Sam's yachting cap, lying top down on the table.

"What's that for?" he asked dully. "Keep them," I said. "And every time you think of me you can look at them and laugh. You won't know what the joke is, but it's a good one, and it's on a smart guy who thought he knew all about people. Including himself."

Standing on the beach, I watched the yacht slide out of sight around a point, the way it had come last night. There was no one on the deck.

Then I walked up through the sunshine, looking for Anne.



Apple Pie... and Motor Oil



LITHOGRAPH BY JAMES E. ALLEN

Character study at a pipe line terminal in Pennsylvania Grade region. Here the world's choicest crude oil begins its steady flow direct to modern refineries.

A good cook can wangle a pie with any apples she happens to have. But give her the best apples that grow and Mister, she really makes a PIE!

A good refiner is like a good cook. He can make so-so oil from any crude, but give him the best crude oil there is and he creates a motor oil that is the last word in safe, dependable lubrication.

The natural quality of America's first crude oil—Pennsylvania Grade Crude—has never been equalled by any of the many crudes that now are available. Made from this finest raw material, naturally Pennsylvania Motor Oils are the fa-

vored motor oils from coast to coast.

For your protection, Pennsylvania producers, together with refiners and marketers of high grade Pennsylvania Motor Oils, formed this association many years ago for joint research to constantly improve Pennsylvania Motor Oils, and for joint advertising to keep you constantly informed about their quality and performance.



For your protection, fine oils made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude are entitled to carry this emblem, the registered badge of source, quality, and membership in our Association.

Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA



Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
THOMAS H. BECK

Editor
Managing Editor
Editorial Director

Second Wind

THE American people jumped into their latest war in a way that, to say the least, would not have shamed the men of 1776, 1812, 1846, 1861, 1898 or 1917.

Smacked in the nose by Japan, the nation closed ranks overnight, got busy on myriad fighting and civilian fronts, tossed fears and uncertainties overboard, and—most encouraging of all—scored some immediate successes.

Our airmen's performances in punching down Japanese transports off Luzon—the marines' magnificent defense of Wake Island—the heroism of Gen. MacArthur's 25,000 Regulars and maybe 125,000 Filipino soldiers in the Philippines—these are chapters in the United States naval, military and flying history in which we can take pride eternally.

We can also congratulate ourselves on the swamping of the recruiting stations following the attack at Pearl Harbor, and on the universal buckling down of civilians to the mighty tasks of war.

True, some old ladies of both genders did their best to stir up hysteria of various kinds; but even on the emotional front, as far as we can make out, things are shaking down to realism and common sense faster than they have done in most of our other wars.

It so happened that when we went into the war, things were looking good for our side on other fronts as well. The Russians were opening up a counteroffensive which, to the world's astonishment and the Allies' great benefit, set Hitler back on his heels for the first time in his military career. The British offensive in Libya and the Mediterranean was clawing down on Gen. von Rommel's panzers and cutting down his supplies and reinforcements, and Mr. Mussolini was having cause for serious worry about a possible invasion of Italy.

That's not the way wars begin—with a whoop and a holler. We wish our part of this war could go on to the end in the same way. But we're afraid it can't. There are practically certain to be setbacks, lags, discouragements; and a time when we'll need our second wind.

Here are some long-range facts, therefore, which it should comfort Americans to ponder whenever the short-range facts of this war look black:

The Allies—the United States, British Empire, Russia, China, Dutch Empire, and our very welcome smaller partners in this great adventure—possess among them a total of 64% of all the world's iron production, as against the Axis' possession of 27%. Our boys have 67% of all the coal in the world, while the Axis has only 29%. We control 86% of all the world's petroleum, barring that Hitler Caucasus grab which now seems off until next spring at least. The Axis at this writing controls only 3% of the world's petroleum resources; this alone might be the deciding factor.

So much for the fundamental material sinews of modern war—iron, coal and oil. How about food? The Allies produce 69% of all the wheat produced in the world, and 70% of all the sugar. Allied production of fats and proteins is far ahead of Axis production.

As for man power, the Allied human reservoir comes to 1,300,000,000 persons, or 65% of all the people in the world, while the Axis embraces only about 300,000,000, or 15% of the world's population. The Axis has been training for this war for years, but if the Allies keep punching long enough the Hitler-Hirohito-Mussolini blood bank must run dry long before that of the Allies.

The Allies are only now lumbering into their stride. They are taking many a stinging blow from the Axis as they strive to get really going. But the Axis failed to score a quick knockout; and now it is hard to see how the Allies can lose—IF they refuse to admit defeat and just keep on slugging.

These are the geopolitical facts, to borrow a mouth-filling word from Mr. Hitler himself, which underlie and illuminate the individual twists and turns of this war. Time and the riches of earth are on our side, if only we have the will power and the sticking power to make them keep fighting for us.

THE BEST IN MUSIC

NEW YORK'S Philharmonic orchestra celebrates its 100th season this winter. It is an event of national importance. Founded in 1842 by some old-Manhattan worthies who stuffily announced that the new symphony orchestra had for "its object the study and rendering of symphonies, overtures and other classical music in such a manner as to cultivate a more general knowledge and a more correct public taste," the Philharmonic in its 100th year finds itself the greatest organization of its kind in the world.

The fact which chiefly interests us about

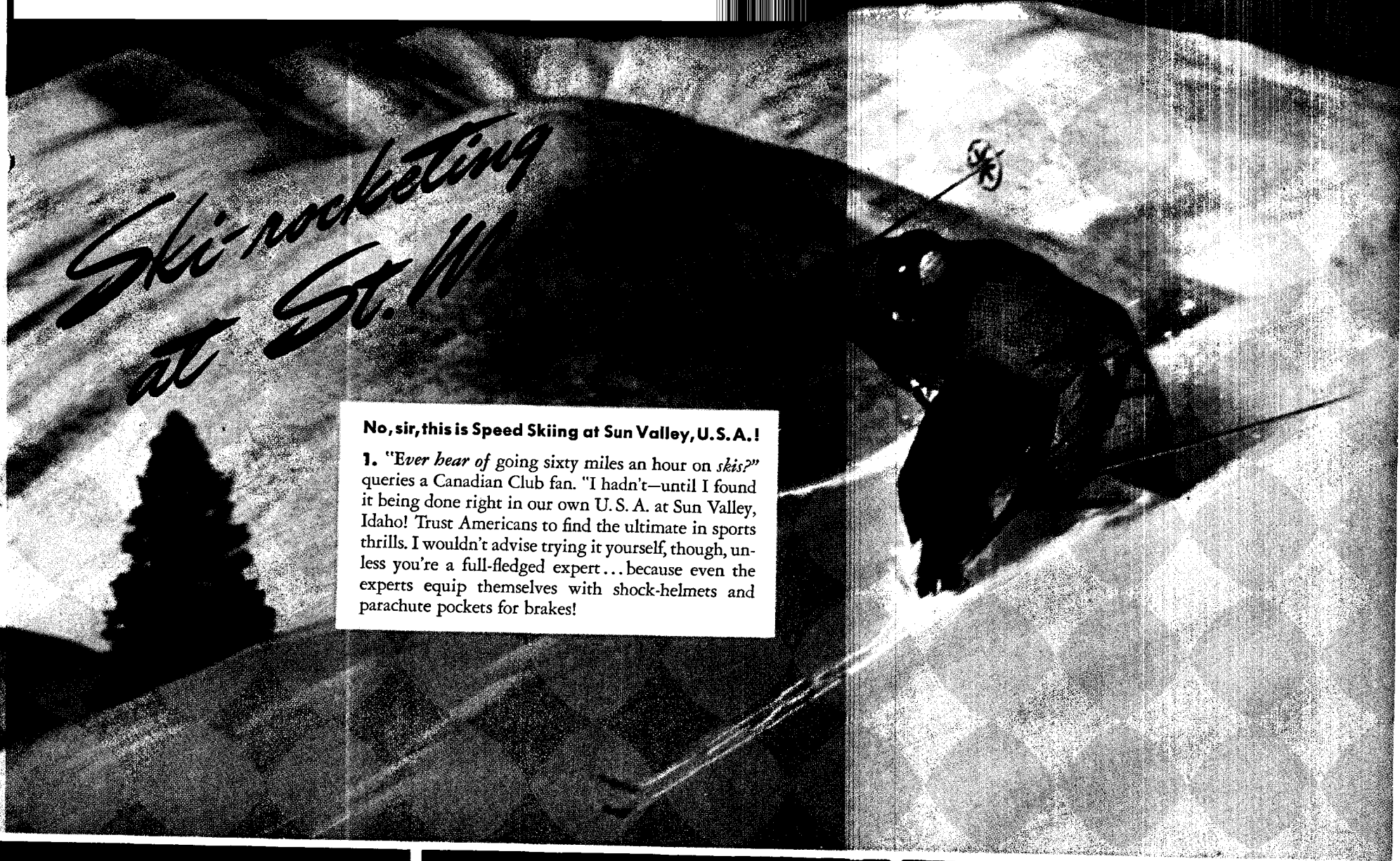
the occasion is that the ambitions of the Philharmonic's founders have been realized in a way and on a scale of which they could hardly have dreamed. The radio audience which listens regularly to Philharmonic broadcasts is estimated at 10,000,000. That's "cultivating a more-general knowledge" of the finest music and, as they say in Tin Pan Alley, how.

Like the Metropolitan Opera, the Philharmonic first went on the air with trepidation, expecting to be lost in the ether shuffle of popular music, soap operas, horror yarns and political jawbone jamborees. The Metropolitan

long since established itself as one of the most popular of radio features, and the Philharmonic has done likewise.

At present it numbers 104 of this country's finest orchestral artists. It carries on vigorously its long tradition of hospitality to current symphonic music, both American and foreign, as well as of loyalty to the old masters.

The Philharmonic and the Metropolitan between them have pretty well embalmed the old belief that the average person is too dumb to enjoy fine music. The best of everything to both organizations for another 100 years.



*Ski-rocketing
at St. M.*

No, sir, this is Speed Skiing at Sun Valley, U.S.A.!

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"—And it would be a pity to miss your pre-lunch Canadian Club Manhattan from an unusual ice bar. Take from one who's seen the world's best ski resorts—Sun Valley can give you everything any foreign country can!"

3. "Then after lunch—off for a thrilling ride on the ski lift for another hair-raising run down Baldy. If you're good enough (which means, fast enough) you may do it in competition and win a diamond pin for your pains!"

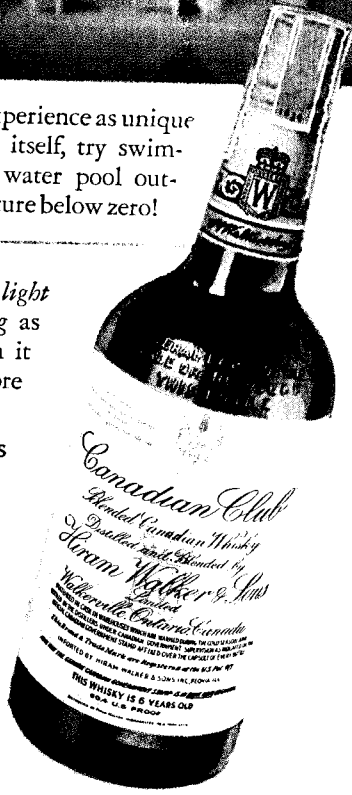
4. "And for an experience as unique as Canadian Club itself, try swimming in a warm water pool outdoors in a temperature below zero!"

5. "To top off a perfect day?—three guesses, and you're right the first time! What more could any American want—fine sport, fine whisky, and fine living...all within his own country!"

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tastes like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States (and in Scotland, too!).



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Actual color photograph—James R. Callis, Jr. shows a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.

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To independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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